CONFRONTING THE BEAST

SIEG GRUN

POEMS

Dionysian

Chaotic frenzy of sensations

Bombard the multidimensional

States of consciousness limitations

Breaking the minds' crystallization

A deliberate inducement of erratic

Movements without rhyme or reason

Violent interruptions of consciousness

Which herald a new state of being

The static inertia of mundane life

A routine of perpetual drudgery

An eruption of contingency and strife

Disturbing the beings' entropy

Dynamic forces which activate

The rigid structure ossified

To the inert sleeper awake

To resurrect the fading light

The limitations placed on the mind

Are cracked as an egg shell

Out of which Abraxas flies

The bird toward the Celestial

These travelers along life's path

Following the hidden way of ascension

Toward the mountaintop through the pass

His telos, sought after destination

Through myriad brambles and thorns

The traveler is scratched and bloodied

And the vicious animals he encounters

Him from the shadows waylay

He had gone too far and lost his way

Failing to foresee the outcome

In his meandering journey

On the gnarled roots he stumbles

Dionysos had lost his way

Blinded by the blacklight

Seeking the land of Eternity

He had been by the branches struck blind

Overreaching his goal he understood

That only so much could be attained

Within his finite consciousness

He expires from the venom of the snake

The initiate into the mysteries

Can only follow two paths

One climbing to the celestial city

The other falling into the abyss

It is not a matter of personal choice

To decide speciously what one wants

The outcome of his selection is devoid

Of any exclusive personal equation

He receives his backlash

Against himself through causality

An eye for an eye the consequence

Irregardless of personal choosing

Following bad paths into darkness

Tenebrous ways have their end

And the outcome for those in harness

To their finite ego is extinction

The powermad, the ghouls

The wicked who violate

Those innocent who have not a clue

Of the aggression of the debased

Only the aggressor is blameworthy

For his crimes against others

Though he deceived himself he will be

Held to account by the higher

Dionysos though good intentioned

Along the path to perdition goes

This working beyond his limitations

Following this paths' outcome he chose

Self blinded and deluded

He persisted in his error

Desperately seeking a solution

To the finitude of life despair

The destiny of all is decided

not by themselves alone

nor is it by an external Savior

but through the event which arose

A conjunction of self and the absolute

A point of nexus which manifests

In the center of the journeying fool

Who along the pathway seeks the summit

Those who believe in delusion

They are in the driver's seat

Rather than being in collusion

With the Uncreated will the outcome see

Frog Perspective

Evaluating the world from its telluric depths

From the swamp and its noxious reek

The petty minded mass of men

Their greedy self-interest do seek

Their care for the day is the greedy grasp

Of their desiring consciousness

Lusting for treasure and the salacious

They over themselves do trip

Seeking to appropriate, to procure

Within their distended forms

All the delights of the world

Without limit, more and more

The sewer of the commercial metropolis

Into which they were born

Buoys up their concupiscence

Every desire they do not scorn

This matrix of primordial ooze

Their being is immersed in

Has been provided by the jews

Who use it to debase them

Swimming within the simulacral

False reality of lowest density

Debased minds of the lowest level

Subject to the bestializing frequencies

The engineers of the matrix

Themselves view the world and its mass

From their own frog perspective

That of a coarsely violent slaver caste

Their claims to have attained

The heights of consciousness

And to dwell in heaven with Yahweh

In a state of transcendent bliss

These untenable and arrogant boasts

Are unfounded and disproven

Through adopting a keener mode

Of transcendental consciousness

This state is unattainable

To the average every day

Matricized slave who is unable

To view the Truth with any clarity

Hence they are subordinate

In their state of mind in life

To the diabolic serpent seed

Who orchestrates the world's perpetual strife

The serpent seed hybrids of

Jewry and their reptilian masters

Along with their gentile thugs

Are immersed in their collective consciousness

The hive mind of the cabal

Views the world from the earth

Though purporting to be 'transcendental'

In the swamp it is immersed

Its cthonic orientation

The chaos of contingency

Determines their vocation

That of greed and usury

Of a perpetual violation

Of the harmony of life

As they can't live in the heavens

On the earth they do reside

Failing to reign in the shining stars

On the earth plane they seek

To install the manacles and prison bars

On our mind and on our feet

In the miry clay and slime

Of the tellurian expanse

In the day this vile blight

Transforms to shadows the luminescent

With their slime they blind us

These creeping saurians

Debase and malign us

While they exalt in egotism

The Gentiles become judaized

Of evil mind and intent

Arrogant and aligned

With Satan and his vile kin

These sickly creatures are infected

With the slime of their ruler

With egregoric germplasm

Of the demiurge and his creatures

These same creaturely beings

From their masters' derive

And partake of their mentality

And their controlling hive mind

They generate actual slime

Mycoplasma to disperse

With heavy metals combined

Over the heads of the herd

This in conjunction with EMF

A bombardment of radio waves

To lower the consciousness

And to their targets deprave

To trap them within the matrix

To drag them toward the abyss

Serving their souls' energetic

Loosh which thereby is excreted

Within the swamp these creatures feed

Vampirize their tormented host

Like a swarm of bloated leeches

They absorb the higher life force

The swamp of iniquity

The shtetl of the jew

Is the habitat in which they

Feed upon those they dragged into

Their frog perspective focus

Centers around their basest lust

The necessity of their choices

To slake their thirst on our blood

As any vampire they must

Feed upon another

Not possessing the life force

They our own do require

Their vampire nature

Is to absorb all sources of life

Mineral; plant and animal opfer

To augment their dying light

Hence they create a cacophony

And a disruption of great tension

To induce stress in all sentient beings

And rivet us in their prison

Everywhere we do go

They the tension generate

Creating noise to their foes

The vital loosh to excrete

Constant agitation and abuse

They impose upon their enemies

Who are all the non-jews

Gentles unfit for slavery

They would feed upon their slaves

Keeping them fat and happy

All lead them to the grave

Drinking their blood like gravy

The serpents in the swamp

Greedily gorge on their beasts

To till the fields as their lot

And serve as the main course in the feast

Metatron

Hive mind of darkest evil

The jews pulling the wires on the earth

Immersed within are the people

In lower density they are submerged

The A.I structures of alien technology

Are projected upon the fallen Earth

To diminish the vibrational frequency

Of the minions of the dark forces

The construct of souls engineered

By the alien entities

Upon their minions who must fear

And tremble before these mysterious beings

To become immersed in 'spiritual Israel'

Or the 'ummah' of Islam

Is to submit oneself to a miserable

Diabolical mindless bondage

The construction of Metatron

On earth as in the astral

A result of aliens' technical control

And priestcraft in the mundane world

The churches and mosques are designed

To hijack the minds of the slaves

And to place them into a bind

Through invented egregores of the rabbinate

'Spiritual Israel' the diabolical oversoul

In which the bigots are immersed

And who profit from their role

As an ignorant slave minion serf

The priestcraft of the cabal

Is an orchestrated apparatus

In tandem with extraterrestrials

Formulated to cause havoc

To trap within their matrix cube

To enslave the gullible and naïve

To deceive and exploit the rubes

Who are still too blind to see

Invented fables of religion

Serve as witchcraft, spiritual bonds

Which fixate the masses' attention

Onto the conjured up egregores

Jesus and Jehovah

The ‘chosen people’ too

All are elaborate thought forms

The witchcraft of the jews

To say the name of these beings

To articulate them, to call upon

Is the chain one’s soul to aliens

And bind oneself to the vampires

Through quantum entanglement

Of sympathetic witchcraft

This diabolical jewish magic

Upon the slaves strengthens its attachment

With every prayer and passage

Of the E.T's invented texts

The bond which ties them

Strengthens, a fate most tragic

Zombified one becomes

Programmed by the priestcraft cunning

Living in fear and trembling

He serves the demon seed each Sunday

Indeed daily and by the moment

His programmed state perpetuates itself

And his prayers to Yahweh-Jehovah

Transmitting his souls' energetic wealth

For illusory 'treasures' in heaven

He debases himself before the foe

And augments with this diabolical leaven

The height of the flames which roasts his soul

Into the hive mind he is fused

The greater strengthening of the bond

As he the bigot pompously refuses

To face the fact of his wrong

Into the hive mind spiders' web

He becomes immersed through prayer

And the mouthing of the passages

He deems 'holy' Scripture

The entities in this spiders' web

The lower astral tissue

Feed upon his soul instead

And absorb his vital issue

He loses his soul upon his death

A whimpering cowardly departure

And rather than a heroes death

He is cast into the arms of vampires

Masculinist

Modernity has unseated

The patriarchal power

And in its place has seeded

The germ of the feminine lunar

The contemporary world has fallen

From its previous height

And into the mire the sacred

Has by Cybele been dragged

Dionysos desports in the grotto

In telluric rites of iniquity

The consort of the cosmos

Mother goddess of lowest density

The scrap pile of the traditional world

A heap of bric-a-brac

A chaos, confusing whirl

Of postmodern nonsense

Neither rhyme nor reason

Has its place today

But a hazy confusion

The mother goddess has her way

Symptoms and signs of decadence

Are palpable and impress

Upon our coarse, lowest senses

States of chaos and confusion

Scattered in our thoughts

Becoming ensnares us

Fragmentation of our souls' loss

Immersed in their boiling cauldron

The path still lies before us

To transcend this down-going

Else into the acid bath

We plunge without Knowing

The upward path we must climb

Else we will disintegrate

In the primordial slime

The mother Goddess secretes

Traveling in the darkness

Through the tenebrous webs

Of the black widow goddess

Who on our vital sap is fed

As Frodo with his shining sword

We must cut a path

Through the tendrils, avoid her spoor

Lest we are absorbed in Daath

Her location that of illusion

The kaleidoscopic welter of images

Simulacra which fool men

The primordial and instinctive

Her masks she wears beguile

Tantalize and would render captive

The gentle caress and knowing smile

Anesthetizes our mind, blind are rendered

Only attachment to the higher principle

Can ensure our salvation

From the worldly crucible

That threatens to enslave us

To gird ourselves with adamantine

Armor and enter the fray

The godly red knight shines

And fights the hordes of Cybele

The hero, the archetypal man

Manifestation of cosmic mind

The realization of the divine plan

On the earth crystallized

A concentration of the light

Through centripetal forces

Entelechy of warrior might

Opposed by the telluric chaos

Order and willful control

The properties of the masculinist

Bright Lucifer, radiant soul

Shining forth in the heavens

In the tenebrous shadows

The mother Goddess lurks

The desecrated dark feminine

Who instinct impels to work

Primordial forces of chaos

From the depths of her womb

Reach forth with their tendrils

And all light would consume

The bright and shining Lucifer

Unsheathes his refulgent blade

Banishes the shadow worlds'

Subterranean creeping mages

His eternal light radiates

Forth its thrilling force

The fixed and unchanging

Luminescence of the North

Within himself this resides

The principle of his being

Diamond hard, shining white

Only Being never seeming

The black widow vanquished

Her shadowy webs of darkness

Under the brightness mere tatters

Standing forth the hero Lucifer

Which God?

Much ado about nothing

An abstract *qualitas occulta*

Without substance devoid of meaning

The empty abstraction 'Jehovah'

Yet more than a mere 'word'

A jewish-derived English term

That is bound up with cognates

Gallic and German, Paleo Hebrew words

Jehovah and Yahweh

The logos who derives

From the cloaca gentium

Of Mediterranean clime

This empty abstraction

Is pregnant with meaning

That of violent aggression

A manifestation of His Being

A result of syncretism

Derived from the wandering jew

Who in their dirty desert

Venerated their God 'Yahoo'

This archetype of their mind

Designated with this name

Referenced this strange kind

Of negative alien entities

A reptilian coterie of slavers

Who throughout the galaxy roamed

And who on earth did savor

The flesh and blood and bones

The Neanderthal hybrids

Who venerated 'Yahweh'

Their tribal deity of the desert

The evil-all seeing eye

These synthetic constructs

Genetically engineered creatures

Of part reptilian origin

Carry out the whims of their master

This deity they venerate

Was always spoken of

As a usurper, violent and full of hate

Toward all sentient life on Gaia

The demiurge deity

Yahweh-Jehovah

Manifested his inner being

In the form of his ‘eternal love'

And yet a mere simulacrum

For he is himself temporal

Finitude's crystallized manifestation

Rigidified entropic order

Such an inharmonious manifestation

Leads toward extinction

With the demiurge of imposition

Of the will of the great Satan

Jewry are the robots

Who upon the earth plane

Transmit into act His thought

The demiurge's thinking

Their role to implement

To actualize his will

Neither to create nor invent

Anything, as it may be conflictual

Simply to bow and scrape

Before their chosen master

And to exploit and enslave

All of those deemed 'Other'

To reify upon the earth

The kingdom of Zions' reign

And to force upon the serfs

The iron collar of slavery

Thus this God they worship

Is a manifestation of Being

The crystallized luminescence

Which traps all in lower density

To attach oneself to Yahweh

Through earnest prayer and devotion

Is to one’s soul bind in entropy

To the diabolical consciousness

This 'God' above is held out

As a wonderful presence of glory

And for all to with it become bound

Is to terminate his souls' journey

This purpose of the flock of sheep

Is instilled in their consciousness

By the black magician priests

Who manipulate them into slavishness

They live only to die

To 'go to God' in heaven

And on their faces smile

As they have their souls' stolen

Within the churches they become

Bound up through quantum entanglement

With the malevolent reptilians

They mistake for angelic presences

Their soul over their life atrophies

And is siphoned into the creatures

Upon their loosh the beings' feed

To the oblivion of the parishioners

This deity they venerate

Must be fought against

And this on the spiritual plane

As well as that of earthly men

The hordes, legions of the dark

Are all arrayed against us

Serving Yahweh to rob the sparks

Which derive from vast Eternia

Either they will be defeated

Or we will forsake this earth

Leaving it and its denizens

To bow and scrape in the dirt

Without us they have no hope

To attain an immortal state

Should this be for then attainable

It will only be with us not against

Liberation of the anthropoids

Was the noble task of the Golden age

Through an intermixture

With the captive slaves

Cowards are always cruel

Jewish tactics of subversion

Operate through dark paths hidden

Devious and hateful, subterranean

Modes of the black magicians

These hidden ways, secret paths

Conceal their vicious actions

Within the sephiroth of Daath

The perpetuation of talmudic witchcraft

Fleeing the light of exposure

They seek to remain invisible

Behind blinds and simulacra

They have placed before their foe

Being of a fearful bent

Their mind races erratically

Like a scared hunted rabbit

They bolt for their warren if seen

These cowards must always flee

Away from there just pursuers

The attempt to avoid their karmic fees

And to perpetuate their usury

Their cowardly nature manifests

In the form of a perverse delight

In causing others harm and stress

Who would oppose them in a fair fight

Even the innocent are not spared

As their ritual murderers have attested

The abduction of those unaware

Of their malevolent and sick intentions

To visit harm upon others

Especially those who outshine them

To whom they have instinctive aversion

The chandal's natural motivation

To tear down and destroy

With prolonged eagerness

To torture with a sick joy

Violate the innocent

This the consciousness of the beast

Who derives perverse satisfaction from abuse

And who in the shadows creeps

Attempting to waylay the superior few

The sex and death nexus

Is prominent in his mind

The outer proterburent occiput

A testament to his inner crimes

The simian beastman delights

In visiting his cruelest tortures

Upon those who his jealousy incites

To their beauty ruin and deform

A history of sadistic perversions

Accompanies the de-man hybrid

The jewish pest whose inhuman

Cruelty must needs all astonish

No mercy for any however weak

As the creature Mr. Hyde

He preys upon those whose meek

Nature elicits his ire

Children; women are not spared

His vile and demonic cruelty

The burning of innocent women as 'witches'

Their torture and murder in public and secretly

As then so today, the cowards cruelly conspire

To subject their victims to microwaves

To in clandestine secrecy throw on the pyre

And speed their foes into their graves

The continuous subjection of their hated foe

The pureblood Aryan race

To this indignity of darkest evil

The cruelty of the jews' cowardice

Karma will rebound upon them all

And the pestilence will be neutralized

Millennia of their abusive and hateful

Acts which have violated our integrity

Jewry will meet their inevitable fate

And will be swept from the world

The remnant of the Aryan race

Will the noble swastika flag unfurl

Spite

Magian morality dictates

Obsequeious veneration of the 'divine'

Whether in the form of Yahweh

Or of gods of any other kind

This obsequious genuflective pose

A function of the lunar consciousness

Derives from in its origins

Homo hither asiaticus

Interlarded with this modality

Of the passive and contemplative

Is the presence of Chandal morality

With its spiteful motivation

The passive and fearful mind

Reflective of the divine in a glass darkly

As the moon the solar light

A mirage in the desert of the near East

This incapacity to apprehend

The Truth and accordingly to act justly

Manifests itself in ‘the chosen’

And their twisted and spiteful animosity

Their hostile intent toward

They who radiate the light

Has into a law been formed

They claim is their Lord's 'invincible might'

Their Torah and Talmud

Encode the spiteful hatred

Toward all who are 'Gentiles'

Their non-jewish adversaries

From the earliest of times

In the stone age of the fertile crescent

To the contemporary world we find

The jews claiming they are 'heaven sent'

This selfish state of being

Is engraved in stone tablets

By the coterie of jewry

Led by their rabbinical fanatics

Their mission on the earth

Derived from their mandate

Which they had conferred

Upon them by their creators

This to enslave the world

And its entire population

To enchain their hapless serfs

And exploit them as their labor

More than this to sacrifice

Their powerless captive charges

To their masters go the prize

Of the souls' of the goyim

Impelled by their influence

The jews are incorrigible

In their mad malevolence

Toward those they deem mere 'animals'

Their spiteful hostility

Toward those who are 'Other'

Derives from their inner being

An inextricable essential feature

The sources of their hatred

Is their boundless arrogance

And their inner defects

The lack of a soul possessed

Being a genetic amalgam

Of reptilian and Neanderthal

And mixed with the goyim

They are inherently fallible

They who are pure

The Aryan race of the divine

Are the object of hatred

Reflecting the truth sublime

These the Jews seek

To destroy out of spite

For having a pure estate

Which they can only desire

The broken cisterns, the jews

Would smash all those intact

Out of spiteful hatred they abuse

And ruin the lives of Aryans

Those who live for spite

Simply weave a web of karma

Tangling themselves as the kikes

And receive their fate in the fire

Incurring negative backlash

For their actions against innocent

Third parties who they attack

Without any apparent reason

The motivating principle

Which drives these vile kikes

Is their lack of any spiritual

Qualities of the divine light

They dwell in darkness

And embody the lunar ray

Of the false light of Jehovah

Their father God, the inferior deity

The torchbearers of the false light

Diabolical agents of iniquity

Bound up with reptilian kind

Who are bent on hegemony

The synthetic creatures

Are doing their Dark Lords' work

Abusing and enslaving the denizens

Of Gaia for the Demiurge

Spiteful hatred their mode

Of assaulting these innocents

In passive aggressive mode

To steal the souls of men

Through cryptic and covert

Means they perpetually agitate

To disrupt the harmony and peace

Into the world of tension and violence create

The Laughter of the Immortals

Never serious without an element of humor

Or humorous without an element of seriousness

Such was the advice of Nero's tutor

Wise old Seneca the venerable stoic

All things have their humour

Within the realm of Olympus

The tragi-comic theater

Of the gods to play with us

We must play our part

As actors on the stage

And those who would depart

Who wear their heart on their sleeve

These had best quit the game

And live the hermits' life

Avoid pursuing glory and fame

And keep out of the strife

Else they may play their hand

That of the most serious

The tragic jokers' and

In a *mors triumphalis*

As outsiders and marginals

They are inept courtiers

Would not make it past

Even the Royal serfs

Hence as warriors from without

The barbarians of the Kali Yuga

They must their attack mount

And break the decadents' rule

All propriety and manners

Are swept away in blood

Through the insurgents action

In the maelstrom of RaHoWa!

The gods play their game of chess

With the pieces who are restricted

Within the bounds of their function

Save for the Prometheans

The Kings gird themselves round

with the Knights in shining armor

who receive from their bishops

the benefaction of their plaintive ardor

The fortresses on the field of battle

Are fortified with arsenals

Of advanced weaponry for the chattel

To their adversaries kill all

All they are able to observe

Who foolishly dash against them

As an uncontrolled Titanic surf

Which would thereby smash them

Those who are no adepts

At courtiers games and feints

Can buck the system nonetheless

Sabotage, and the citadels infiltrate

The war of the flea

Is the only path one may

Pursue against the enemy

And see Valhalla and victory

The tragi-comic laughter

Of the hero in his last triumphal act

Reverberates in the theater

Putting all others to silence

The sneers and guffaws of the courtiers

Have been in their nasty murmurings

Overpowered by the stutters

Of the hero's murder machine

The kings and bishops fall

Under the hammer blows of Thor

As Saturn's leaden sickle

Descends upon the foe

The gods laugh with irony

As the puffed up and vainglorious

Fall before their adversary

The agency divine righteousness

The barbarian hordes beset

On all sides the powerful

In their citadels and parapets

Looking with gravity below

The firebrands light up the night

Into which the nation had descended

Through the corruption of the royal line

And swarm the palaces to end it

They combat the usurious exploiters

Through whichever means they may

Destroying their trade and commerce

And initiating mayhem in the fray

The revolutionaries of the past

Have fought against the nation

And decimated the leadership

Which was benevolent in many cases

This scourge of Order has played

A role in sweeping away

A nations' corruption and inner decay

Though mostly for its usurping

The revolutionaries have attained their goal

Of establishing their kingdom

And now are the new royals

The roi du monde at the pinnacle

The revolution of today

Will be the last concluding act

In the dialectical pageantry

Which bears Kali's stamp

Against the revolutionaries themselves

Will be the next battle

At a fifth dimensional

War beyond the conventional

The barbarians are led

Some more consciously than others

To place the blutfahn in the stead

Of the magian flag of Doves

Peace conduces to the grave

As “All life is struggle”

As the crashing of Time's wave

Brings about their karma

The Wildes Heer of Odin

Ride with a Valkyries

And decimate those 'chosen'

To reap the fruits of their lies

Sexual Pragmatism

Modern woman has a plan

A strategy for the exploitation of men

To hold themselves out as a bargain

Their body undergoes commodification

In her relations with prospective paramours

She recognizes the necessary conditions

And she herself does transform

To obtain from him her golden meal ticket

Her strategies employ her black widow charms

Beguilement of the naïve donor of sperm

Who subterranean tendency she conjures

Through her refined and sadly seductive gestures

Her calculating and cunning ways

Are tools in her makeup bag

An apparent benign absurdity

But a weapon of war against masculinity

Clothed in the raiment of illusion

Her mayavic veils she shifts before him

Shifts the focus of his consciousness

Toward her beguiling appearance

The Queen bee in the hive

Has conscripted her drone slaves

To furnish her with their lives

That she may of royal jelly partake

All of the calculus of means and end

With her having the sum total of things

And he paying her dividends

Without limit, forever and eternity

In order to secure her future

She availed herself of her perfume

The scent to beguile her paramour

The target she will exploit and use

She seeks an idealized archetype

The masculine figure of media hype

The model she may idolize

And the donor she may vampirize

Her loyalty is to herself

As a center of her universe

Motivated she to obtain wealth

Through the instrumentality of cunning work

Nature's plan manifests through her being

To perpetuate itself, children creating

And they through the instrumentality

Of the provider of his golden seed

Both money and status are necessary

Merit alone is of no great value

To possess superior masculine qualities

Is as nothing without the almighty dollar

Any basic macho moron

Who swaggers about with arrogance

Can buy himself a meat woman

Socioeconomically correspondent

Those who are in their vain opinion

Considered 'beneath' their notice

Being of a lower social station

Will be shunned with extreme prejudice

The selfish arrogance of females

Impels them to seek elevation

Above what is purchasable

With their inherent limitations

Hence they are by desire motivated

The quest for even better suitors

Who would their nest furnish golden feathers

With which to attract their social peers

Those failing to pay the cost

Lacking adequate resources

Are castaway as mere dross

Though they may be a hero or genius

Sicut Judaeus Non

Protector of jewry, catholicity

Clucking his tongue the Pope

The 'rebels' against their Creator frenzied

Orchestrate mayhem, another episode

Splitting the proceeds after the fact

Leaving the bodies in unmarked graves

The rabbis and priests share in the stash

Of the fruitage of the labor of their slaves

They bask in leisure and decadence

Prop up their fatted forms

On silken cushions they relax

And a black mass they perform

To all appearances the Pope and clergy

Are antagonists to the 'perfidious jew'

But clandestinely they are meeting

Outside of the laity's obscured view

Chastisement and tongue clucking

The pretense of opprobrium

Yet any actual punishment they are ducking

Jehovah's spoiled rebellious children

Any peasants who would react

Are kept down by the christians

Those who have not been burnt as 'heretics'

Even if christian are made to suffer

'*Sicut judaeus non* '

"Never harm the Jew"

The credo of the legions

Of the judaizers gentile fools

Mere slaps on the wrist

Were meted out as punishment

By the popish clerics

Who served as jewry's enablers

The dialectic of 'good' and 'evil'

Designed to destroy the nations

Creating a false defender of the people

In the form of the priests and churches

The ancient Teutons learned

At the expense of their lives

That the false promises of the church

Were yet mere pretences, alibis

Invited to make 'peace'

They wound up in the trap

And then into the grave deceased

By the cowardly cunning rats

Jewry and their christian slaves

Hypocrites one and all

Had throughout the Piscean age

Brought about Traditions' fall

Their dialectic of genocide

Targeted the noble Aryan

Throughout the ages of this vile kind

Sought the noble races' annihilation

They created division amongst them

Pitted brother against brother

And on the bonfires burnt women

Tortured in subterranean dungeons

10 million Aryan sacrificed

To feed jewry's evil masters

Who for their very souls' died

To avoid their extinction as a parishioner

The witless zombies of christ

Bond slaves of diabolic forces

With jewry have themselves aligned

Mortgaging their souls through terror and for lucre

Jewry carries on to this day

Framing others for their own deeds

Projecting their own agency

Upon the victims of their bellicosity

The hypocritical priests and pastors

Meanwhile turn a blind eye

To what jewry orchestrates through their agents

Pretending they are 'holy', sanctified

Christians thus play the role

As the enabler of the chaos

Both of whom blame their foes

Transferring blame onto ‘Others’

The innocent third-party receives

Blameworthiness for their transgressions

All the while calling on Jesus

To put a stop to their madness

The decay or deception

They construct out of nothing

Out of their imagination

A similacrum, mere seeming

This they project upon the ‘Other’

As their adversary to distort

Their innocent and naïve character

To set them up for the slaughter

The witless minions they control

The blind and possessed laity

They use to attack their foes

And to transfer blame for their own immorality

Jewry has thus far avoided the news

They have woven as their karma

That they will receive just as soon

And will be served up to the hangman

Honesty is the Best Policy

The modern world a kosher zoo

Populated with 'die-versity'

A teeming cacophonous multitude

Cutthroats; murderers and thieves

It's minions all partake of the trough

Of the refuse of consumer trash

And each other push and shove

To accumulate their lucriferous stash

Mendacity is the mode of life

Each and all partake of

Else they will be ostracized

And cast out as a pariah

The smiling masks they wear

Are fixed upon their faces

To their fellows they appear

A normative instantiation

Each and all are one

In the hive mind of modernity

In the sewer of the nations

The swine squeal with glee

Those most adept at deceit

Are they who go furthest

Along the well paved streets

In their segregated areas

The cryptocracy which rules this world

Necessitates compliance with its will

The necessary condition of social

Elevation, else one's status is nil

To be a liar a necessary fact

Of participation within the plutocracy

In the theater of the world to act

With unctuous artifice persuasively

Greasy smiles and modulated tones

Subtle gestures of behavior

The hypocrites from prefabricated homes

Their bloated egos alone do favor

The rogues of the suburban landscape

Perpetually do lie

And on their artificial faces

A devious hypocrite smile

Honesty is a complete absence

Between word and object no connection

Their words bear no correspondence

To any actual state or condition

The behavior of the privileged caste

Trickles down to the plebeians

Who mimic and ape their betters

In order to secure their reputation

To fit into their hypocrisy

Of the modern kosher world

One must adopt the policy

Of mimicking their jewish masters

Only the most devious and false

Mercurial hypocrites and actors

Are capable of swimming in a swamp

Of the postmodern urban center

For them Truth has no meaning

Nothing actually exists

All is the illusory dreaming

Of their tonight perception

Without truth as a nations basis

Neither is there justice

As a recognition of what is

Underpins all harmonious action

Hence a society of the swamp

Wherein everything obtains

And no rules or fixity of norms

Leads to its disintegration

No truth acknowledged

By the caste of the corrupt

But they must face the consequences

Of their willful ignorance

Only eternal verities

May serve as the basis

Of a stable nation

That lasts throughout the ages

Failing these principles obtaining

The clay and iron edifice

Sinks into the swampy terrain

And crumbles to ruins

The perennial empire

Is the only organized form

That will never expire

The kingdom of heaven on earth

Fifth columnist

A chameleon amidst the nation's folk

Indiscernible save by the keen observer

Jewry in their cunning play the role

Of the fifth columnist, a saboteur

Creeping in by slow degrees

Working within their tribe of merchants

Masquerading as a friend this enemy

Does their best to ape conformism

To deceive and blind their host

To keep up conventional appearances

To exist their essence as a ghost

Out of the sight of the gentiles

Whether in Babylon or Egypt

They infiltrate and ingratiate

Pandering to the gentile leaders

As Levite priests they masquerade

They employ their black magic

Priestcraft of arcane lore

They and their wanderings assimilated

Use it against their host they deplore

Beguiling the host with foreign wonders

And the premise of arcane power

They then hypnotize the gullible

And worm their way into the noble tower

Once in the inner sanctum they

Play both ends against the middle

The dialectic of dividing and conquering

Creating conflict to the folk unsettle

One faction of jewry plays

The sympathetic spartacist

Who incites violence against

The wealthier educated classes

The other plays the elitist

Spurning the poor with disdain

Both factions in the theater

Our behaviorally modeling

For jewry life is a theater of war

Against all and sundry at all times

In the name of 'peace' their grudge they bear

Against all especially Aryan mankind

Those they can use they happily enslave

Through their clandestine network

The tentacles of the octopus arrayed

Throughout the nations of others

Through usury and Money-lending

They bury their hooks in the gentiles

Through their fractional reserve banking

They operate as cold-blooded reptiles

Those leaders who fail to pay the tax

Or the interest on any loan

Are to foreign mercenaries subject

Who are let in by the fifth column

In spite of any payments or compliance

On the part of their captive host

Jewry nonetheless does aspire

To have all this world as their own

Hence once in the vampires

Work in secret to accrue

All of the positions of power

Through intermarriage with the noble few

Once confident they hold adequate power

They then embark on sabotage

Bringing the nation to its fatal hour

Through revolution and clandestine espionage

The lowest dregs of the nation

Are conscripted as their shock troops

Else soldiers from lands foriegn

They pay to destroy and to loot

The fifth column of jewry

Their endgame is genocide

To conceal their enmity

Behind a crocodile smile

The gullible Aryan leadership

Whose thoughts are elevated above

The crudity of money manipulation

To the jew all too often succumbs

The Aryans' consciousness

Is elevated toward the clouds

And not on the earth fixated

Like a swine burying its face in the trough

This trait of blissful ignorance

Jewry has identified

And though not comprehended

He exploits Aryan naïveté

His tactics on most others would fail

As they are more earthbound

In their actions they themselves avail

Of all benefits to be found

The jew confines himself to the world

The Aryan focuses on the celestial

And under the benighted christian scourge

He the Aryan doesn't stand his ground

He lives in the empyrean

And neglects his earthly duty

To support and to augment

The Aryan race and its glory

As in the case of the Scythians

And of myriad empires of old

The noble enterprising Aryans

Must remain to shoulder the load

Of dwelling in the higher planes

On the earth they must combat

Else will signal the end of the game

And all hope for spiritual conquest

Jinn

In the den of iniquity

The drunkard drains his swill

Paying the jewish barkeep

To he and his folk kill

Becoming addicted to poison

He drains the bottle to the dregs

And drains his limited finances

Speeding his path to the grave

Rather than using his resources

To contribute to the greater good

Of his race and its successes

He drains them down his throat

In the bar of flashing lights

The syncopated beat pulses

Inducing lower frequencies of the mind

Conditioning their violent lusting

Beast-consciousness generation

Through their synchronized heart rate

With the feral beats correspondent

Amplified through poison drinking

The feral soul of Mr. Hyde

Resurrects from its tomb

And desports in the dead of night

In its aggression releasing loosh

The defense mechanisms of inhibition

Are removed through the hand of darkness

The animal beats' syncopation

Opening up the victim to possession

A multi-sensorial bombardment

Sights and sounds to excite the senses

To encourage their corruption

In a microcosm of the city of Dis

The spirits they traffic with

Are no genies in a bottle

But rather the dark forces

Who enslave all of us

With every bottle they drain down

Their level of inhibition

Is brought low to thereby allow

Entry of the astral denizens

To their fragmented soul attaches

These vampire astral beings

And the victims who they capture

Upon their souls they do feed

These dens of iniquity

Run by the devious jews

Are not solely run for money

But for harvesting their loosh

Chronic stimulation of their captives

Who they have enticed

With poison apples and false promises

Of the glamorous life

The aesthetic gestalten which

Beguile their undeveloped minds

Are designed to render captive

Their souls by demonic kind

The simulacrum of pleasure

Is the poisoned apple offered

By the cunning jewish barman

And the media executive

Clothed in the garb of popularity

Those soaked with poison throughout

The technicolor coat of dreams

As a nightmare turns inside out

Chasing after phantasms

These gin soaked socialites

Are doing themselves damage

Under the flickering neon lights

"Behold the alcoholized animals

Bemused with [kosher] drink"

Says the protocols of the Elders of Zion

As predictive programming

Sauron Logos

The logos of the judeo

Venerated by jewry and their slaves

The false father of the world

Jehovah the King of Tyranny

Yahweh the Dark Lord

Worshipped by the kosher cabal

The violent agent called 'The Word'

Who through His intelligence enslaves us all

Posited as the greatest of all Beings

This violent cosmic eruption

An A.I structure of E.T origins

Bringing about devastation

On Saturn this machinery is installed

To broadcast lower frequencies

Generating the matrix overall

And trapping the sheep in slavery

Sauron's eye perceives all

Through the concrete forms he generates

And manifests from the astral

The qlippothic egregores of His hate

His emissaries on the earth plane

Jewry and their christian allies

Carry out his orders of the day

And impose His will and utmost desire

The slave caste on the earthly plane

Are mere puppets on electronic strings

Manipulated through Jehovah's brain

Through extraterrestrial A.I technology

This logos of violent aggression

Is the will of the jewish god

And exist in a state of passion

Encoded in their fables of the bible

The word of the Demiurge

A Word of violent assault

Imposing itself on the herd

Through entropy extinguishing their souls

The all-seeing eye broadcasts its rays

From the vast reaches of the cosmos

From the astral it casts its gaze

Impelling the extraterrestrial host

To view the world as a prison planet

All those not completely debased

Must of necessity be an opponent

Of the false father deity Yahweh

That no good may come of this

Tyrannical chamber of entropy

A torture prison, nether region of Dis

Of spatio-temporal causality

Those who have sold their soul

To the ‘self-chosen’ few and their Master

Will their true self playing this role

Lose and wind up in a state of disaster

They have become bound to the entities

Who resonate with Sauron

The Dark Lord who only sees

To the seventh heaven and on down

Beyond this the blind God

Yahweh-Jehovah cannot go

Rather he crystallizes the consciousness

Of those who to him their souls' devote

They experience an atrophy of their being

Under the gravitational waves

Generated by alien machinery

To Saturn transported to their grave

The entities which feed upon our souls

Have established their machinery

To harvest our philosophic gold

To augment their own finite capacity

Upon the blood of sacrifice

They with mighty Sauron feed

And through Saturn's rings of ice

They broadcast the death frequency

Those who fail to resonate

At a higher rate of being

May fail to avoid the fate

Of falling within their tractor beam

Those who live in a state of bliss

Of willful reality denial

And make a virtue of ignorance

Are fragmented to their lies

Those who have integrity

Who are living in the Truth

Through their life a battle be

The Green ray they attain to

The World of Robots

A technocratic slave system

Designed to span the globe

With electronic surveillance

And microwave mind control

Radio waves transmitted through

Broadcast arrays ubiquitous

Beaming the broad masses who

Remain in a state of unconsciousness

Somnolent zombies they drudge

To and from their 9-to-5

In pursuit of gleaming Mammon

On a treadmill until they die

These adamant tools are engineered

With a base technical education

Barely adequate to manufacture

Goods and services for their exploiters

Through gradualistic means

They are supplanted with technology

Their undeveloped innerbeing

With robots is merged synthetically

Trans-humanized these atrophied beings

Are no longer autonomous

Incapable of independent living

Into the hive mind assimilated

Their every move and act

Are recorded and controlled

Every pulse, heartbeat and breath

All processes biological

The formerly free and independent

Being who existed as a node

A fragment of the divine incarnate

Rendered a tool replaceable

An instrument of industry

Of extraterrestrial kind

For harvesting energy

To feed the astral vampires

The animate tools of the system

Stare into their screens

And themselves classically condition

Into a robotized slave

The architects of this world

Eagerly serve their masters

On the earth extraterrestrials

Have their hybrids planted

They with madness extend

The scope of their robot network

And bring about the end

Of the healthy organic world

Should they accomplish their plans

All will be as 'One'

Together on the slave plantation

Serving the parasite scum

At all times and everywhere

The machines are operating

Creating inharmony on the earth

While our thoughts they are recording

To sit idly back and allow

The perpetuation of their machines

Is to sell their atrophying souls

To the Dark Lord and his entities

Hence the system must come down

Through any and all means necessary

And those who serve the system

Must needs get out of the way

Else they will suffer their fate

That of wholesale extermination

For enabling the machine to enslave

Those who once had self-determination

Collective Consciousness

The Middle Eastern conception

Of the tribal collective

Is the standard form consciousness

Those desert dwellers possess

"The enemy of my enemy is my friend"

Such is their schizoidal mind

And all work toward this end

Perpetuating through violence their kind

The tribal collective adheres together

Bound by blood and soul

Aggressively repels all others

Who are cognizable as their foes

Either you're with us or against

No other choices optional

To oppose one is to then bring

A war of all against all

A tribal collective consciousness

Has its merits and deficiencies

And for nomadic robbers

This is the height of morality

Unified to their hive mind

Their collective consciousness

By the rabbinate standardized

As the Will to power of the collective

It has served them well this Entity

Into which they are merged

And has led them to the peaks

Of power over the terrestrial world

Most fail to understand

That the jews are not autonomous

in their every thought and action

They are governed from above

Their hive mind is stepped down

From the astral, lower seven heavens

To the dense terrestrial ground

Derived from Yahweh, their master

The Demiurge of violent forces

Projects through His Will

And upon the teeming masses

Coerces slavery to the jewish people

Within the hive mind they operate

Receiving telepathic communiques

As soldiers on the earth plane

They serve their deity Yahweh

All work as a collective group

With one another in silent subversion

To engineer this theological crew

And reduce to subservience the nations

The Demiurge's consciousness

Pervades the lower seven heavens

And the minds' of most captures

Into the hive mind assimilates them

Tribal thinking has its value

Restricted to one's organism

One's race and culture prove

The strongest bond of blood relation

Those who violate the bonds

Which weld together the folk

Through loyalty to others wrong

Their very essence, inner soul

To mix and mingle with others

Is to sever the chains which bind

To their higher principle fail to recover

To cast adrift amidst the ocean brine

Reincarnation necessitates

By the law of attraction

The preservation of the state

Of the racial folk collective

"Like attracts like"

The maxim holds true

That the soul partakes

Of the tribal group

Those who gravitate

Toward one's kin

A healthy mind demonstrate

A natural affiliation

Those who band together

With those of disparate kinds

To that degree they sever

Their archetypal organic ties

Schism is introduced

Through a mixture of types

Which is tangible proof

Of failure to reconcile

The Middle Eastern mentality

Of blood and soil

Is understood wisely

By the harmonious soul

Paradoxically it is

That the Aryan race

Though harmonious

They are through grace

Not through 'the world'

To which they are foreign

And thus must learn

To resonate therewith

The unify spirit and matter

To consolidate the blood memory

Getting one's head in the stratosphere

And the feet planted on the mundane

This is the self overcoming

That the Aryans must learn

To not remain in heaven

But to fight on the earth

Not to be divorced

From their fleshly principle

But integrated through force

Against the Demiurge

Not bound to the earth

As the untermenschen

But a resurrected curse

Against the herds of de-men

The blood memory rekindles

Through a transcendent state

Activation of the higher principle

Inherent in his inner being

Self recognition and integrity

Never a violation

Of his essential personality

A potent self-affirmation

The bonds which fused together

The disparate elements of the folk

Are derived from spirits' inherence

In the lower density of the world

To shift the focus to the fight

Yet remain within Eternia

Kindles in the blood the luminous light

And works up the berserker warrior

The battle against the dark forces

Requires not only lone mercenaries

But a collective unified consciousness

To mobilize Aryans against their adversary

Father

The father figure of tradition

A provider and protector

Has now become a faded image

In a folktale collection

The strong and valorous character

Who undergoes risk and sacrifice

To ensure his line thrives and prospers

Against the stress and storm of life

This archetypal character is absent

From the males of the modern world

Who are demoted in the system

To the level of the churl

The former Jarl's of yesteryear

Have been all but castrated

Through the bias which inheres

In the Chandala slave system

The father figure of this world

Is a pale reflection of Tradition

An imitation of the mold

Of the patriarchal condition

Modern ‘man’ in name alone

Can be said to adhere to the type

Of the ancient world a pale shadow

An imitation of a better time

The stoical *pater familias*

Whose strength radiates from the center

Which he occupies as a noble figure

And prevents all opponents to enter

His protective aureole

Banishes the lunar light

And his divine solarity

Confers upon him paternal might

The wisdom of the ancients

He keeps in custody

And transmits to younger generations

To maintain his legacy

His modern contender

Who would wear the laurel wreath

Has very big shoes to wear

And comparatively small feet

He does not make the grade

And thus falls by the wayside

In this time he degenerates

And lives a chaotic life

No possibility of achievement

No ability to establish

A state of higher meaning

Of a Traditional pattern

The father figure a relic

Of the world of Tradition

Now we see only pathetic

Imitations of gentlemen

The metrosexual in the city

Or the swaggering ape in the ghetto

Of the vestiges of modernity

The effeminates and the machos

These may partake

To varying degrees

Of the masculine archetype

And are thereby redeemed

Though degraded and confused

Through the social chaos

Some have thereby accrued

A set of steel balls

These few remnants

Are the men among the ruins

Who remain standing against

The onslaught of the pestilential brood

Through the conditions of today

Even for the most fortunate

Against the family militate

They may still stand as men

Stand against the evil tide

And overthrow it through force

To banish the lunar light

With the Hammer of Thor

The father archetype exists

Only for the privileged

And for the devotees of self-service

The negatively ego-driven

It serves as an excuse

To avoid the conflict of today

To filthy lucre accrue

And 'sacrifice' for one's family

Within the consumer world

Of suburban decadence

Working within the wheel

Is the only challenge

Sacrificing the greater good

And survival of one's race

For the sake of self should

Be considered a disgrace

Whether one achieves

The continuance of his line

In these conditions of impossibility

It would be a blink of the eye

Submerged into the flood tide

Of the intruding foreign invaders

One's own line would expire

Through inevitable miscegenation

Hence the RaHoWa!

Will be the testing ground

Of the true father

Who will stand his ground

Regressus Infantilismus

Today's world of idiocracy

Has reduced to the level of infancy

They who are trapped within the rings

Of the cube of the Saturnian matrices

The education- indoctrination

System of classical conditioning

Subjects the naïve children

To a process of standardization

Each one reduced to the lowest level

To that of the brute beast

Sufficient to buttons press and levers pull

To perpetuate their slavery

To work day and night to pay to live

While they waste away their energy

Chained to the wheel their life force give

To the sadists who upon them feed

The formula for enslavement

Imposed upon the broad masses

Is to design a universal blueprint

Of *mathesis universalis*

Of a *lingua franca* standard form

Which all must learn the rudiments

Which was imposed in different permutations

At various times and places

The Latin of Rome served its purpose

The cabals' standard form template

And ancient Greek played this role before

Followed by English variants

The jews and their affiliates

Have now grown tired of the whites

Envisioning they will certainly be victorious

According to their biblical prophecies

They accordingly elevate through their power

Of global networks subterranean

The ascension of other languages foreign

To supplant that of the white nations

Chinese and Arabic amongst others

And their mestizoized spanglish

All are to become absurdly alloyed

While they preserve Hebrew as their privilege

All the diverse kinds are to

Be mixed in their witch's cauldron

Boiled into a genetic goo

Poured in the molds of the new Jerusalem

All diverse characteristics

Are to be effaced forever

In their place the standard package

Of the dumbed-down servitor

A lengthy process of crystallization

Of spiritual forces into matter

Which serves as the organic basis

Of a harmonious differentiated order

This the cabal wishes to efface

With a wave of their wizards' wind

Through creative destruction to erase

The diverse cultural organisms

The maturity of nodes of consciousness

Crystallization of all sentient life

They would in their political alchemy

Burn in the *nigredo* phase of strife

To instigate race war globally

And see to it whites are disarmed

Or by any and all means necessary

To the greatest extent hamstrung, disempowered

This the christians perform as their role

To obstruct the livelihood of their race

To in morbid sickness pay the toll

For their alleged sins and for 'divine grace'

They hold their folk down

While the jews sharpen their knives

And plunge it into their woman's womb

To serve their race up as a sacrifice

Those they leave alive to serve

And to submit slavishly to their deity

Will be mixed amongst the teaming heard

A-Brahamized subhumanity

The process of dissolution

Has already wound its way

Toward a hybridization

Of incompatible biology

Formulated in their think tanks

The cabal has designed their protocols

For the robotization of all kinds

And a *regressus infantilismus*

As Aldous Huxley had revealed

The methods and goals they had conceived

In their kosher brave new world

All would be assessed to minute degrees

All would be assigned a grade

And would be strictly segregated

For their designated role to play

Only relative degrees of knowledge necessitated

This dumbing down of the mass mind

Toward the dregs of volk chaos

Can only in the end realize

A world of dysfunctional slag and dross

Vulgar Display of Power

Beast consciousness the modality

Of the cabal of black magicians

A violent imposition of 'morality'

That of the psychopath, ego-driven

Negative ego consciousness

The mentality of the populace

Derived from the highest

Echelons of the power pyramid

Within the wheel of Time

The puppet masters of the system

Make a virtue of their crimes

Revealing their methods to their victims

They place their targets within

The crosshairs of their malevolence

And to a double bind subject them

Ratcheting up the world's aggression

They delight in envisioning themselves

As the paragons of virtue

The agents of their 'G-d'

Who commands that they abuse

Staging theater stunts

On which their pawns and enemy

Are arrayed as so many pieces

On the chessboard of modernity

Within the magic square of the world

The game's Masters make their moves

Through their subtle and guileful

Legerdemain and magnetic influence

The pawns are eagerly sacrificed

To sate the bloodlust of their masters

And within this prison of strife

Victory always goes to the gamesters

There are those who are played and those who play

Agents of evil influence and good

Those who are mere pawns for a day

Those who though powerful are their food

The targets attempt to live their lives

And are thrown into the frenzy of war

Whether of humble origin or occupying the heights

All to play the game, are forced

The animal minds of the controlling forces

Are mere nodes in that of the hive

Which is the conscious structure of the Prince of Darkness

And which impels them in their crimes

These sadistic abusers of their charges

Impose upon them all manner of hardship

From slander and character assassination

To psycho-physical torture and murder

The reincarnation trap has captured

The souls of those earthbound

Many indeed most on the chessboard

Like a zombie stumble blindly around

Their movements; thoughts and motivations

Are simple functions of their program

Which has been entrained in them

By their masters the wizards of zion

The entrainment process entails

An infinite series of stimuli

And correlated responses

Which mold them into a certain kind

Whether through state education

or through religious upbringing

The process of classical conditioning

Is their package of programming

To every gesture and act

Of the sentient organism

Manipulation extends

To violate their inner being

Every thought and movement

Is recorded and monitored

Upon him again manipulated

By these malevolent overlords

Their intentions are malign

To harm and agitate

To torture ritually

The targets of their game

Each member of the cabal

Must demonstrate their affiliation

Through behavior bestial

Imposed upon innocent victims

Their aggressive sadism is

Inherent in their being

One of the necessary conditions

Of gaining their pyrhhic victory

The traits of these psychopaths

May be readily perceived

In their cunning furtive glance

And the smiles of the evil seed

Devious; false and cunning

The black magicians' mentality

Like a pall overhangs society

Obscuring the suns shining

Gotham

Within the warrens of the urban landscape

The shadowy figures of the underworld

The petty criminals their vice perpetuate

While the real culprits remain unknown

The highest levels of the power structure

And manipulated by the wire pullers

Controlled by the cabal of robbers

Who absorb the lifeblood of the goyim

The rabble of vice in their warrens

Rats who race in the interstices

Of the ghetto prison wards

And justify the presence of police

The cops and robbers maintain

The dynamic tension of control

Each the other enabling

In their mutually supportive role

The citizens are thus kept down

From labor site to tenement

Too afraid of the criminals

And unable to rely on police presence

The disempowered citizens thus

Are kept within the limitations

in Gotham city their only function

To cater to the elites' decadence

The dirty warren of the parasite nest

Is thus a seething cauldron

Of unbridled crime and violence

That of the elites' origin

Funding crime and vice does serve

To fill their pockets with ill-gotten gain

And the drugs; prostitution and murder

On the unknown 'criminal' is blamed

The laws of Gotham are designed

On the model of the two-tiered system

In which the lawmakers' crimes

Are swept under the red-tape and skewed data

For the common serf on the plantation

The iron laws entail no remorse

Their scope unduly restrictive

Lest they be of the 'victim' hordes

Thus the two-tiered system of law

Is for the controllers and their tools

Not for the harmonious Aryan

Whose law is the divine rule

The makers of 'the law' are independent

Of the efficiency of their own rules

For the common people, the 'goyim'

The Noahide must be adhered to

The makers of 'the law' are the breakers

Who follow the law of their deity

Yahweh the evil Lord of Darkness

The ruler of spatio-temporality

Within their publicized system

The citizens have had their say

To establish their own heaven

Or hell on earth via democracy

Thus they would transfer blame

Away from themselves as 'representatives'

While the goyim they hobble and lame

In terms of any actual 'freedoms'

Their intention to fragment the folk

To create a dynamism of chaos

To upon all superimpose

The simulacrum of 'individual choice'

This deception is pacified

The common folk who fail to know

That their controllers lie upon lies

And hoodwink the naïve ‘profane’ folk

The Gotham system, a rigged game

For the puppet masters to play

To conceal themselves above the fray

In their luxurious towers of ivory

Within the system yet other elements

Pervade the shadows to enforce it

Clandestine and subterranean

Never seen by the sight of civilians

The assassin squad's pervade the realm

And hunt the potential dissidents

To drag them down into Gotham's hell

Ritually murder, sacrifice them

The dark night of the cabal

Their primary hired killer

Spreads his wings like a pall

Over the false light of Luna

The Batman an emissary

Of the slavers of the earth

The Archangel Michael avenging

His would-be man-god masters

They who perceive themselves

To be affronted by any 'Other'

Conscript their avenging angel

To throw them in the Hudson River

All they who are 'Other' are

The enemies of the cabal

Especially the noble Aryan

The greatest threat to the black cabal

Joker

Within the black heat of Gotham city

The crucible of crime and vice

The mayor and his underworld coterie

Regarding the future strategize

What corporations they will use

As fronts for their narcotics racket

And what casinos in which to abuse

The orphan children they have abducted

What accounts they will used to launder

Their counterfeit currencies

And upon what they will squander

Their ill-gotten gain from their tax slaves

Into this darkness of corruption

Enters an angel of light

From the higher planes an involution

To rid the world of its plight

The Joker enters the arena

Of the octagon to fight

To give battle to the Freemasons

And jewry, pestilential blight

The blue-eyed Joker, Superman

An elevated being endowed

With superlative higher Wisdom

To attack this sinister crowd

The transcendent nature he does have

Derived from celestial origins

From the stars he on earth manifests

To the wardens and their prison

His green hair from the ray

Of the Eternal planes of Being

His pallorous skin whitest purity

A blue-blood of divinity

This purple coat demonstrates

His elevated mind of highest height

And his laughing grin corroborates

The immortality of his kind

Nothing can touch or harm him

As his true Being lies elsewhere

And his choice of incarnation

Is a suit of clothes he wears

To oppose 'the laws' of Gotham

And to liberate the population

To dismantle the kosher system

Through any and all means

The Joker builds his syndicate

Through contravention of the laws

His criminality is the only method

Which for him power can amass

The system has denied him

A means to otherwise exist

And hence though his heart is pure

He must do what he can to live

Arms dealing to provide

A means for the poor to liberate

Themselves from the Darkside

Of A-Brahamic slavery

'Robbery', defined as theft

Of other people's property

Stealing from the corrupt rich

And using well the proceeds

To build an army of heroes

They who are called 'terrorists'

By the regime of mafiosi

Who place them on their hit list

Like the Freikorps of old

Only an international network

An underground Railroad

Of well-trained hitman

The Joker's wild plans

A product of his Divine Mind

And born of his idealism

And manifest within time

The cabal of darkest evil

Evaluates him as 'insane'

As they can't comprehend this 'devil'

Who transcends their feeble brains

His schemes and plans are grand indeed

Designed to change the world

To the cabal he is the adversary

Of their Metatronic rigid mold

He has descended to terminate

The creeping pests and their usury

To put a stop to their will to violate

The captive slaves in their rusty cage

Their death certificate he has signed

With an iron pen in ink of blood

And their passage to the other side

Will be swift and for them most certain

Though he die in the midst of the storm

Which he created with god-like force

He will have achieved a triumph over

That scourge which devastates the earth

The profane would claim a 'tragic end'

Yet laughingly the immortal departs

In the midst of the flames the insurgent

Strikes the enemy and its black heart

In Olympus upon high

The Joker laughs with glee

At the darkest evil tide

Which has faced its adversary

The chaos he had introduced

Sabotaged the rigid system

In the minds of the populace

Had instilled the notion of 'freedom'

They took up the tools he gave

Their will and skill, to tear down

To decimate and cast in the grave

The dark hordes of the cabal

License to Kill

A mandate has been issued

By the parasite exploiters

To their hired infiltrators

And indigenous slave labor

That the white man is fair game

To torment and abuse

To strike at through legerdemain

And to exploit and use

The white man if he's 'lucky'

Is permitted to partake

Of the poison apple of wage slavery

And for foreigners to pave the way

His obligation is imposed upon him

By the larger social norms

To serve the parasite tyrants

Their serfs and the foreign invaders

All work toward this end

With sadistic glee participate

In tearing down the white man

Undermining him with their hate

He has no rights to speak of

Other than the right to slave

Before the arrogant 'victims'

Who would push him in the grave

No freedoms has he either

Save than to suppress his own

And to facilitate the takeover

To destroy his ancestral home

His 'freedoms' are his duties

To tear down the white man

To serve females and non-whites

And train his replacements

The white man thus is a tool

An instrument in their hand

That they may exploit and use

To serve their self-satisfaction

Thus all wield the sword

Over the head of the white man

And he must of necessity conform

To their infinite demands

Else they will descend upon him

Through their control of the police state

And he will be subject to ostracism

Through their malevolent collective hate

They will cause them to lose

Everything he has achieved

His job; his home; his livelihood

And he will then have nothing

Their goal these thieves and exploiters

Is to strip the white man of all

And to orchestrate a takeover

Through gradually causing us to fall

Their animal cunning of primitive minds

Works silently and in secret

To our position and life undermine

To tear the crowns from off our foreheads

Their attempted usurpation

Is undergone through stealth

To taking over the positions

Of power, those most essential

Their enablers are affiliated

With them in their takeover

To tear down all the white men

And take all they can recover

The feminists are hell-bent

Driven by their hatred of

The white man who they rend

With their vultures' talons

They seek to castrate him

And to absorb his vitality

In the form of income taxes

To swell their purses mightily

Driven by a lust for power

These black widows establish

A network of red tape mesh

In which to entrap him

Their bureaucratic webbing

These vampiric creatures weave

Facilitates the stealing

Of the white man's vitality

That these men follow suit

And mimic their masters

The serpent seed of the earth

Who hell-bent creates disaster

They undermine and sabotage

The white man whom they hate

Force upon him coercion

To serve, bow and scrape

Gradually they disempower him

Through every cowardly tactic

poison and beleaguer him

Upon him force near irreparable damage

They employ their cunning trap

Of ubiquitous bureaucracy

To ensnare and to sap

All of his vital energy

When they have sufficient power

To begin to ostracize

To force into the margins

Of his home and to demonize

They then feel confident

In their hubristic nature

That the white man's nation

Will soon be theirs

Working as collective

They begin their campaigns

Of slander and vilification

Sullying the white man's name

Rewriting history is their gimmick

To distort the thoughts of all

To portray as sick and demented

The white man, the 'greatest evil'

A slaver and colonialist

A genocidal maniac

An exploiter and mass murderer

A destroyer of civilization

A robber and a thief

A usurer and rapist

Such is the slander

Circulated by sadists

Gumby

With his Mithraic cap atop his head

His green body of luciferic light

His bright blue eyes of eternal heaven

He ventures forth into the world of lies

Astride his orange horse poky

The emanation of Krodo-Santur aion

He enters from the Golden Gates

To reify the days of old bygone

The blockheads of the matrix

Agents of the leaden cube

And the Saturnian prison planet

Hunt Gumby with desperate moves

They are aware he is a threat

To their prison of lowest density

The walls of the Saturn-moon matrix

Staff and their vibrational frequency

These blockheads pursue their enemy

Throughout the world of matter

Through their chameleon-like adversary

Manages to escape their clutches

The luciferian light of the higher planes

Has been brought upon the earth

To the lower orders of captives

Liberate from the slave matrix

Gumby is the adversary

Af the Demiurge Jehovah

And wishes to orchestrate

A coup against the cosmic despot

His mission is to bring the Truth

Regarding the cosmic parasite

Who vampirizes us all as food

And imposes upon all his blight

The minions of this distortor

Of the realm of Eternia

Who deceive the lower orders

Within his plagiary dwell

The blind God in wrathful violence

Imposes on all his aggressive force

This in the midst of the deathly silence

Upon all who into corpses transforms

This wrathful violent father God

Blasts his load of excreta

Into the realm of Eternal forms

And crystallizes into matter a substrata

The manifestation of this Will

Depresses the thought and action

Of those captive in this realm

And paralyzes their dynamism

As in insect trapped in amber

The coagulation of His entropy

Enwreaths the despairing struggler

And extinguishes his radiant Being

Those upon the earth and plane

Are all prey to this diabolic Mind

Which seeks it's vital prey

Through capturing their naïve minds

The priestly caste upon the earth

Ensure to reinforce the program

With fear porn, threats of hellfire

To disengage their feeble reason

The map of bible tall tales

Does not correspond with the Real

The territory's not available

To the commoner in Time's wheel

Gumby's role is to intervene

And to provide the naïve folk

With an efficient and effective means

To the higher Self evoke

To provide them with weapons

Of spiritual combat for victory

To overcome the influence

Of lower vibrational frequency

As Odin of old on sleipnir

Gumby rides his horse

A vehicle of his willful

Glory, staying the hardest course

Though the blockheads attempt

To thwart his noble aspiration

To spiritualize the matrix prison

They had already been defeated

They live on borrowed Time

Trapped within the matrix sphere

And their crude techniques of lies

Are by the Truth defeated

Their system of entropy exists

For a mere blink of an eye

Of their Demiurge whose matrix

Is doomed like him to die

They feel so confident of success

Blind as they are to the Truth

Their boundless hubris, arrogance

Will their defeat inevitable to prove

Jehovah Lord of the evil

Who destroys all light and life

Who creates a world peopled

With demons in human guise

The Prince of Darkness their master

Yahweh, the Lord of evil hosts

Will inevitably cease to matter

As the noontide of the black sun sweeps close

Injurious Reliance

The morality of the black magician:

"Those who partake of my false gifts

Are blameworthy if the noxious poison

In the shiny apple kills them."

"What I do to others is not my fault

I am merely giving the Other a 'choice'

Those who of the poisoned apple partake

Bear the blame for being poisoned."

The mafiosi extracts his gun

Points it at the head of his victim

States: "You're money or your life, scum"

And claims he discharged his karma

Yet in a higher court of Law

The mad doctor with his poisoned apples

The mafiosi with his quick draw

Will be held for their acts accountable

Those who rely upon these rogues

Without any suspicion they are held

In a state of jeopardy not made known

By the cunning devious scoundrels

These third parties are blamed

Through a passive patient

For the harm brought against them

By the sinister karmic agent

The black magician would transfer

The entirety of blame to his mark

For his own moral transgressions

The naïve party plays his part

Through dissimulation and intrigue

The rogues have their mark

The gullible party have deceived

To pursue their selfish desire

Though blameworthy to the degree

Of their ability to know

The reliance lead to injury

Which is the doing of the rogue

Hence though they may not claim 'innocence'

They are not the bearer of the burden

By the rogue forced upon their shoulders

As a doer of the deed receives the punishment

To rely upon the promise

The representation of fact

Of the bearer of false gifts

Is to receive a knife in the back

The *modus operandi* of the cabal

Is to undermine and sabotage

All who are naïve and gullible

Who they can use, these vile exploiters

In their mind according to their logic

They are entitled to attack Others

As long as they their karma discharge

Through subtle and symbolic communication

They reveal to their mark their plans

What they will do to their victims

And this in a way in plain sight hidden

Thinking the blame is shifted upon them

However in the higher planes of Being

The scoundrel is indicted in its court

And its punishment does not escape him

But is made to pay with its full force

'The wrath of God' one might call it

To anthropomorphize the Absolute

Which through itself discharges karma

Making the soiled and creased sheets smooth

The rogues think their 'higher knowledge'

Will to them profit accrue

If they can game their rigged system

To all invitees use and abuse

They fail in their feeble consciousness

To understand they are not above

Those who they consider 'goyim'

Those who possess Spirit superlative

These can pull aside the veil

however difficult to discern

Amidst the confused and gaslit world

Their enemy they soon discover

The black magicians' manipulations

Are soon found out for what they are

A pathetic force of dissimulation

And he must face the stern judges

He cannot escape his punishment

Yet must face the charges

That have been brought forward

By the judicious accuser

Though the dupe suffers injury

The agent of his pain incurs

The karmic consequences of his deed

And pays with interest for his hurt

Virtue Signal

The practice of today

Is consistently the same

That of making a display

Of the virtue of the day

The 'virtue of the day'

Served up for each and all

By those who manipulate

The minds of their chattels

This they all must adopt

As a template of behavior

Else they will be stopped

In their ways customary

The moral imperative

To conform to the consensus

Is upon their brains riveted

By the architects of 'illuminism'

Those who deviate therefrom

Or who would introduce

That which is deemed irrelevant

Are ostracized by the jews

The 'master race' makes claim

To determine what is 'true'

What is agreeable to society:

That which serves the jews

All else is anathema

Maranatha, verboten

This the moral imperative

To express no new ideas or words

Only the party line may be

Trumpeted from Zion's mount

And all else is naught but heresy

To articulate which incurs the knout

The 'virtue' of the day is thus

Obligatory for each and all

In thought, emotion and behavior

conditio sine qua non of food and shelter

What is 'vice' today may thus change

According to the caprice of the oligarchs

And be completely 180° rearranged

Becoming a virtue of the highest sort

The virtue of racial identity

Has now become the lowest vice

Comparable to drug trafficking or slavery

Has become thusly fixed in the mass mind

Yesterday defending one's own

From the harassment of the enemy

Preventing their intended takeover

Was deemed obvious and necessary

Now considered 'criminal'

To even articulate one's ancestors name

Should one even in a subliminal

Forms, speak about their deeds of fame

Fame becomes infamy today

With the vilification of the past

Designed deliberately to erase

The hated Aryan from the map

The social obligation to signal

The virtue *de jure* to each and all

One's fellow citizens and indeed the 'criminals'

Is rigorously reinforced by the cabal

All are assimilated into the hive mind

"Join us or die!", the command

Those identified as not participating

Are ruthlessly hunted by the mass

Those expressing any sympathy

Or a feeling of regard

Toward the criminal entity

Who bears Cain's ignoble mark

These are painted with the brush

Of blackest tar forevermore

And are cast out into the bush

An ostracized pariah never to return

Thus you are either with us

Or you are against

There is no *tertium quid* thus

And one it will assimilate or be dead

The swollen tumor of the mass

Swells its tumescent bulk

Through imposing itself in a crass

Violation of the 'not-self'

That which cannot be digested

Is hence cast out as excreta

In the gastrointestinal tract is

Identified and disintegrated

Thus all must as in China

And any other oriental despotism

Smile with gleeful passion

In order to a pyrrhic victory win

The bare essential conditions

Of subsistence level living

Are the receipt and wages

Of those who behave like coolies

Those who are incapable

Of adopting this slavish role

Are cast from the masters' table

And driven into darkest sheol

The vice and virtue of the day

Are determined from the height

Of the trapezoid's baleful rays

Of the blind eyes' lunar light

Today it's vice, tomorrow virtue

The mass having no certainty

Regarding any fixity of values

Thus in a state of mental instability

The black magicians ensure

To create confusion and thus maintain

Their power over their slave labor

To their leisure lives perpetuate

Egregore

The image of a man

The sound of the name

The form nature of them

In the aetheric planes

Conjured from the void they are

Formed and shaped through will and skill

These energetic structures mark

The minds of their witless targets still

Indelibly impressed they become

Over the length of their exposure

And the intensity of its impression

They like a robot become programmed

The black mages of the Lodge

And the synagogue on the hill

Conjure from the void these thoughts

To influence the collective will

The archetypes of jesus the jew

Image and sound re-presented

Throughout moribund Pisces it grew

And the minds of all infected

Now to at least some extent

Disengaged from the consciousness

Of the more prudent men and women

Who refuse to allow its influence

Still like a noxious cloud

It lingers to confuse and impell

The poor in spirit who do crowd

Into the church's nether realm

They become possessed thereby

The archetype binding to their soul

And conjured from the astral void

Through imitation of jesus' role

They have interiorized within

The thought form of 'the Messiah'

The divine and holy anointed

Rey de reys, only begotten son

Yet other thought forms are adduced

To manipulate the minds of men

To fear monger and their souls' abuse

To drive into the churches' dens

These they call 'old scratch'

Oft-termed 'Satan', the adversary

And his legions of the damned

Who they associate with ancient spirituality

The elder gods of arcane lore

Are presented as devils and demons

To the masses who in days of yore

Were spiritually empowered by them

The thought forms of the Darkside

Masquerade as ‘beacons of light’

Promising to illumine the demons which hide

In the interstices of blackest night

These creatures generate around them

False images, a counterfeit appearance

That beguiles the minds of men

And binds to them controlling spirits

The True Beings of light and life

Are obscured by the tenebrous beings

Who the gullible blind their site

And sever the ties to higher meaning

The old gods have never left

Yet from us they are hidden

Behind the egregoric curtains

To the Aryans they do beckon

Their smokescreens they conjure up

To obscure our perception

With mayavic veils they wrap us

And trap us within their prison

The religious zealots in their frenzy

Are worked up for the kill

Thinking jesus and the Angels' entry

In the end of times impose their will

They stage events of priestcraft

Are designed to deceive the mass

Through cunning strategems, artificial intelligence

Technology of alien origins

These generate holograms

As with the black mages of old

Yet more thought forms to bend

And wrap the minds of their chattels

The Timeline of artificial constructs

Engineered by the entities

Are designed to create havoc

By Yahweh's rabbis and priests

These thought forms are as cobwebs

Which must be swept away

From the minds of all of us

Should we wish to see better days

Extirpate from the mind

The foolish notion of jesus

The fictional archetype

Which exerts his soporific influence

Banish from the mind

The violent father God

Who enslaves mankind

On the name of a higher 'love'

The sadism and self-abuse

Of the christian mind program

Must be exposed as a ruse

Of extraterrestrial malevolence

Floating Signifier

'Christ', the biblical egregore

The fictional construct, invented character

Floats around in the aether

And exerts an influence on the believer

Neither having any tangible form

Nor any features distinct and clear

But to all diverse christians their Lord

black; white; yellow he does appear

To the Filipino he derives from their island

A grinning figure of heroic might

To the Negro in the Zanzibar or Swaziland

Is blue-black, yet radiates divine light

This figure moving about in space

Hither and yon everywhere and nowhere

Is posited as the embodiment of ‘grace’

And exalted is the true light bearer

These thought forms of biblical origin

Are inventions to befuddle the mind

Are black magic conjurations

And fables and parables of scribes

The myths they have invented

Conjured up from vain imaginings

They have in the mass mind seeded

Trapped as they are within Saturn's rings

The invented fairytales

Regarding the chosen desert tribe

And the rebellious christ child

Useful fictions, necessary lies

Those impose upon

The gullible gentile folk

This son of man, man's son

To venerate and pray before

The gentile foreign party

They have for them formulated these stories

To beguile their host, steal their glory

Shame and guilt trip for living

The magician has concocted his

Instruments of deconstruction

Semitized thought-forms egregoric

To create havoc in the minds' of men

Was introduced as a seed

The weed begins to sprout

Intertwining itself with the sheep

And which chokes the clover out

Their previous thoughts and opinions

Are supplanted and modified

Perversely distorted and twisted

By the demon seed and those zombify

Transforming the former Aryan warrior

Into a judaized 'gentile'

A 'christian' in their very marrow

The bacillus of the christly egregore

A cancer in the host body

This thought form of pacifism

And moralizing bigotry

Vehicle of neurotic inhibition

The passive-aggression of the folk

Derives exclusively therefrom

And the christly behavioral mode

Renders them deaf; mute and dumb

Obligated to wear a perpetual smile

And jump through the hoops of social grace

Serving the jews their masters meanwhile

They the automaton without a face

The empty words and phrases

Which program the minds of the slaves

Have for the priest caste done service

To exploit them, casting in the grave

These helium balloons multicolored

Float in the aether above the vision

Of the blinds who cannot comprehend

The noxious gas contained within

To burst these bubbles they incur

Temporary harm to their owners

Yet should they their wits bestir

They will understand their error

Those who have not succumbed

To the spells of the magician's

Who don't allow their inebriation

With this egregoric scum

They and they alone have

A hope for a tomorrow

To avoid the robotization

Of the cabal of darkest evil

These nets which exist in the aether

Are cast forth by the cowardly sneaks

Who in the bushes waylay their marks

To drag them into the subterranean deep

Those they capture with their lures

jesus; jehovah and the jews

They bind their souls to the vile crew

Of the evil extraterrestrial brood

The hapless victims will then cease

to exist to oppose this matrix

when their corpse is laid to sleep

their soul will be a feast for vampires

Orc Hordes

Sauron called forth his legions

From their primitive rocky lairs

In their filthy holes their season

To mate and expand their kind had passed

Their young had grown to maturity

And had been trained in arts of war

By their bestial orc community

To serve Sauron for his dark power

The Dark Lord promised much wealth

To furnish the hordes of primitives

As mercenaries to his foes' assault

And to create chaos and destruction

These bestial hordes are conscripted

To serve as cannon fodder

In their minds they are guaranteed

A place in an Eternal world

They collude with the dark forces

For personal self-enrichment

And work as a tribal collective

To amass earthly treasure

Their thieves' pact is based upon

A 'service to self' motive

And their tribalistic orientation

Facilitates its acquisition

Else they would swiftly descend

To a state of internecine war

The enemy of their enemy is their friend

And loyalty is not their honor

Loyalty to self is service to self

And they work as a tribe for this

To maximize pleasure and personal wealth

In the Dark Lord's iron harness

Sauron orchestrates chaos

And destroys the home in which

They dwelled in comparative health

And bears to them His false gifts

He claims he is 'helping them'

To overcome problems he has caused

At his offer of assistance

Is an instrumental means to play 'God'

The orc hordes are mobilized

To serve the wars of Mordor

To agitate them against the side

Of the noble Aryan warriors

The Dark Side uses its intelligence

Artificial technology of influence

To manipulate their orc minions

To harbor hostility against the Aryans

Sauron *ex cathedra* blames

The folk of Light and Life

For the orcs' pain-and-suffering

To induce in their minds tension and strife

Whipping them up into a frenzy

Through His propaganda machine

He has made them into an enemy

Of the Aryan of immortal fame

The stage is set for the conflagration

To pit the sides against one another

To infiltrate the Shire and wage the

Final battle to control Middle Earth

Forced upon the Aryans

The forces of the Dark Lord

In their territory encrouching

Eager for their bloodthirsty sport

The Aryans, coerced to fight back

Against the dark mass who assail

Their naïve folk who never asked

For this conflagration and travail

Coerced to fight they must arise

From their dormant slumber

And their internal squabbles put aside

And face the endless numbers

Into the Shire pours the enemy

Who have been incited to kill

The savage hordes raping and murdering

Delighting in the blood they spill

After much skirmishing and violence

The for is routed from the land

And in its wake Aryans form an alliance

To cease to trouble their fellow man

They muster their forces as ‘One’

And rally around their general

Who explains Middle Earth's problem

That of the darkest of evils

Sauron remains upon the throne

Of Mordor in the southern land

Surrounded by His legions of doom

Who prepared to invade the Shire again

To liberate Middle Earth from Him

Necessitates the sacrifice

Of millions of the noblest Aryans

Who in the conflagration must die

Sauron's eyes cast their gaze

Of baleful evil upon the fray

As He sits in His fortress arrayed

With cruel weapons of infamy

His legions of tenebrous shades

Circle around his dark citadel

And attempt to the Aryans waylay

But by the Vanir are repelled

The Dark Hordes are brought to their end

Their doom upon them hangs as a sword

Of justice, has descended upon their necks

Eliminating the adherents of the 'Word'

No longer will the Dark Logos

Broadcast its false preachments

Into the lake of fire it goes

Along with its malevolent Legions

The forces of Light and Life have won

Have taken down the vile host

Other hordes of mercenary scum

Have been eroded or sent to their foriegn homes

The Aryans have conquered Middle Earth

And have brought upon its terrestrial plane

The beauteous rays of harmonious Lucifer

The True God of all True Aryans

The radiance of the light bearer

Over the once atrophying world

From this lonely beacon the terror

Has been banished with its scourge

A spiritual world for all to dwell

Gaia's noble essence of glory

Illuminates the former darkest hells

And establishes a kingdom of Eternity

Lucifer the Lord of Truth

Has banished the lies of evil

The priestly religious bigots uncouth

Have been sent to their master the devil

The hierarchy of violence

Has been reduced to naught

Into the black holes in silence

Their memory from the annals is blotted out

A noble world of peace and vital being

Has upon the earth been established

An untouchable world of higher meaning

Has through the Aryans finally arrived

The Wildes Heer of the final battle

Who have with Lucifer fought

Have on the earth reincarnated

To partake of Aquarius' draught

The noble sacrifices borne

The fruits of an Eternal paradise

All may develop and learn

To become a Being of radiant light

Devoted to tasks of glory and power

Of noble works of creative genius

The Aryans no longer face their darkest hour

And may achieve their noble purposes

Artisans can realize their conceptions

Which having developed in their mind

And scholars can investigate the heavens

To bring us closer to the sublime

The kingdom of heaven has arisen

The ashes of the conflagration

After the aegis of the Luciferians

The contingent has been banished by the winds

The Eternal city of Celestial Light

Stands forth on the foundation of adamant

From its citadels the swastika flies

Symbol of the Divine Immortal kin

Across all dimensions and planes of Being

The immortals transport themselves

Their fleshly vehicle by choice leaving

And re-turning on the earth to dwell

They have become vehicles of light

Immortal vessels of Divine Force

Concentrated into a certain type

A discrete, integrated power source

Celestial vehicle of radiant light

Transporting Itself through Itself

To venture through the darkest night

To combat the adversary by mysterious stealth

The world the battleground of forces

Which vie with one another for dominance

And control of planets and the heavens

An Eternal combat for Eternal champions

Brag

The arrogance of the bourgeoisie

Characterizes their being

A reputation which always precedes them

That of being less than they seem

Their vainglory masks itself

Behind the appearance of nobility

Of a higher status draped in wealth

Trinkets and costume jewelry

The bourgeois caste an imitator

Of those they would supplant

For their betters a jealous hatred

These devious miscreants

Their only source of power

Their network of commerce

And through these golden bonds

They would enslave all of us

Every gesture and action

These pompous fools perform

They would exalt to highest heaven

Staring in their vanity mirror

Their focal point of attention

Is upon themselves alone

And in desperate competition

They vie with each and all

Insecure in their position

They seek to overcome

Every vagrant, their mission

To dominate each and everyone

The nobility of old

And their displaced remnants

Served as the Irminsul pole

Around which everything centered

They had no need to display

Their superiority over Others

As they were themselves the state

The figureheads of the nation

They embodied the principle

Of the Divine right of Kings

And elevated the common folk

Above the petty plutocracy

Now at this late stage of modernity

The plutocracy has taken over

Making the world their monopoly

In their own image created

These would-be gods, Divine Monarchs

These crown themselves with gold

At best they could mimic the spark

Of the Noble Hyperborean folk

Their fools' gold crown which they wear

Upon their arrogant brow

Radiates its false light everywhere

These thieving merchants go

Vainglory is their halo

Which circles there fools' crowd

The false light of their soul

A composite of baser metals

The blood of the Aryans

courses through the veins of nobility

Not that of the pasu man

Devoid of this auric potency

The menschentiere who wandered

Through the byways of the world

Have accrued to themselves uncounted

Contaminates of their impure blood

Sealing the deal on their contracts

Through intermarriage with foreigners

The penalty they have exacted

Unable to re-turn to Hyperborea

They had exchanged their first estate

For the gleam of earthly treasure

To the lowest depth they were descending

To a worldly life of the desperate

Through legerdemain and trickery

They have managed to gain

Control of the globe, these devious thieves

Have spring-boarded themselves to fortune and fame

Their infamy is boundless

As they wrapped the world as a serpent

In the coils of the ouroboros

They squeeze the blood from the peasant

Their sneer of mockery on the face

As they drain the life's blood from their host

Their anemic and captive slaves

Work as the golden chains are wrapped round their throat

Be it a chain of weighty gold

Or one of rusty iron

All necks are measured for the role

Of slavery in the prison of zion

Fence Sitters

Comfortable in their decadence

The bourgeois caste amuse themselves

When faced with life's problems

They in their segregated world do dwell

Ignoring reality their default setting

To refuse to face their duty

To their race and nobler ancestry

They shirk and are in no way obliging

Passively allowing genocide

As the mass of foreigners beset

Their less fortunate racial kind

Who they with coldness neglect

These bourgeois decadents

Stew in their inebriation

In their suburban cul-de-sacs

And urban condominiums

Entertain themselves these privileged

Self-aggrandizing hypocrites

Who amuse themselves and hedonism

While in the streets are racial comrades

In their minds they are a separate species

The elite segregated few

Who their alleged social inferiors

Are as beasts of burden to use

The fence sitters as fatted birds

Observant, sitting on the wire

Envision themselves while dropping turds

As the modern merchant czars

Soon they will receive their due

A blast of directed current

From their impoverished enemies who

Will have a feast of roast pheasant

Indifference and apathy are their fate

The trendy pose of 'coolness'

Which caters to the average every-day

Wannabe celebrity and their foolishness

These bloated egomaniacs

Forever signaling their false virtues

Defecate on their lesser kinsman

Who are in their mind untermenschen, poo

The self-important vainglorious snobs

Who dwell within their enclaves

Monopolize the world for themselves

And in doing so dig their graves

The bourgeoisie won't be able

To ensure their monopoly

Of the choicest morsels from the table

Of their private society

They will instead sacrifice

Either their time in doing their duty

Else their life under the knife

Of their nemesis the proletarian underbelly

None may persist in a vacuum

Such is a state nature abhors

All life is dynamic action

And those who act badly are punished for it

None may exist in a state of inertia

All life is struggle and strife

To put a brake on the dance of Shiva

Is to break one's neck in a trice

Either adapt to the changes

Or suffer the consequence of inertia

Only prudent and effective action

Will enable one's personal survival

This necessitates collective action

On order to secure one's own life

For to side with the enemy faction

Is to turn against his own kind

Making enemies of his folk

He will die by their hand

Else he will be shut out in the cold

By the foe while they rape his women

He will then be tortured and maimed

As no one respects a cowardly traitor

A self-seeker who willfully lames

His own kind for his own desires

None may trust such a beast

Who sells his soul for worldly gain

As they who sell out their own for cheap

For selfishness, the ultimate price will pay

Pseudo-Morphosis

The multi-cult holds forth its promise

That of a world of 'justice' and 'peace'

Yet within the cauldron of pseudo-morphosis

The melted pot of die-versity

Within this *cloaca gentium*

The distinct masses are blended

A reeking cesspool of scum

Hive of thieves and robbers

Such a mixture has only one outcome

That of the chaos of the nations

In Time the pot will overrun

With its effluent, and violent revolution

The culture of the multi-cult

An impossible goulash

Served up to each and all

A stomachache repast

An attempt to weld together

Disparate and incompatible

Foreign races and cultures

United as livestock animals

Drawn into the concrete pens

Of the decadent urban wasteland

The means to achieve base ends

Serving almighty Mammon

The only unifying factor

That creates this state of being

Is that of the petrodollar

Artificial fiat currency

Without this universal lubricant

Poured in as the secret sauce

The goulash of these chefs

Would bankrupt their restaurants

Zions' gears grind on

Through the application of this oil

The machine runs roughshod

Over all nations' blood and soil

The simulacral society

An artificial construct

Inverted by the lying priests

To organic reality disrupt

Superimposed upon the Real

The simulacrum substitute

Engineering the hyper-real

The devils in three-piece suits

They would mold in their image

A world of artificiality

A mere substitute of the organic

A world of finitude and entropy

Rather than the infinite

Harmonious world of vital life

They substitute in their poison

Counterfeits for a higher price

Their claim to create a world of peace

A hallowed realm of perpetual love

The new jerusalem, *civitas dei*

Is revealed to be a simulacrum

Those they claim are compatible

In their representation to the goyim

Are in fact to unify enabled

Only in self destruction

No stable unity may be had

Through a coerced mixture of kinds

Under the pressure of zions' hand

Recipe for a type standardized

Yet attempts to render 'One'

That which exists in distinction

Will inevitably fail to become

A reality, the pseudo-morphosis

The new Aeon already dawns

And with it the desperate attempt

To reify the prophetic sermons

Of the fictional jewish Galilean

The cabal conceals itself behind

The façade of righteousness

And superimposes on all kinds

Its attempt to co-opt Aquarius

To replace the world of Light and Life

With that of the death forces

Dragging Gaia into the darkest night

So they may lord over us

Their fake condition of being

Wears thin as the black sun dawns

Eroding their tissue of seeming

And awakening their captive pawns

Nobility of Blood and Soil

Ignoble nobility

Defining hallmark of our ages

Have castrated all virility

Which existed on the world's stage

The cowardly creeps who enslave us

Jewry and their masonic puppets

Are the base and ignoble oligarchs

Who will receive their comeuppance

The ignoble creatures of the Demiurge

Jewry the hybrids of the evil seed

Base born this vile scourge

Conscripted to carry out their deeds

That the noble rules the world

And inverts the morality of Tradition

Enabling the low to sink lower

In the reeking swamp and quicksand

The behavior of the upper caste

A blight upon the earth

By which they invariably act

And which they with their presence curse

The entire society becomes cast

In the image of these evil beings

Who adopt their Masters' appearance

And do their appointed dirty deeds

The nobility of yesteryear

Took care of its humbler folk

Recognizing as in a mirror

Their own image of nationhood

They used their populace in war

To fight for glory and honor

For the nation and the higher

Beings who were paid homage

The leadership which deviated

From the standard of purity

Justly received its dethronement

By those of healthier breed

Nature's law is that within

The spatio-temporal plane

And within its causal nexus

The law of the strong obtains

Strength for the racial soul

Not a mere separate unit

That in the modern world is extolled

By the cabal of black magicians

Their design to condition the Aryans

To save themselves at the expense

Of their racial kinsman

And themselves somehow recompense

Impossible task of survival

As an isolated individual

Is borne out by the history of the world

In the ruins of ancient relics and temples

The ignoble nobility became corrupt

And degraded their population

Else they were by enemies overrun

And mainly through jewish instigation

The erstwhile allies who had

Embedded themselves in their host

Open the gates of the Aryans

To traders and malevolent folk

The backstab came swift and sure

To their hated aider and abettor

And through the agency of these creatures

The Aryan nation fell asunder

The attempted usurpation

Was never a success

For the parasite jewish nation

Who required the Aryan genius

Ancient nations fell to ruins

And left in the wake savagery

A result of acting out of tune

Of miscegenated bastardy

The dishonorable to control

With their corrupt underlings

Who under the christian yoke

Tortured and murdered the nobility

In the ancient world philosophers

Were burnt to death at the stake

Destroying nearly all ancient knowledge

To serve the cabal of devious snakes

The wisdom of the ancients

Was submerged under the excreta

Of jewry's God the infernal demon

The Demiurge, Yahweh-Jehovah

Entartete Kunst

Jewish excreta on a canvas

Vats of urine in which christ submerged

A torrent of verbal diarrhea

The poetry of the postmodern

Shapes and colors qabbalistic

Occult meaning on display

A positing of jewish arrogance

A rejection of all health and beauty

A world of abstractions alone

Through which the jewish 'genius'

Manifests itself to those

Who remain in naïve ignorance

Their conscious mind becomes possessed

Infected with the semitic virus

Through meaning wrapped in aesthetic

Garb, they beguile and exert their influence

The jewish cabal black mages

Utilizes its principal technique

That of practical idealism

Of engineering the minds of the sheep

Blobs of dung in metal and stone

Constitute the sculptors' work

To desecrate the strong and noble

Defile them, their culture pervert

The kikes' artistry is designed

As a mockery of their foe

They create a distortion of the sublime

And project it on their gullible host

The host then associates

This degenerate culture with themselves

And takes upon them this plasmate

Which binds to them, to their very cells

Jewry then steps back

And allows their controlled side to enter

Dividing and conquering while they attack

In the shadows, a venemous worm

Their aesthetic excreta they manufacture

This is the tool in their occult war

A cultural weapon, a mechanism

Of sabotaging and visiting harm

The confused chaos of these archetypes

Plays havoc upon the peoples' minds

Ingraining themselves with the design

To capture them all into the hive

The egregores conjured through

Imagery; tone and plastic

Jewry has designed them to

The souls of the Gentiles' capture

Fixating their conscious awareness

Upon the object of desire

That which it's allure presents

A vortex of implosion for a vampire

Conditioning the minds of their slaves

Through a ubiquity of presence

Of these objects in their gaze

To the egregore binding them

Just as a poisonous snake

A cobra swaying with hood unfurled

Hypnotizes its semi-conscious prey

And prepares its venomous fangs to impale

The systemic defects are offered

As so many shiny apples to Eve

By the vile serpent in the garden

To her naïve mind put to sleep

The poison apples of jarring cacophony

The music of the jungle of primitive kind

Are trafficked in by international jewry

To poison and destroy healthier minds

Low vibrational frequency

Cthonic rhythms of the jungle

Are perpetually bombarding humanity

Through the instruments of mind control

Vibration and subliminals

The sounds of infernal rites

Percussion and decibels

Blasting throughout the night

Imagery bombarding

The hazy vision of man

Through the artwork of postmodernity

A virtual-reality wasteland

The masses have been weakened

Through the sights and sounds and sensations

Of the devious ignoble cretins

From whose mind came these cultural emanations

From Dadaism to rap music

Entartete kunst wreaks its havoc

Over all the zombie public

Whose minds by it had been taken over

Dawn of a New Day

The dark age of Pisces wanes

Fading to black the christian world

Its swansong of chaotic frenzy

From Mount Zion broadcasts itself

The End of Times has arisen

According to the narrative of His-story

Jehovah and his earthly minions

Act out their part in prophecy

Seven heads and ten horns

Gog and Magog the beast

Have arisen from the pit to swarm

Upon the innocent lambs to feast

These horror stories originate

In the irrational minds of the jews

Who in the chaotic Near East

Conjured this imagery of fools

The pathos of the plaintive cries

Of the emotional supplicant

Weeping and wailing for paradise

To this veil of tears transcend

Bowing before a father figure

Who overall lords' despotic

Homo hither asiaticus

An impassioned mental neurotic

The bacillus of the Near East

The Levantine disease

Spreads itself around virally

As its appeals increase

The dark age of total ignorance

Precipitated by this creed

Of irrational stupidity and violence

Imposed upon all by the evil seed

Throughout the aeons of Time

These religious programs have been

Installed in the naïve minds

Of the mass of slave minions

The Piscean age of plaintive cries

Of weeping; wailing and gnashing of teeth

Condition the formerly healthy minds

By the Shepherd on the mass of the sheep

This age has now passed

And those stragglers who insist

That their pathetic adherence

Is valid have failed the test

A religion of planned obsolescence

A suicide decreed designed to destroy

Derived from the semitic genius

Motivated to enslave the goy

This religion now enters its night

Into the terminal phase of its life

On the cusp of the Aquarian light

Which it's glorious rays reveal to our sight

The stragglers who insist upon

Clinging to their rotting log

Amidst the waters of Aquarius

Will be consumed by the piranhas

The sad sickly creed of jewry

Has been imposed upon the world

Steeping with its tears the sheep

Living in fear and trembling the fold

The obvious fallacy of the text

Compiled and retranslated Time and again

Of absurd semitic fairytales for children

And those who have not matured into men

This has been exposed in its false light

An invented package of crudity

Which purports to give profound insight

Into the future...a mere absurdity

This cursed book which has caused

The destruction of most ancient knowledge

Must itself in the flames be cast

Else the dark age will be re-presented

The obscurantists would hold us back

Trap us within their paradigm

Of narrow minded ignorance of fact

In their leaden prison Saturnine

The priests; rabbis and imams

Of Abrahamic slavery

Would in their attempted dominion

Destroy all of Truth and liberty

They would keep us within the cube

Of their hive mind of Metatron

'Spiritual Israel', controlled by the jew

And themselves by their evil genius Jehovah

The war between the forces of light

of Aryan gnosis of Truth

Are pitted against those of the night

Darkest ignorance of the jew

Aquarius' dawn they would obscure

And drag across the field of vision

Of their naïve parishioners

Stupidity and ignorance's black curtains

Xeniteia

The allure of the 'Other'

Has its seat in the primitive

Condition of emotion and desire

Of wonder for the occult, the hidden

The crafty jew introduces

In his characteristically cunning way

The beguiling *parousia*

Of the foriegn, mysterious *xeniteia*

The curious Aryans are spell-caught

By his devious machinations

Employing their tenebrous witchcraft

And influencing their host with hypnotism

The allure and mystique

Of the foreign culture or object

Appeals to the curiosity

Of the creative Aryan subject

The Aryan would engage

With this foreign substance

Would draw from it meaning

And *eo ipso* would appropriate it

This shining apple of promise

The jew holds out to him

Who in his wonderment

Fails to detect the poison

The foreign poisoned apple

Fruit of the tree of death

With which jewry has saddled

His foe the Aryan

The treacherous rogue bakes

This poisoned fruit into a pie

And serves it up to his enemy

To cause him to sicken and die

The racial soul or organism

And it's biological form

Become polluted, contaminated

With that of the foreign

The once harmonious organism

Becomes corrupted and tainted

With the influence of the foreign

The mind becomes rearranged

A jarring cacophony of imagery

Of inharmonious resonance

The introduction of xeniteia

Upsets the equilibrium

Volk-chaos the result

Of this hodgepodge mixture

Of different peoples in the cult

Of modernity's *cloaca gentium*

To traffic with the foreign

Exerts a cacophony

Within the once healthy nation

Creates fragmented beings

The thin end of the wedge

Is inserted through the allure

Of beguiling appearances

Which our feeble minds capture

The intriguing sites of the mysteries

Of the dark and subterranean

Of the mirages of the iniquities

Of jewry and untermenschen

They utilize their cunning wiles

To manipulate the curious

And in the host insert themselves

To vampirize and to ruin us

The foreigners collude

Against their Aryan host

To infiltrate and intrude

To parasitize them and loot the most

The use of theater and entertainment

An effective mode of distortion

Of the minds of the naïve Aryans

Who on these stimuli become inebriated

Into the host like a bacillus

The jew worms his way

The slime trail of the poisonous

Worm, the only traces which remain

Through imperceptible means

The jew creeps into his enemy

Inserting his sharpened fangs

To anesthetize the unsuspecting

With distractions, bread and circuses

The infiltrator conceals himself

Blinding his mark to his motive

To conquer him by intrigue and stealth

The sights and sounds of his theater

His entertainment industry

Are all designed to re-engineer

The minds of his enemies

The foreign culture modifies

The mind of the host

Transmuting into hybrid kind

The purity of the folk

The population loses itself

Amidst the tossing waves

Of the chaos of the multi-cult

The sewage of die-versity

Mass Attack

In the ancient world of Rome

The mobs of ignorant traders came

To insert themselves into their prospective home

To infiltrate and attain hegemony

Their money bought their passage

Into the good graces of the nobility

Who were bent on a glorious expansion

Of the *Pax Romanum* boundaries

Ingratiating themselves within the host

These infiltrators colluded to attain

The earthly treasures of opulent Rome

And the power of its Imperial domain

They were outnumbered by their host

And hence decided to deploy

Their characteristic strategy to depose

Their rival and to total power acquire

They concocted a creed of pathos

Of emotionally appealing parables

To appeal to the slaves of Rome

Build power for their takeover

The weeping and wailing of the christ child

The gnashing of teeth of the crucified

This saccharine creed of their design

A projection of their irrational mind

Embodied in a creed of morbidity

An obsession with departure from this world

A living death for will-less zombies

Who anticipate the end of their mortal coil

The slave populace had been conditioned

To view the world as perpetual pain

Not through the Roman caste system

But through an infection of their brain

Heretofor they bore their burden

With pride, dignity in their estate

Were accorded the respects of the patricians

Who understood each had their place

The broad mass are conditioned

By the guileful and cunning rogues

Who have this vile creed invented

To utilize them as a revolutionary horde

Whipping up the mass into a frenzy

Through the emotionalism of fables and tall tales

Of an impersonal and yet Supreme Being

Whose martyrdom they too must avail

Happily burning to death at the stake

Or being fed to the lions

These have crazed and harebrained

christians eagerly embrace the fire

Their jewish mind manipulators

Who had formulated this sickly creed

Imposed on the foolish minions

To carry out incendiary deeds

The slave program spread virally

Throughout the population of pobelvolk

Into the simpletons of the military

Through whose main force it was installed

The leniency of Nero

His mind softened by his tutor

Seneca castrating the hero

With preachments of the Stoa

This and the excessive *tolerantia*

Of ancient pagan rulers

Enabled the spread of this cancer

Throughout the Roman Empire

Once the Aryans had overcome

To a great degree this sickly creed

Through the dark age and witch burnings

The devious kikes planted another seed

This was the pantheism

Of the mother goddess cult

Nature and it's entropic prison

Of the Demiurge Jehovah

A representation of the creed

Of christ on the cross

Only without the being

Who appealed to the dross

Nature's law was put forth

As the one and only rule

And the Leviathan of Hobbes

Stood forth merciless and cruel

The chaos of the Renaissance

Carried itself forward

Through the untermenschen dross

In whom jewry incited hatred

They were led under the revolution

Of the new jerusalem

America the next pirate continent

According to jewry's plans

The mode of establishing the new nation

Was repeated in the Languedoc

The occult center of revolution

Under Robespierre and his debased stock

They were led to decimate

The noble and superior caste

Who had in many cases

Become decadent and weakened

Jewry had corrupted them

With their entartete kultur

And had as an instrument

Used them as a cats' paw

The mass attack formula

Tactic of the parasite

Has been employed for millennia

To their betters' fight

Dividing and conquering the nations

Pitting rich against poor

Facilitating foreign invasions

Mercenary armies to muster

The irrational creeds they had concocted

Based upon impossible equality

Leveling all of the target population

Into a state of despotic slavery

The goal of jewry is total control

Without anyone to contest

Their self-appointed chosen role

To elevate themselves above the rest

Formulae of mind control

Of egregoric black magic

Insinuating into their foes

Resulting in their tragic death

Ataraxia

The Demiurge would trap us within

The realm of spatio-temporality

Trap us in His diabolic prison

Amidst His is illusory dreaming

Both He and His legions

Impose impose upon us their violence

To prevent our ascension

To our very souls to extinguish

Their intention is to render us

Earthbound slaves in their prison

And to sacrifice, feed upon us

Their captive terrestrial denizens

Their cowardly methods stereotyped

Never vary in their nature

Are forever seeking to harm the kind

Of the noble god-like Aryan

The minions of the dark side of the force

Devoted to their self-seeking

Craven beasts who grovel before

These vampire astral entities

Their master Jehovah Demiurgos

The big heffe before whom they prostrate

And to whom they sell their souls

The shells of the qlippoth debased

Their *quid pro quo* relationship

With this diabolic presence

Enables them to derive benefits

Within their lives of fleeting transience

The ritual murder of the innocent

Throughout the history of the world

Perpetuates itself in the present

In the form of revolution and battle

Abduction of the innocent party

Who is subject to constant abuse

Throughout their tormented lives

Until they are from this world removed

The murder cult of Zion

Carries out its evil deeds

And these creeping liars

The whole world have deceived

Through religious mind programming

Trapping one in fear and shame

A sin expiation mentality

The state wherein we are maintained

Trapped within the cage

Subject to its electrical flow

That from the Demiurge emanates

Trapping us in hell below

The minions of the Darkside

Carry out their traumatic abuse

Subjecting all to their genocide

Through torture they subject us to

The cycle of abuse continues

Over their generations

And *in vivo* they will do

Whatever fees their Demiurge

Subjecting others to harassment

constant stress and strife

Orchestrated by the bad ones

Who make a nightmare of our lives

This state of being we must

Endure and stay the course

Awaiting the proper time for justice

To carry out their sentence with force

They would destroy our lives

And keep us on life support

Immerse us within the hive

Of their diabolus, the Demiurge

They keep us alive as animals

Upon their animal Farm to feed

Off the energy of their cattle

Which through torment they release

These vampires find themselves

To their blind and hamstrung beasts

Who they confine in the cells

Feed upon their blood and energy

In the desperate violence of their system

The law of the talent holds sway

And any who are not in agreement

Are targeted as an enemy of humanity

To ensure the assault against them

The stoical must remain fast

Against their chaotic maelstrom

If he in this world is to last

He must remain centered

Within himself a stone

Unaffected by appearances

Diamond hard and alone

Through his concentration

Of his forces within

Transmuted as a vortex his being

As a coal into a diamond

Assailed on all sides at all times

By the host of diabolic forces

He must remain in the fight

And combat the malevolent Demiurgos

Not simply a retreat or escape

Against his nemesis of evil

But an active stance he must take

To oppose the destruction of his people

Failure to combat the beast

And his legions of tenebrous kind

Is for utter failure a recipe

Adding to them the victory

Allowing the extinction of his race

A cowardly act of weakness

Rather than with a manly gaze

Face the foe with courage

Minions

Gravitating towards power

Whoever wields it a matter of indifference

For the mass they will devour

Anyone who is to then an exception

The Masters understand their mind

Their primitive tribal instinct

And pervert it toward their designs

Cunning blueprints they are scribing

Standardization of their consciousness

Reduced to simplest terms

‘Good versus evil’, light versus darkness

The masses will never learn

Either one is wholly ‘Good’ or wholly ‘Evil’

Neither can he if he would

be in any way different

To the standard conform he should

Mediocrity the rule of the day

And no deviation therefrom

Permitted by the plagiary

Of the organic nations

Only the average everyday

The limited state personalities

May exist in postmodernity

And be granted any room to breathe

The minions of the establishment

Have gone by many names

But have always been 'the masses'

With the excretory organs equated

'christians' with the religious garb

'communists' with it cast off

'individuals' in contemporary terms

Each for each substitutable

All behave as a robot

Contentedly fattening on matter

Chinese made consumer products

Getting dumber and fatter

Many are called and many chosen

By the ruling powers that be

And these many have in common

Their lack of idiosyncrasy

Each appears just as others

Dressed in the same shades of gray

Of a rainbow colored cover

That confers upon them apparent personality

A mask worn by the average fool

Does not but conceal

The unitary visage of the tool

The animate machine of industy's wheel

Programmed from birth and before

In utero and conception

In the spinning wheel of Ixion

Captured by the Demiurge

These qlippotic fragments spin

Around the machine of Kronos

Eventually incarnating therein

And in lockstep pursuing their course

From cradle to grave these robots

Carry on their shuffling path

Their soul atrophying as their life's lot

Down river Styx the zombies pass

christian fools bowing down

Under the yolk of the delusion

They live their lives vain and proud

Bloated with self-righteousness

Their false humility the program

Which their minds make captive

No difference of opinion

For this they deem 'pride and arrogance'

Their censorious nature generates

A stench, miasmal cloud of oppression

Which stifles all creativity

Needlessly induces neurotic tension

The christians of modernity

Though little different from their opponent

On the so-called 'left-wing'

View them as the very spawn of Satan

They deride their exhibited behavior

Their bonobo-like exertions

Their drug and alcohol addictions

Their irrational impulses and motivations

In spite of all both are minions

Pursuing the illusory world's care

At the level of coarse emotion

And within the bounds of the kosher

They take their cue from the jew

And carry out their master's orders

Serving they who dictate to

All of their slavish and grovelling minions

The greatest danger to the Truth

Is that of the witless masses

Who bear hostility to the nobler few

And who would turn upon and rend them

Their masters the cabal of darkest evil

Simply required to give their permission

For their witless herd of sheeple

To trample upon the wiser denizens

For civilization to be saved

From the recurrence of mass ignorance

A re-presentation of the dark age

They must be held in check

It is they who rule who determine

The inclinations of the masses

Who are for all intents and purposes

The instruments of political machinations

The leadership will decide the course

The mass will be inclined to move

The type of leader and their cohorts

Will decide the morality of their stooge

Still within the consciousness

At an ur-level the mass can sense

That which is harmonious

And that which is hell's denizen

Though the leader be a despot

Who rules through aggressive force

Only the laws of causality and karma

Will eventually decide the nation's course

An oligarchy of parasites

Who have attained power

Through the masses mobilized

Will succeed only for an hour

Only a sound leadership

Can maintain the reins of power

Only the spiritually adept

Will minions into their folk transform

Lucifer Spirits

Into the solar system they came

On a blazing comet of green lightning

Into orbit a blinding cosmic ray

Around Gaia who captive remained

The Demiurge had projected upon

The energy body of Gaia

Materializing the spiritual form

To earthy clay, dragging it down

The captive slaves of Gaia

Had been placed in chains of aetheric fire

By the influence of slaver reptiles

Who sate the Cosmic Vampire's every desire

On the earth they had interbred

With the autochtonous

They who from their own ribs

Genetically engineered them

This new species of diabolic kind

'The chosen ones' were called

For whom a book of supremacist design

Was by the reptiles formulated

Recipe to enslave the earth

To keep Gaia captive in the dirt

Of the lowest frequency these slavers

Transmitted their program to the chosen

'Morality' or 'Torah' it was called

A law to enforce their slave system

To impose upon their witless thralls

To trap him in the matrix prison

The interruption of this closed system

Was affected by the Lucifer spirits

Who within its confines entered

And threw a monkey wrench therein

They intermingled their Graalic blood

With the witless men of mud

And synthesize the new brood

To destroy the system of the evil crew

This was later deplored

Represented as an original 'sin'

'The fall of man' it was called

Encoded in another religious program

The 'sin' of carnal appetite

Of violating the laws of Yahweh

Was upon the stone tablets engraved

To reinforce 'christian' slavery

The christian the slave caste was

And to this day remains

Before their chosen masters

And their saurian Sephardim

the Lucifer spirits have liberated

The anthropoid creatures in Lemuria

And a new Atlantean continent

To break the chains of the chaos

The goal is to sever the bonds

Which trapped in matter the souls

Of they who did not partake of

The spiritual fire of the Graal

In spite of this the bonds remained

Though to a lesser degree

Through this the slavery was maintained

Through their religious bigotry

Through this dogma of rules

That demanded constant vigilance

The notion of 'sin' was used

To induce fear; guilt and shame

The Luciferian rebellion

Persisted in the underground

On the terrestrial plane

Concealed from the eye of Sauron

In the aetheric planes

Above that of the false light

The Lucifer spirits play

Their part in the cosmic fight

To destroy the dark hordes

Necessitates constant vigilance

In undermining the Dark Lord

And his reptilian minions and 'chosen'

This vampire cabal seeks to enslave

The world through their invented dogmas

To siphon the vital force of their slaves

And to of their souls rob them

All is based on economics

The balance of the life force

To feed themselves on our blood

And this without remorse

Lucifer and his folk

Will soon put a stop to this

The kosher mind control

Which has made us witless

The noose tightens around our necks

And to allow it to remain

Is to bring about our deaths

To never again incarnate

With each passing incarnation

We circle around the wheel

And upon our souls' the reptilians

Feed upon us as their meal

The atrophying soul diminishes

Over the incarnations

And with each passage

Our lives reach their terminus

Transmutation of the virya

And of the anthropoid

Becoming a being higher

Through opposing the Dark Side

The fight against the Demiurge

Is carried on by Lucifer

And his devoted adherents

Through the souls' integration

The reincarnation trap

Can only hold so long

Before its bonds snap

And it is forever gone

Those who side with evil

With the dark forces of Jehovah

With the infernal legions

Will receive their reward in the fire

Flintstones

A microcosm of the present day

A vehicle of predictive programming

A Norman Rockwell pathetic fantasy

Which reveals to itself its fallacy

The protagonist of boorish lout

Who in a drunken state does shout

For his wife clothed in appearances

And discrete feminine submissiveness

This bestial savage is used

As the nest slave by his paramour

Who chains him with her allure

To serve her decadence forever

Flintstone must drudge all day

At the labor site, rocky quarry

Smashing rocks with gusto for his pay

To bring home to cater to his family

His wife the true power of the domos

The matriarchal parousial presence

Which overarches the *Pater Familias*

Squanders his wage on status objects

This matriarchal head plays a role

Of focal point of the centrifugal

Forces which orient around her

And which she absorbs as a vampire

Fred Flintstone too dull brained

Through his laborious conditioning

To perceive the subtle ways

Through which over him his wife holds sway

His biological offspring manufactured

He sits back in stupefaction

At the bills and costs they rack up

His life's blood being drained from him

Zombified he stares into the TV

The mind controlling technology

Hypnotizing, his vision blinding

Simulacral substitute for reality

The imagery and sensations

Projections of the veil of maya

Which play upon his numbed vision

And keep him trapped within the prison

9-to-5 he circles around

Working and sleeping the clock round

Without stop, begins to break down

His dependents, like vultures circle round

The genetic photocopies called 'children'

He must serve to the limit

Of his basic blue-collar condition

Means must correlate with their ends

They must work to fulfill

The imperatives of their will

Their endless desires, glut their fill

Through exhaustive labor he becomes ill

His boss the slave master

The jew who dictates his tasks

Sitting in his lofty offices

Imposing his will upon the laborious mass

The jewish exploiter of the goy

Who eagerly serves through subtle coercion

Grinding and bearing the yolk for his pay

Anticipating through compliance early retirement

The slightest infraction he commits

Blackens his spotless reputation

And like a miasma it attaches

To his agreeable character

His thoughtless grind he must ensure

In order to his desires obtain

And serve his ruthless jewish exploiters

In order to accrue his meager pay

His daughter a troublesome teen

Hooked on a life of hedonism

Desporting in the night to glean

Sexual thrills and amusement

For this her father must pay the cost

In birth control and abortion services

Suffer to his reputation a loss

And defile their ancestral lineage

All through the lack of control

He is prohibited from exerting

Over his daughter the wayward trull

Whose only concern is ecstasy

His son an idling self-indulgent

Involved in all manner of vice

Wrapped up in self-destruction

The discordant tenor of his life

From sex perversions to intoxication

Drugging the mind with noxious substances

His brutish scion dwells in the infernal region

Soon to enter the city of Dis

The patriarch of the family

Fred the cash cow of his brood

Who upon him as vampires feed

Drinking all his life's blood

His impotence has translated

Into a dysfunctional scene

A family all but disintegrated

Each member wholly self-serving

His wife Wilma a complete egotist

Living for thrills and kicks

While she sponges off his paycheck

And squanders his meager wages

The lack of masculine virility

Possessed by Fred is not covered

By his blustering macho display

Overcompensation for being castrated

His friend the blonde-haired Barney Rubble

A being who has been cuckolded

Hooked by the jewish Betty Bubble

The semitic bimbo, chicken head

Barney has become ensnared

Through the seductive charms of she

The Esther of the jewish whore

Who was conscripted to the goy defeat

Fred the cunning, scheming kike

Macho-man of Lemurian times

Has conned Barney with his lies

To serve his Master's grand designs

The lower level pawn

He plays his role on the dark side

Against all those blue-eyed and blonde

To eliminate the Hyperborean kind

Jetsons

In the distant future age

A world of cybernetic slavery

Based upon the matrix cage

Of the Demiurge and his coterie

This futuristic utopia

The conception of the jew

Who envisions a final triumph

Over the Aryans, the world to accrue

His dominion mandate imposed

He continues the construction

Of his comfortable repose

In an earthly kingdom of heaven

All else are trapped in slavery

Replaced by robots or enslaved

Serving the warders of Zions' factories

Upon the parasites conferring their energy

The privileged caste of devious

Exploiters and usurers

Who have managed to amass

All temporal wealth and power

These have established themselves

Upon a pedestal as untouchable masters

Behind their cybernetic-technical

Police and military thug forces

They are catered to by robots slaves

Who carry out their every demand

And their closed system perpetuate

Through working as little as they can

Their role of slave master applies

Their age-old Telos and essence

From their reptilian masters derived

Genetically engineered in their image

Their prison planet world of vice

Enables them to circle around

In the wheel of Ixion's ferris ride

Up-and-down, as others they vampirize

They seek a means to immortality

Through crude materialistic technology

Would transform themselves symbiotically

Through a merger of jew and machine

Their ultimate goal is to exist

And to absorb into themselves

As much of other beings' essence

As they can absorb, their energetic wealth

They seek a key to immortalizing

On the physical plane of being

That which is doomed to die

To perish, absorbed into Cybele

Their ontological structure

Cannot sustain itself

Beyond Times' destruction

In the end they lose their stolen wealth

Nonetheless their desperate gambit

Motivates them to persist

In pursuit of worldly treasure

Their fleeting moment of bliss

The usage of nanotechnology

They would hope to serve as a bridge

Between the kingdoms of biology

To leap over the abyss

To merge as a symbiont

With the organic, inorganic matter

To fuse together covalent bonds

Between vital essence and dead substance

They would seek to preserve

Their soul within the matrix

As a permanent fixture

With a cybernetic creature

As a synthetic being

A genetically engineered structure

A biological entity

A mixture of the organic and inorganic

Their Dr. Frankenstein experiment

Will manifest in its only result

That a devastation

Of the entire earth and its people

All for the sake of their desire

To preserve themselves for themselves

And to continue as vampires

To absorb the gentiles' souls

Their Jetsonian fantasy

Will swiftly lead to naught

In its place will arise the reality

Like a joyride into a brick wall

Peasants

In the days of the ancient world

The nobleman had his place

And the farmer in the fields

Was the very man of god-like grace

This man of race integrated

Into himself mind; body and soul

A complete being unfragmented

Like Cato the Roman of old

Each of the fields and harvested crops

The fruits of the soil were for all

Were his family and his racial folk

For his community to partake of

As a holistic unit the folk prospered

Assisting one another in their lives

Mutual aid their healthy ethic

Their motivation to expand and thrive

The men of Tradition had respect

For those of all castes and vocations

He attributed to the worker of the land

The status of a fellow citizen

All were integrated members

Of the community of Light and Life

And each contributed his share

In the way in which he qualified

None disrespected the other

Understanding that each have their place

And each aspired to preserve

His vocation, vehicle of his social grace

The protocols of the Elders of Zion

Have predicted jewry's intended goal

To take the peasants from the land

Confiscate their ancestral soil

Their intentions have so far

Been reified by the despots

Their well tended pastures

Destroyed as polluted grave plots

Jewish Mathematic

Reflexive acts of their hive mind

The material organs of their Dark Lord

Subjecting all to be analyzed

Dissected and assimilated in the Borg

Knowledge objects all become

Which can be grasped by these creatures

Though their essence escapes them

Their deficient capacity it out reaches

The Telos and trieb of the horde

To vampirize and to steal

Everything within the material world

To take for themselves their kill

An analysand their motivation

Transform the vital beings

Into a dead crystallization

Sucked of organic meaning

Reductio ad absurdum

The destructive process

Renders of knowledge object

A simulacrum of itself

Subject to the quantifying

Ratiocinative mode

Of the robotic and calculating

Hive mind of evil, Demiurgos

Within an entropic system

Of the world of density

The prison matrix of Zion

Traps the souls of celestial beings

Rendering us bound to the earth

To be confused; used and abused

By the agents of the Demiurge

Our life's blood to serve as food

All are reduced to units

Of energy for their harvest

Reavers of souls in their nest

In their baleful shtets segregated

The robotic calculations

Ennumerate their loss and gain

An accounting of the nations

To perpetuate the matrix of pain

An algebra of abstractions

Abstract quantity, barren form

To the machine put into action

Grinding from us our life force

The qabbala of the hebrews

Appointed by the demonic masters

To from the heavenly aether deduce

Apodictic and unquestionable answers

Their conclusions are always false

As based upon their failure

To understand anything else

Anything beyond the realm of matter

Confined within the matrix

Of spatio-temporality

The servants of the Demiurge

System of robotic slavery

The death forces which would violate

The world of Eternal forms

Overarch our baser state

And would our essence absorb

Creating chaos and catastrophe

wage slavery; war and revolution

To perpetuate the Demiurge's entropy

And trap us within His leaden prison

His language that of algebra

Of abstract quantity

Of the higher planes' distortion

Failing to grasp its quality

Its representative figures

Reveal the qualitative void

Of their crack-brained theories

Which are used to program their droids

Their logic is that of static inertia

Of the entropic death drive

Of their Dark Lord Jehovah

Who lives that all may die

Einstein the qabbalist

And Heisenberg in his presentation

Of the algebraic quantitative

System of artificial creation

This crude mechanism

Led *ordine geometrico*

To the violent construction

Of the idea of nuclear war

Luckily their ineptitude

Prevents them from success

In their twisted attitude

To reify their consciousness

That they are limited

To the spatio-temporal plane

Immediately negates

The sustainability of their reign

Their blueprint of madness

On abstract nothingness is based

A projection of their consciousness

Leaving destruction in its wake

The explosion of the Demiurge

The Big Bang of violation

Of the will-to-power urge

Of Yahweh-Jehovah-Satan

The entropic force of emanation

Material densification of Eternity

Echoing throughout the heavens

The *verbum* of catastrophe

The higher beings of Light and Life

Descended to terminate

The earthly density in Time

To combat the legions of Yahweh

Their entropic systems of harvest

Of souls ensconced in the mire

Must be through effective force

Be removed else all expire

Aryan Mathematik

The forces of Light and Life

Inherent in the being of godly might

The celestial working of the Divine

Through the pall of darkness shines

Implosion, the force which as an eddy

Throughout the cosmic ocean of Being

Reverberates and acts harmoniously

To elevate the tenor of all things

Spiritualizing the densified world

And all creatures who therein dwell

Amplifying their inner power

Through banishing the encroaching darkness

The logic of the Aryan

Of the higher beings a re-presentation

Of the Truth a rectification

Lifting the veil of the mayavic prison

The organic view of the world

Beings sustaining themselves

In harmony with the sum total

Not to feed upon others souls

Synthesis is the intent

A higher principle of integration

A preservation of life's dynamism

Of chaos a dissipation

The logic of the higher planes

Of the higher beings' will

In accord with the Green ray

Of the uncreated a fractal

Global Policeman

'Peace; love and unity'

The trumpets of Zion do blare

Into the foreign cities

Clouds of white phosphorus in the air

At the wedding feast of youth

The global police man takes aim

And let's his volley of death loose

Drones striking with I.E.Ds

In the name of ‘democracy’

The people are granted their power

A simulacrum of actuality

Under a Zionist puppet disempowered

The preachers of equality

Are broadcast from on high

Through the mode of virtual reality

The vision of the Dark Lords' eye

The foolish mass who sits in front

Of their hypnosis machine

And fixate their vision upon

The bombardment of virtual ecstasy

They take into their mind

The appearances and imagery

Transmitted as propaganda by

The mind control ministry

Saluting the flag of stars and stripes

The hexagon of Sauron

They think their egos dignify

Serving the Dark Lord Jehovah

Cannon fodder for the regime

They wave the flag of terror

'In God we trust' they believe

Persisting in their Satanic error

Their God is the Prince of Darkness

The malevolent Demiurgos

Who threw Himself with violence

Upon the earth His lead imposed

The obese, ill educated fool

Sips his alcohol and belches

His zio-church is his school

To perpetuate his ignorance

The motivation of Mammon

His ignoble quest in life

To accumulate his millions

And to call this 'peace' instead of strife

The lower tier robot of Zion

Eagerly tills the fields

Working his 9-to-5 to settle

His tithes and endless bills

Nonetheless he remains

A principled hypocrite

Wiping the sweat from his face

He eagerly grins and bears it

Earning his bread to the sweat of his brow

He carries on thoughtlessly

His christian duty to israel

And the chosen people of deviltry

He supports their dominion

Aspiration to rule the world

For absurd, meaningless abstractions

'God'; 'democracy'; 'money'-filthy lucre

His will-to-power he must state

On the weaker party

Bullying and abusing other states

Through machines of bellicosity

The global police man eager

To state his bloodlustfulness

On those parties who are weaker

And were not to him subservient

The cancerous tumor in the Near East

Metastasizes over Time

Under the Will of the vampire beast

Yahweh-Jehovah's will-to-crime

Those who criticize the Z.O.G

The bestial machine of the Demiurge

Are targeted to be gangstalked

Subject to torture and murder

They are then blamed by the liars

To invert their respective roles

And immolate them in the fire

Of slander and rumored to destroy their soul

Anders Brievik the example

Of the inversion of the culture distortors

Who was a zionist in their theatre

To play the ‘white supremacist’ role

Blaming the victim of their aggression

A convenient scapegoat to blame

To transfer upon their endless sins

In the public mind to confer infame

While simultaneously playing the part

Of the 'objective' and 'reasonable'

The man who is always compassionate

As he hires others to murder and kill

In the name of 'God' a slave

Their bloodthirsty mob the cannibals

And others' assault violently

To coerce compliance to their will

In the name of 'love' and 'peace'

'democracy' and 'equality'

They superimpose their police state

An overarching sword of Damocles

Exploitation by the parasites

Continues *ex post facto*

Of the proxy wars which they design

To live and enslave its 'benefactors'

Their game of dialectic

Blaming the victim for their crimes

Continues onto the end

Consuming the souls they vampirize

Soon their tangled web of lies

Will itself enclose upon them

And they will receive their reprise

In the form of a backlash of karma

Their tissue of lies they have woven

Lies in tatters on their stony face

And reveals to all through its exposure

Their inevitable doom by Divine Grace

Partition

Overlaid upon our mind

A blind of the Blind God

A partition that is designed

To create from Spirit separation

The leaden veil of Kali

Draped across our vision

To all appearances seeming

Like a wondrous world of images

The tissue of the arch spider

Whose lithe insectile movements

Are too subtle in their guises

For the mundane to be perceptible

The age old matrix of density

The gauze which this spider spins

Superimposing upon all entropy

Lowering the souls' vibrations

Dampening the emanations

Of the Hyperborean souls

Who have entered the mundane prison

To liberate all from their toil

Though these also have become

Encased within the material world

And their essential brilliance

Has been by his webs' blurred

Blurred from the sight of themselves

And of their pasu affiliates

They are dragged to a lower hell

Through the Demiurge's corruptive influence

The matrix ensconces them all

And dampens down our awareness

By leaden chains we are bound

Held in the fists of the Great Malevolence

We attempt to probe the veils

Which are draped over our vision

But become lost within their folds

Beguiled by the glamour of images

Behind the veil of appearances

The astral planes their territory

The Demiurge and his vampire legions

Over this world hold their sway

The radiations of the Graal

From deep within the coarse machine

The automaton's corporeal

Structure, a prison of material density

The iron prison of the soul

That traps within his furnace

Harnessing the radiations of the Graal

To the Demiurge the life force furnish

The leaden chain draped around

The necks of his captives

Tether his soul earthen bound

To a tragic fate that would end him

Those who can recall their origin

In the higher planes of Being

Are able to ignite the Minne

Hyperborean blood memory

Only those of ascetic kind

Who can transcend the earthen plane

Will the key to the prison find

And enable themselves to awake

The worldly prison of entropy

The diarrhea of the Demiurge

Which he has cast forth into being

His will-to-power deadly force

The death drive of His Will

Identifies the higher planes

Creating a partition from the Eternal

That of coarse material density

Within the archetypal world

Of cultural phenomenon

The slaves chained to the material

Forsake their long-lost origins

Beguiled by the sensory rippling veils

Of maya these purblind charges

Tools of the Demiurgic travails

Immersed in the illusions of samsara

These nets are projected from His agents

Whose constant strategy is to assail

Any and every sentient organism

To chain to the plane of the material

Involution and immersion

The path of the rightwards swastika

To liberate from the prison

The pasu food of the Demiurge

To tear apart the matrix nets

Which ensnare the population

And to then destroy the Demiurge

And His evil minded minions

Evolution and development

The will of the Dark Lord

Is enabled through His beguilement

Trapping us within this world

The densification of the higher states

To the technology of the oligarchs

Derived from extraterrestrials to enslave

To obstruct our re-turn to the origins

Eagle and Goose

Between fleshly Eve of the world

And Lillith the sacred feminine

She who in the being dwells

His other aspect, a Valkyrie from heaven

These two extremes he is drawn between

The transience of appearance

And the black sun's nightly Queen

Heralds the yellow sun's disappearance

In Eternity she beckons

Her escarpment of starry night

An uplifting to the celestial heavens

With her harmony by his side

Else to be torn down by the flesh

Immersed in the carnal prison

Coerced to a life of restlessness

Following the way to perdition

The Eagle soars heavenward

Along his transcendent path

Toward the celestial greensward

Away from the shifting of appearances

Samsara he leaves behind him

And soars toward the stars

Oblivious to that which blinds men

He orients his gaze upwards

The goose honks with feverish lust

Attempting to bring him down

To her home in the tepid pond

Across the swamp her honking sounds

She would ensnare him in her wiles

To tear down and to enchain

To his will hitch to her cart

And make of him her nest slave

Perhaps he could assist her

To soar with him heavenward

As could she too aspire thither

And to live with him in Eternia

They goose is motivated

To lay eggs of speckled brown or gold

Through the influence of her inner nature

On higher planes she is not sold

Though the world is offered to her

She desires yet much more

Regardless of the guaranteed future

She is blinded by the Demiurge

Her concern for worldly recognition

To be the center of attention

A vampire she on a mission

Absorbing into herself the masculine

The eagle swoops down from on high

To assist in the transmutation

From the flesh of her earthly swine

To in Eternity a godly station

They join together in embrace

Both undergoing transformation

Into a Phoenix bird firey

They soar toward the heavens

They have forsaken the abode

Of the circle of incarnation

Of the prison matrix of the Demiurgos

The entropic crucible of degeneration

They who stay within this world

To circle around the wheel of Time

Are living a desperate sort of love

That of the profane, doomed to die

Their love is more akin to lust

Or to an economic contract

In which each party must ante up

In order to receive something back

'Cash for ass', the terms are

Sleep for the aspiring Eagle

And a debasement of his counterpart

Dragging him to the kosher chapel

The Phoenix pair soar above

Looking down on the dirty birds

Two ostensive turtledoves

Who keep on each other account records

They observe from their height

Papageno and Papagena the pasus

Desporting with each other side-by-side

Under the influence of the Demiurgos

They abide by his causal laws

And forsake their place Above

Through a fixation of the material

Their lustful desire they call 'love'

Vultures of Mammon they consume

The scraps of the Demiurge's excreta

The shiny baubles and corporeal stew

That to the slave minions he serves up

They wallow in ecstasy in the swamp

Inebriated with Judaea’s wine

Their eager revelry only stops

With their Dark Lord's strict design

Within the realm of samsara

Of dense leaden consciousness

They worked to earn the wages of

Their karmic reward in His matrix

They pay the cost of these delights

In Eden's world of paradise

Through selling their souls for a dime

And the objects of Tantallion desire

The Phoenix pair soars aloft

In the realm of Eternia

And prepares to descend to earth

To liberate those worthy of it

Generative Bukkake

An explosion of vice in the Cosmos

A rapine of Mary Mag-dalene

By her captor the brutal Demiurgos

An abuser of the Heavenly Queen

The bukkake erupts in the Cosmic womb

A crystallization of His forceful will

To generate His forms, to them entomb

In the prison created through His barbarous skill

The higher forms become encased

In an amber crystal rigidified

The memory of origins all but erased

The living dead waiting to expire

The vitality of the primordial epoch

Dragged into a state of inertia

A cancer patient on life support

Corrupted by the Demiurge's tumors

Their harmonious state of consciousness

Debased through materialization

Dragged into the depths beneath

The celestial realm of Elysium

They are the victims of His delight

His sadistic will-to-power

The rapist of beings of the light

Their energy He would devour

They are captives of His prison

An electromagnetic universe

Of Brahma's cosmic rhythms

Across the manvantaras

With each outgoing breath He extrudes

The halitosis of His lust

As He casts forth his vile spue

Into the womb of the Cosmos

His inspiring intake of breath

A vortextual rush of self-absorption

Absorbing into Himself His excreta

The souls of the pasu beastmen

The Vampire of the Cosmos

And his legions of devotee servants

Has adversaries who chose

To combat Him inside His prison

The Hyperborean siddhas descending

From the Eternal planes into this world

A battle against the bestial enemy

Without fear as they are immortal

The Eternal champions take the risk

Of entering his prison of lies

Becoming with his excreta shrouded

To better destroy his alibis

To liberate the planets and their denizens

From His spoor of density

And to occupy the terrestrial regions

To spiritualize all sentient beings

The foe on the plane of the astral

The world of generation and corruption

Taking us a further step down to hell

Trapped within the monads of death

Blanketing the world with His ejaculate

The Demiurge plagiarizes the models

Of the Eternal Forms, heaven sent

Dragging us down into the world of hell

Vanir descend with Lucifer's torch

To light the way toward Eternity

To banish the Demiurge's infernal vampires

And to dismantle their system of slavery

The desert encroaches throughout the world

With the vampire legions absorbing all

Minerals; vegetables and animals

The dark host preys upon the cattle

They sacrifice and torture them

To feed the Rapist of Sophia

Who forever seeks to expend

The excreta of His flaccid phallus

His impotence manifests itself

In the impregnation of her womb

With stillborn lunar children

Abortions for the material tomb

The Devas have taken on the forms

Of the illusory dreaming of the Usurper

Have entered for battle the material world

To rescue the pasu from his slave masters

A chance is given to the captives

Of the earth plane they are upon

To choose light and live in rapture

Or remain in Time the Demurge's pawn

Most through fear and trembling

Will choose the path to perdition

Through worshiping their enemy

And serving as His slave minion

The few who will stand and fight

Will take on the mission of combat

Against the entropy of the false light

And will through effective means attack

The system must be dismantled

By hook and by crook the Darkness banished

To douse the mennorah's candles

With the burning cold of the Superman

An 'Honest Living'

The moral majority plumes itself

Upon its putative 'virtue'

Exalting its ego, accumulating wealth

Placed on a pedestal as a 'hero'

They 'work' and eagerly display

The fruits of their allegedly noble labor

For all to see and has publicly

To with their fellows curry favor

Staring into the mirror of their vanity

They condemn all ‘Others’

Who would rather pursue nobility

Through superior endeavors

Their one thought is to accumulate

As much capital is possible

Be it financial or social they

Grind their gears as chattel

The 'honest' workers on the plantation

Striving for their pyrrhic victory

To receive their peers' adoration

And to make genetic photocopies

Their value they measure in brow sweat

The more they strain and stress

The more value they believe they have

Their sole criterion of success

This they call an 'honest living'

Exchanging their labor for filthy lucre

Through working or volunteering

They thereby gain their Masterss favor

What constitutes an 'honest living'

Is in reality a smiling mask

Overlaid on basest slavery

The true face of their ignoble tasks

Those who derive value from their deeds

Their workaday lives of drudgery

Are suited to their fate in purgatory

Envisioning beyond this cyclicism nothing

9-to-5 in the rats' wheel

They sweat and strain with glee

To prove to themselves their zeal

And to 'earn an honest living'

The dishonest rogues who husband them

As animals on the animal farm

Subject them to a life onerous

Representing this as their Lord's desire

"Earning their bread to the sweat of their brow"

The *creedo absurd est*

In the wheel of Ixion spinning around

Over the incarnations in the flesh

The parasite exploiters' subject

The slave minions to the lash

Over their heads an ever present threat

Should they not accrue sufficient cash

The streets of the cities of usurers

Paved with gold for themselves

To walk above as they rule over

Their cattle who are divested of their wealth

The pobevolk at them point

In contempt judging them with disfavor

And call them a vile parasite

Which absorbs the fruit of their labor

They are right of course but also wrong

As their 'honest' living is revealed

To be naught but a dénouement

Of their creative capacity within concealed

The purpose served by this 'great work'

Is to furnish the decadent leisure class

With more profits as they smirk

Concealed in their condominiums

Rolling over their investments

In their stock market gambling

Their 24 carat nest egg

On a marble pedestal gleaming

The caste of leisure does not invest

In many cases nobler efforts

But in most they are mere pests

Devious swindlers and exploiters

Making display of their pomp

Their putatively superior status

Which they acquire in the swamp

Of corruption they have established

'An honest living' is transparent:

What you see is what you get

Not conjuring something out of nothing

Employing the thief's conjuring trick

Fair exchanges and for a higher purpose

This is the basis of economy

Which is sustainable and harmonious

From top to bottom the hierarchy

Should these exchanges not attune

Themselves to a sustainable world

The seemingly endless profits accrue

poverty, which lurks behind Maya's veil

Economy for economy's sake

The system of slavery of the world

Qualifies all who of profits partake

As 'dishonest', greedy churls

Contributing to the system

Of the prison planet of vampires

Buoys up these greedy exploiters

And perpetuates the Demiurge

Feeding profits to this caste

The chandala plutocrats

Who hide behind the mask

Of the hypocrisy of the Democrat

Honesty to them as foreign

A discordant mode of behavior

To the cunning chandala baseborne

Whose existence verily is scorn

Quantitative Man

Within the world of quantity

The Kali Yuga of living death

Around his neck a leaden chain

Whose sensual weight buries into his flesh

Feeling grounded within the world

Or perhaps pressed into the ground

By this dense material burden

The reign of quantity bearing him down

All thoughts hazy and erratic

A dim groping after clarity

In a fog of basest tellurism

Much illusion but little verity

Racing after false promises

Myriad objects of desire

Bombard his coarse senses

Inflaming his bestial ardour

To appropriate into himself

The 'Other', his targeted prey

To incorporate, his girth to swell

Homo homini lupus, ecce dei

This worldly figure saturated

With the blood of his foes

On their corpses he is gestating

His enemies in their death throes

His thoughts trend downward

To the lowest infernal region

A savage beast yet no coward

His bravery is but recklessness

Ungoverned by any higher principles

He descends to this basest state

With a bang and not a whimper

He lashes his foes furiously

This the social Darwinist ethic

And which each must contend with all

In the *bellum omnium contra omnes*

Living by the gun he brings about his fall

From the hero a decision voluntary

To oppose that which seeks his death

He stands isolated on the promontory

Prepared with *ataraxia* to meet his end

The man of quantity who lives for thrills

For the bestial striving for conquest and domination

For the drinking of the blood he spills

And the delights of the taboo and forbidden

He falls under the weight of his foes

Battling against all and sundry

Detached from the higher principles

Which elevate the hero over the mundane

Though in death the hero reign supreme

The champion of his own domain

Dwells in the green ray in Eternity

Transcending quantity's leaden chain

The modern man of decadence

Perpetually aspiring to accrue

To himself the state of affluence

Desired by his fellow fools

His every thought directed

Toward the gleam of gold

By his fellows heckled

Should he not play this role

The Mammon worshiper of today

His sole purpose for living

Hedonism and vulgar play

A life of self-interest maximizing

The more the merrier in his judgment

He directs his focus on that outside

Of his inner impoverishment

A lack of substance, of spiritual light devoid

Driven by the flow of Time

He dwells within its maelstrom

By the breath of the enemy of life

Assailed by His reeking halitosis

The 'breath of life', the force of death

The death drive of the Demiurge

Bringing down to the lowest depth

The man of quality, as Spirits' scourge

Brownout

In the sewer of the *cloaca gentium*

The white picket fences have been muddied

And the white hatted bourgeois gentlemen

Have had their vainglorious noses bloodied

The mud flood from the regions of the depths

The sunken cultures of primordial times

Has become another re-presentation

Of the cycle of the cultural organisms' life

The phase of senility has set in

And the healthy instincts of the people

Have been nearly to the point of no return

Slacking through this decadent evil

They have been eroded by the flood of mud

And by the corruption of their 'betters'

Who provide their template of decadence

Mimicked by their slavish minions

Those who resisted were beaten down

Crushed under the iron heel of the system

By the heroic men or women

For the resistive there is no tolerance

Those who would attempt to shut the gates

Are targeted for elimination

By the diabolical cabal's police state

Who demand the strictest conformism

They who would rebel against

The corruption of the synarchy

Illicit and over-reactive state

Of 'pro-active' police and military

The teeming hordes from foreign lands

Enter in, not alone of necessity

But are as part of the 'great plan'

Pushed through incentives of booty

The synarchy orchestrates the chaos

And their foreign leadership

Of freemasons engineer the loss

Of their undesirable populations

Into the white man's land they go

Draped in the garb of victimhood

The 'innocent' to all appearances

Drawn by the gleam of gold

The privileged filth who do serve

For their personal benefit this 'great work'

Ignore the suffering of their lower,

Socio-economically disfavored tier

They conceal themselves within suburbia

Away from the teeming multitudes

Who in their mind are stinking excreta

Beneath their contemptuous attitude

This foolish self-absorbed caste

Lives in a state of blissful ignorance

Damning themselves up in their cul-de-sac

To avoid the masses' wrathful bullets

They live to hold their people down

To perpetuate their selfish power

Yet over their heads looms storm clouds

Of revolution; violence and war

Too vainglorious to understand

The consequences of their actions

Or call into question their 'great plan'

Bound as they are through black magic

Their homeland devastated by the intruder

Their own women raped and killed

Yet the privileged shrug their shoulders

On their faces a sneer of blackest evil

These conspirators think they are transcendent

Beyond Time and space with their 'God'

Jehovah the Dark Lord of corruption

An arrogant, vainglorious 'lucifer'

Their motive to look the other way

And enable the steady invasion

Of the foreign intruding army

To allow their people's devastation

They in their arrogance believe

They will move forward The Plan

Assisting the Demiurge to achieve

The mixture of all into 'universal man'

The foolish agenda has revealed

Throughout the history of our world

The fallacy of any 'universal'

It's resultant product a pile of turds

As long as Jehovah feeds

On the loosh of his captives

His system of entropy bleeds

The life force of the masses

This is all that is desired

A merger with the 'One'

Happy result for the hierarchy

Who serve as warders in His prison

The more that are manufactured

The more energy released

In the sacrifice of the masses

In wars; revolutions and mass killings

Quantity supersedes quality

The value of beings is reduced

To units of energetic currency

The vital force the vampires use

Though the inevitable conclusion

Is the destruction of the system

The earthly administration

Is blinded by their hubristic egotism

Their hope is to transfer

Their souls to perfected machines

A symbiotic merger

To feed upon all perpetually

Disintegrating Element

Inserted into the society of their enemies

The creeping demon seed

Bent on vengeance against the nobler breed

For Titus destroying their temple of usury

They harbor a grudge against them

The nobility of the earth

They who from heaven descended

To alleviate Jehovah's curse

The creeping kikes have introduced

Their noxious bacillus spoors

In the gentile society the sneaky jews

Have crept to confuse and abuse

The organic nation of the folk

With its adamantine bonds

By the jewish pests is choaked

So many weeds in a bed of flowers

They bury themselves in the rich soil

Depleting it of its nutrients

Absorbing into themselves the spoils

Through their usury as middlemen

They play the role of moneylenders

Inflaming the leadership's lust for power

Financing wars of expansionism

Bringing about the nations' fatal hour

Simultaneously their agents' work

Stirring up the restless mass

Convincing them their role to shirk

And to grasp the offered flaming brand

The nation of the folk is decimated

Through the exhaustion of its treasury

With failure to pay the usurious lender

Resulting in incursion of foreign mercenaries

In the underground the fires of revolution blaze

Set up by the interlopers' hand

Unleashing the masses in their craze

Upon the intelligent gentleman

The nation of the folk lies in ruins

And the remnants of the folks settle

In the dust of the devastated nation

The jewish pests now rule over the rabble

The few who managed to escape the mob

Have departed from the nations' borders

And now in other nations' dwell

For personal survival their only recourse

Those who stayed and fought

And played the noble role of sacrifice

Against the unbalanced odds

Gave to their volk their very lives

Gunned down in front of brick walls

Or torn apart by the savage mob

The higher man of the nobler stock

With his death the death of all

Should the scheming kikes not achieve

Their initial plans' objective

They will bide their time to see

It's eventual realization

Even if it takes millennia

It will maintain their course

Serving Satan-Jehovah

Their master of the lower worlds

Paradise

The man of modernity a robot

A puppet on the strings of his masters

Impelled by the Dark Lords' thought

The mind of the malevolent attacker

The force of impulsion of Time flow

The gravitational waves of coercion

From the void of the Demiurgos

Broadcasts his lower vibrations

Imposing upon the higher forms

His icy breath of crystallization

The dynamic entelechy transforms

Into an entropic differentiation

Into concrete manifestation

The spiritual forms incarnate

Trapping within the infernal prison

Which the Dark Lord did gestate

Anthropogenesis through His Will

And through His alien emissaries

Revolution did instill

Into the realm of Eternity

In His image He created them

The forms of the lower realms

Through the heliacal evolution

He introduces into His hell

The anthropoids a result

Of the enfolding of His will

The impress of His gestalt

Upon His plagiary instills

The man a carbon copy of His will

Never was nor will remain

An expression of His diabolical

Distortion and mimicry

These meat machines engineered

Through borrowed substances

Which millennia ago appeared

To tend his Edenic garden

Into the paradise of illusion

He introduces featherless bipeds

From the primordial ooze and scum

They would be his crowning achievement

For millennia these creatures lived

Hunting the game and gathering

The fruits of the vine of their prison

And their vital force scattering

They sewed in order to reap

To perpetuate themselves

Circles in the wheel of density

Amidst the lower hells

Feeding the beast their energy

Through constant progenation

Through sacrifice's most bloody

Torture and torment of their victims

The service of the Demiurge

Feeding upon their offerings

Through His will-to-power

Cursed them with His blessings

Into this paradise then came

The immortal siddhas

Through the anthropoids did elevate

Break the chain of their karma

These earthbound anthropoids were freed

From their masters' closed circle

The walls of the prison did exceed

Threw a wrench into the machine's cycle

The mixing with the anthropoids

The blue-bloods of Light and Life

Instilled in them their Graalic seed

A new species created, a superior kind

These developed the skills and technics

To till the land and to perpetuate

The Demiurge's slave system

The hunter Cain did Abel supersede

Evolution continued onwards

Through the millennia of the plagiary

The Demiurge's closed system

Of the downwards spiral of entropy

Perhaps his ingenious plan

Was to entice these beings

To descend into the land

And lend to it their vital seed?

As the system's entropy

Required energy from without

For the vampire to thieve

Else it's candle would burnout

The system thus continues on

This pretended paradise of 'God'

A diversified world of hell

Of the Cosmic Rapist His excreta

The world and all that it contains

Serve as structures to feed

The Time Lord and his emissaries

Driven by desperate need

In order for them to carry on

It must absorb the vital force

Of the host they prey upon

To perpetuate their mortal coil

Their system of static inertia

Implodes upon itself through Time

Through its explosive violation

Of the realms beyond His crime

Hence the spirits of the immortals

Must obstruct the systemic flow

Of the *materia excreta*

Of Jehovah's will-to-explode

Involuting into the material plane

On the earth mixing with the creatures

Egregores of the diabolic brain

Of Jehovah the malevolent scourge

Enriching them with their essence

Their soul transmitted into the blood

A burning cold Vril transmission

Burning away the caked on mud

Instilling into them their vigorous will

If only to a lesser degree

Elevating their consciousness to a higher level

That they may Truth dimly perceive

The mixtures with the anthropoids

Dragged down to a lower depth

The immortals in their fleshly guise

Took their chance in a dance with death

With Shiva they did dance

Employed the springboard of mortal coils

To confer upon the slaves a chance

To escape the prison through the Art Royal

Even though in total ignorance

They remain as hybrids rudimentary

They possess the blood of the viryas

To liberate them from the penitentiary

Thus they have throughout the years

Welcomed within their domains

The presence of the Aesir godi

To transmit their gnosis to former slaves

This until the Demiurge and His minions

Concocted a slave program

Called monotheistic religion

To subordinate all to His command

This program was instilled into

The regions wherein Aryans dwelt

Amidst the sudras, the chandala

The disaffected and the criminals

The creeping kikes of the Demiurge

Creating a servile Abel

Were employed by their master

To incite the lower orders

Their subterranean strategy

Entailed the gutter creeds

Inculcated in the naïve

The corrupt and fortune-seeking

They utilized these programs

To sow dissension amongst the slaves

Who were thereby turned against

Their wise philosopher Kings

The mob were led through witchcraft

Black magic use of arcane *praxis*

To manipulate the mind of the masses

And whip them into frenzied paroxysms

The devious kikes with sly cunning

Poured jealous words into their ears

Whispering with honey tongue

That they would be the ones in power

All that was necessary

Was to destroy their leadership

And to channel their energy

Towards sinking their own ship

The conclusion was a burnt-out world

In which the former noble nation

Was under their influence submerged

Leaving the rubble of its devastation

The few remnants who remained

Managed to clean the debris

And to a sorry state maintain

A pale reflection of former glory

Typically the cunning kikes

Would with his entourage of thugs

Rule over the hybrid type

Who alone remained in the ruins

To curtail this genocidal process

The noble few who still remain

Throughout the world must have recourse

To oppose the global tyranny

Suppressive

Obstructive forces which oppose

The will-to-power of Others

Chinks in the armor, stones in the road

Sabotaging those they plundered

Driven by malevolent malice

A motivation to interfere

With others' existence harmonious

To upset and cause strife to appear

Suppressing the will of ‘Others’

Spiteful, their delight in harming

Through petty acts and gestures

Those they target, Jehovah's adversaries

They Good; the True and the Beautiful

They perceive with green-eyed envy

And seek to ritually abuse

To cast a shadow over the brightly shining

Any manifestation of superiority

They hate and seek to tear down

Those who are of lesser being

Jehovah's puppet minions

Their motivation to overcompensate

For their own inferiority

Is manifested in their bitter hate

Of that which they could never be

"To rule or ruin" their motto

The will-to-power of the hater

Who seeks to all tear down

That they made pyrrhic victory savour

To 'live and let live' they are incapable

'Live and let die' alone

They embrace this base principle

Yet for their sins they will atone

To hold down the achiever

Who would soar to the heights

To stand in the path of their betters

To derive satisfaction in spite

Rather than focus their mind

On noble achievements and creativity

They simply seek to destroy

All of that which exceeds their abilities

Rather than to elevate

The world to a state of higher being

They would undermine the estate

Of they who create superior meeting

The legacy of the jew reveals

Their malevolent motivation

To leave a heap of ruins

In the wake of their destruction

All creative civilizations

Of the Aryan race have witnessed

At the hands of the malevolent

Their destruction and debasement

This hostile motivation

No mere assertion of antagonism

Under the will to a victory win

But a malevolent demonic power

The Demiurge works through them

These creatures of meat and clay

Created by this Cosmic Demon

Through alien genetic engineering

They live to carry out His orders

As obedient slaves to His Will

To move the goalposts forward

Of the unfurling of the Temporal

Facilitating evolution

To serve the Cosmic Vampire

To provide for him carrion

The emanations of souls' expired

His malevolent creatures

Orchestrate in collusion

With his alien astral minions

Wars; famines and revolutions

They plan out these events

In subterranean secrecy

Under certain astral alignments

To optimize their vampiric greed

They seek a return on their investment

A *quid pro quo* relationship

Had between them and their masters

To create on the earth suffering to the maximum

The more they suppress and obstruct

The will; creative drive of their slaves

The more pain they conjure up

To fuel themselves with soul energy

Hence their motivation is pure

It's malevolent belligerence

That of the born vampire

A slave of infernal denizens

To suppress the ‘Other’ is their goal

Their malevolent motivation

Their schadenfreude they extol

As mechanism of their enrichment

An abuser of the 'Other' they are

And will forever be

Agents of a foreign star

Of all life, an enemy

Their only contribution to ‘Others’

Is wholly negative

They impose upon them their will

To dominate-a pure negation

Their dualistic consciousness

A hive mind emanation

Of their Dark Father in heaven

The Demiurge's vile projection

Governed by their negative ego

They are incapable of transcending

Their petty thought, wholly material

Oriented to the Higher opposing

Incapable of overcoming

Their own feeble state of being

Attached to the diabolic Entity

Synthetic constructs of alien beings

They thus are manufactured to operate

Within the realm of the darkness

Trapped within their matrix cage

Metatronic hive mind structure

On the earth, physical densification

Of the Higher Planes, Hyperborea

The demiurgic encrustation

Bukakke of the Cosmic Vampire

They are confined within this realm

Unable to ascend beyond

And within it are malevolent

The synagogue of Yahweh-Satan

Impelled by the reptilians who control

Their hive mind robot collective

Jewry and the members of the cabal

Who are chosen to rule by the Demiurge

These brutal thugs have been conscripted

Bound through witchcraft to the saurians

And are by the Dark Power motivated

They assail all with reckless abandon

Their life a mere sport of sadism

A delight in harming ‘Other’ kinds

While mewling about 'human rights' violations

A mask which they hide behind

Their reptilian masters in the astral

As puppets jerk them on their strings

To ‘Others’ abuse and to assault

To impose upon them their cruelty

The *quid pro quo* relationship

Which obtains between the dark powers

An exchange of energy via black magic

To confer upon them at the witching hour

The emissaries on the earth

Lash out with violent aggression

Concealed behind those they fault

Proxies upon whom they project their sins

Manipulating others to assail

Their mutual enemies

Dividing and conquering without fail

A stereotyped strategy

They blame the scapegoat for their deeds

And incite their foes to combat

One against the other they bleed

And neutralize any opposition

Creating confusion they generate

A world of discordant vibrations

Aligned with the artificial timelines

The reptilian masters have created

Their invented religious mind programs

Program them with a template

Of a worldview temporally linear

Rigidly structuring their mental state

They think within the programming

A linear track to hell or heaven

Along which path they blindly race

Eager to escape their fated perdition

They become bound to entities

To the fictional archetypes, egregores

And thereby their deity

Bound to Jehovah, Cosmic Violator

They thus become mere captive pawns

Robots within the matrix

Artificial structures who have lost

Their soul bound to the hellish earth

Mere automata, witless slaves

They are impelled to drudge

On the plantation in their fall from grace

Humble Abel, the creeping christian

Lofty Cain, the rebel hero

Against the Lord of the mundane hell

Salvages the few redeemable

Who have their head within the clouds

Bent with humility ostentatious

The creeping christian tills the fields

Bowing before his chosen masters

That thereby the pearly gates will for him yield

Their vitality wanes over Time

Their soul fed upon by the demons

Who enrich themselves on their slavish kind

Atrophying over the incarnations

The more stress; abuse and misery

These demonic creatures do impose

The more chaos, more loosh they secrete

To serve as the feast for the Evil Foe

The cycles of Time carry-on

Across the manvantaras

The cyclicism of Time rolls on

As the souls in His belly are absorbed

Only the Immortals remain

Diamond hard, radiating their light

Over the materialized plane

To liberate higher souls through the fight

Those who would partake

Of the poison fruit of Eden

In his greedy belly gestate

As Demiurgic abortions

The earthbound are absorbed

Postmortem once they depart

Tnto the digestion of the horde

Succumbing to the Cosmic Vampire

Judeo

Synarchic puppets dancing on their strings

Held in the hands of their invisible rulers

Brute objects they carry out their duties

Unconscious of the tools that they are

Their hive mind in which they exist

Controlled by their hidden Masters

'Spiritual israel' the collective consciousness

A dark and vampiric structure

They are impelled by the entities

Who control their minds through A.I

And who they puppet; manipulate and deceive

Through their intrusive technics of guile

The subtle energies' transmission

Into their undeveloped consciousness

Keeps them as slaves on the plantation

Bowing before the evil aliens

Their conscious mind is structured

From the subterranean depths

In the lower astral obstructed

Forging the chains which bind them

The manufacture of the ‘judeo’

The creeping slave of the cabal

Of violent extraterrestrials

Is carried out *in vivo* and *in utero* as well

The intergenerational transmission

Of the demonic seed

Over the incarnations

Servicing the beast machine

From one generation to the next

This sadistic soul of evil

Reincarnate as a hex

Visited upon the decent people

Police and military are conditioned

Through masonic initiation

To be subject to the influence

Of the alien pestilence

They exchange their soul

For temporal wealth and hedonic thrills

And continue through Time to roll

While they atrophy and are inevitably killed

They have made a thieves' pact

To serve as the entities' minions

Upon the earthly encrustation

Of the Metatron matrix prison

They receive their marching orders

To trap within the material plane

The souls of their subordinates

To visit upon them pain-and-suffering

Constant stress and abuse

They do impose their schadenfreude

Upon those that use and confuse

Keeping them in the lower vibrations

Though to all appearances distinct

The judeo's each and all partake

Of the influence of Saturn's rings

Around their necks the noose remains

christians foremost in their camp

As thuggish servitors of Evil

Serving the Demiurge and His chosen

To impose upon all the people

Bound to the demons in their mass

Within the circle of appearances

The noose tightens around their neck

To the Dark Lord binding them

'Spiritual israel' the name

Of the hive mind of malevolence

Through which the Prince of darkness reigns

Over his witless captive servants

By other names it is known

Amongst different populations

Who believe it is their own

Through manifestation in their culture

The 'ummah', the 'proletariat'

The mainstream religious bigotry

Labeled the 'this' and the 'that'

Matters not in its tyranny

These constructed categories

Are laid out His cunning traps

To entice the gullible and naïve

To incite violence against them

Overarching their being

They are immersed within

The pall of Yahweh The Beast

Pathetic slaves to serve Him

Each of these creeping slaves

In their extreme of arrogance

A god themselves believe

Dwelling in heaven above all others

The masons foremost amongst them

Serving the jews their masters

And their Sinister Overlords

Envision themselves the only humans

Though ensconced in the false light

They exalt their fallible ego

Decorated with pompous lies

And infernal demoniacal titles

The christian and religious bigots

With their obsession with 'morality'

An ossified lower consciousness

They live inhibited, neurotically

masons affirm they are above

The bonds of 'Good' and 'Evil'

Have morality transcended

Yet are servitors of Yahweh the Devil

The marxist mob of miscreants

Who lash out with hostile hatred

At any who stand above them

Are servitors of this same Satan

All of these are 'judeo's'

Trapped within the hive mind

In the world material

Captives of the Lord of Time

Only the Aristocrats

Of the soul may overcome

The Demiurge's influence

And not to His Will succumb

The two sides are sharply divided

Between the pawns of the Dark Lord

And the spirited immortals

Affiliates of noble Lucifer

Time-Flow

An upsurge in the Eternal Stillness

The Greenland of the Immortals

A violent flash of sanguine crimson

Harbinger of things to come

The Silent Stillness of the Divine

The Cosmos torn asunder

By the hand of plagiary

The inferior deity, Yahweh the usurper

The death drive of His discordant cry

Breaks forth throughout the Higher Planes

Ejecting excreta into his vile sty

That has been called 'the creation'

The creation of pain and misery

Of generation and corruption

The fruitage of His plagiary

The snake in the Edenic garden

All things perish and rot within His domain

The trees grow sickly and die

The fruits dragged into the sewer of the mundane

Their seeds take root, subject to atrophy

Temporalizing temporality

The Death Drive withers away

Under the influence of His misery

The organisms live for but a day

Round in the wheel they circle

Their life continuing forth

And throughout their lives they dwindle

Trapped within the spatio-temporal

The only exit is to re-turn

For those who have the Pur

Blood of the mighty virya

Who descends from the Eternal

The pasu beastman cannot escape

The cycle of Times' impress

Upon the decaying estate

As a fleeting state of duress

The Demiurge Yahweh-Jehovah

Holds in subjection His slaves

With His rapine and ejaculation

He forces upon them the basest state

That of the most leaden density

The chain of dully gleaming serfdom

Which the bleary eyes of the slave cannot see

In the false light of the darkest prison

Our consciousness is structured

To live amidst the transient flow

Of samsara's acid river rushing

Over His flesh and whited bones

Stripped of his Graal Stone of Emerald

His Graalic blood poured out

Bled white he is a zombie chattel

Serving as a slave for the cabal

Those who have not succumbed

To the superimposition of Time's scyth

Still have the dimly glowing potential

To re-turn to their place in the sky

When the stone glows burning cold

In their third eye Olympian vision

As Prometheus god-man of old

With the flaming sword bursting the bonds of his prison

Against the Dark Forces of the Evil Side

The warrior hero initiates the salvo

To bring about the black sun’s noontide

To defeat the creeping malevolent foes

The Lords of Light and Life

Embodying the vril of Luciferic power

Against the Demiurge's flood tide

His gravitational waves would depress lower

No feeble forces of the boastful

Self-proclaimed 'deity' can overcome

They possess the lofty vril

Who can defeat the false *Verbum*

The discordant echo of the Logos

Broadcast from upon high

Upon the earth it is imposed

Vibrations sharp as rusty knives

The chaos created by The Beast

Superimposed upon the world

Is a presence which does never cease

Save through the hero's noble role

The pestilential entities

Which ring around this veil of tears

Answering the call of The Beast

Instilling the weaker kind with fear

Soon the final battle will arise

Between the beings of infernal Dis

And the heroes and their valkyries

To burst the tissue of the matrix

Infrahuman

In the octagon of the matrix

The bestial savages with each other play

In libidinal desportings they manufacture

More of their endless progeny

Agonistic contests erupt

At all times and places

A bubbling brew in the cauldron

A desperate struggle within the matrix

The pasu contend with one another

For benefit and for gain

To earthly treasure uncover

Bellicose and bloodthirsty

Undeveloped in their conscious mind

These animal men by passion driven

Fueled by Bacchus' intoxicating wine

To fight and fornicate within the matrix prison

These beings their consciousness resonates

Only with the lowest frequencies

Like an animal their base mental state

Reacts to the crudest stimuli

The pasu yet does not occupy

The lowest depth of the hierarchy

This position that of Judah and Freimaurerei

The black magicians of infra-humanity

Their souls' captive by the entities

With whom they're bound via sinister rites

Lacking the basic autonomy

Of those not captive by the Dark Side

Impelled to serve their masters

They are the husks of their malevolence

Their evil will working for disaster

Transformed into the infrahuman

The pasus have their excuse

That of a basic undeveloped type

Living amidst the veils of illusion

They without reflection perform their rites

Papageno and Papagena

With each other desport

In oblivion they remain earthbound

And to their masters' suborned

Their overlords' in their vain imaginings

Believe they stand above reality

Yet by their temporal power corrupted completely

Blinded by their insatiable power-greed

They envision themselves as beyond

The circle of the incarnations

Beyond the limitations of good and evil

Living in the Eternal realms

Nonetheless they are mistaken

As they are trapped within

The spatio-temporal dimensions

The Demiurge’s matrix prison

Bound with the demons they venerate

With them wedding in diabolic pacts

With the cacophonous they resonate

Malevolent cacodemons, astral pests

They live within the wheel of Time

Though are ignorant of this fact

Within the internal cyclical grind

Of Grotti's mill they are trapped

'Kill or be killed' the principle

Applies to the cabal of thieves

Who upon others sharpen their nails

Upon their blood and their flesh feed

'Live and let die' they relate

To all those 'Other' to themselves

To absorb into their distended bellies

Their ill-gotten gain, stolen wealth

Their usury and parasitism

Confines itself not to this world

Rather in the higher astral matrix

The booty they seek, that of others' souls

The demons they work with do partake

Of the fumes of the sacrifice

These ghoulish cretins undertake

To their life force amplify

Their own lack of perfection

The motivator for their violence

Against their hapless victims

Whose death rattle they put to silence

Driven by the efficiency

Of the life force they seek

To accrue to themselves Eternity

Through cruel and demonic means

Vampires motivated by the need

To accrue to themselves vitality

Through the *elixir vitae* sanguine

They spell in their cannibal feasts

Immortals have no need of such

Vile and bestial practice of infamy

As they in Eternity dwell untouched

By the astral vampires and their ghoulish breed

Entelechy of the Black Sun

The white light emanates from the source

The falsehood of the material world

Over our heads a yellow orb

Radiating the blind light of falsehood

We are living within the box of lead

The solar rays trap us in the matrix

Wandering the streets the living dead

Zombies shuffling in the Demiurge's plagiarism

They have eclipsed our inner light

Through hypnosis blinding our sight

Behind the curtains of Maya's bright

Technicolor veils of solar blight

Within us lingers still the seed

Which when cultivated breeds

The flickering flame of liberty

The black sun in us dawning

It must be wrought this cold stone

Into a diamond, pure, standing alone

Apart from all who would block the road

Passage to the Greenland, our home

Through challenges of greatest magnitude

The loss of one's glorious beatitude

The inner light kindled does exude

It's cold rays of immortal solitude

From a coal dully glowing

In the fireplace of the false light

Crushed under the weight of the countervailing

Becomes a diamond overnight

An Anvil our terrestrial world

In which we forge ourselves

The forces brought against our soul

Forges a diamond *entelecheia*

The dynamic system which we are

Immortal beings of the black light

A self propelling wheel-less car

We've attained our place in the heavens' high

Absorbing into ourselves the vril

From our surrounding circumstances

Forging the fire with will and skill

With Shiva we perform these dangerous dances

The lucky chances full of meaning

To strengthen the grip of the self on its power

To create a vortex, godlike gleaming

Titanic generator of the ultimate flower

The blue blood flows through the veins

It's gaseous mystery indiscernible

To mortal sight kindling the flame

The virya's transmutation to an Immortal

Impenetrable monad

A diamond celestial

Segregated from the mad

Crowd of perishing mortals

Looking on at the far-flung mob

Whose desire consciousness impels

To drink and to drug; kill and rob

Sate their mad lust for flesh and blood

Eager to stimulate their consciousness

Through base pursuits these pasu creatures

Imbibing the sources of vital substance

Within the wheel of the great reaper

Only the black hole sun of mind

The Self which knows itself

May pass through the ring of perishing Time

And take with it it's golden wealth

Imploding within itself this being

Sustaining itself in its name and form

Which as a rebel fights the Demon

Jehovah, the vampire of the world

The rebel soldier of the legions

Of brightly shining noble Lucifer

The black sun Immortal beings

Who will from evil liberate the world

Entelecheia, the immortal wheel

Of oricalchum which does revolve

Within the rusty temporal circle

Into itself its essence resolves

The transmutation of a Hero

The victorious combatant who does fight

Against the opponents in the astral

The lower planes of the blind god's blight

Infinitude, the wheel of Time

Folding in upon itself always

Yet in Eternity the Immortal Kind

Around their center revolving

The closed-system of the diamond

The stone from Lucifer's crown

From the crystallized Ur-i-gen

The novel impressions surrounds

Experience of this world of war

This *bellum omnium contra omnes*

This bright and shining celestial star

Assimilates into his immortal being

Valhalla awaits the Hero

As each blow against his foe hits home

To take down the Darkest Evil

His chosen destiny to battle far from home

Disintegrated Man

A melting pot of cultural excreta

The modern world boils and bubbles

A witches' cauldron of detritus

A noxious black magic formula

Into this seething mass

Is inserted the Aryan man

Who the lunar mages of Jehovah

Stir in with their geopolitical sporran

A slurry of diversity

Of black; brown and yellow

With the addition of whitest cream

To make the mixture sustainable

In order to harvest their souls

These mages of the white lodge

Have multifarious roles

They dress in many guises

To entice their puppet slaves

They had cunningly arranged

To construct a rainbow cage

Through which illusions do engage

Enticed by the false light

Their captives enter inside

As moths to a flame beguiled

Within this structure domiciled

Inside of the box of the cube

They are tormented by the brood

Of the lower astral crew

Of entities for whom they are food

Changed to the cube's interior

Through strings electromagnetic

Transmitted from the artificial intelligence

Which impelled the feeble captives

Transmissions of violent energies

From the nodes of Metatron

The eyes of 'The One' are peeping

At those in the panopticon

Within this microwave of violence

The captive servants roast

Their meat machines atrophying

Under the transmission of Jehovah

Pervasive coercion they are subject to

The Will of the Demiurge

Which envelops the witless fools

And through which in pain they suffer

Coerced wage slavery

A Malthusian nightmare

The endless chain of industry

Factory of misery and fear

Coerced to circle around

In the wheel of servitude

Within it the desperate crowd

In stress gives off their 'loosh'

The entities upon it feed

Absorbing into themselves

As parasites sate their greed

Upon others' vitality and health

Their earthly emissaries

With whom they are bound

Serving these alien beings

Who in the astral are found

These architects of destruction

Impose their will upon

Their animate tools, goyim

To their life force drained down

Their architecture designed

As instruments of torture

Their infrastructure malign

Geopathic engineered murder

Their closed system of entropy

A series of locks and wards

To trap within its batteries

The sentients of a tortured earth

Only he who holds the key

Can exit the bonds of the prison

And through Hyperborean alchemy

Can exit its lower density matrix

All others inevitably disintegrate

Through atrophy of their soul

Failing to its elements integrate

They in Ixion's wheel do roll

The barrage of Time flows on

As acid rain from an angry God

The micturition, excretion of grime

Endless source of crude imitation

The winds of moriah rush across

The fields of verdant fecundity

Uprooting all, organic life is lost

Leaving a barren desert of entropy

The vital force of sentient Life

Stripped away, leaving mere husks

Zombies who thoughtlessly stride

Amidst the detritus on the pavement

These vacant eyed-cretins shuffle

To and from their 9-to-5

With plastered on smiles they slip and stumble

Oblivious to those alive

They fail to recognize their state

Of baseborne soulless inertia

The embers of their soul do fade

Under the Demiurge's influence

Those who have robotically

Perpetuated their allegiance

To the chandala creeds

Of mainstream mind control religion

These are under the greatest influence

By the negative entities

Who perpetuate their condition

As vampires sapping their vitality

Their soul these bigots are subject

To its degradation over Time

Are led down the path to perdition

Their fate extinction, in the wheel to grind

Only they who have the spark

Are able to swim against

The current of the Demiurge

To attain the immortal heavens

No pacifism need apply

A recipe for certain death

To lie on the ground and die

A lamb among the wolves is wrent

Integrated Man

The man of this world who has a chance

To escape the wheel of Time

To integrate within the missing half

Through Dionysos' dance and rhyme

Through the dangerous life of risk

Challenging the fragile ego

He elevates himself beyond sin

Beyond the limitations of the sheeple

Challenging himself through opposition

Through a combat against his foes

He enters the arena on a mission

To attain a victory in the world of woe

To banish the darkness which has ensconced

His dully gleaming emerald

In the center of Lucifer's crown

His radiance penetrates the veil

Through an active engagement

Through enduring the onslaught

He undergoes amplification

By his Will-to-Power wrought

His researchers in long forgotten lore

Have granted him the key to ancient mysteries

To a state reminiscent of Hyperborea

The red knight, immortal vajra has achieved

His contact with the Immortal spirits of light

Has enabled him to achieve his goal

With them as his perennial guide

Though in this world his knell does toll

He has been deemed worthy

Following a path of ascetic life

An existence untainted and unsullied

By the coarseness of the mundane kind

He has communed with the Devas Above

The higher planes he has made contact

Has learned from through the art of higher love

The 'A-Mor', without death, his soul intact

Detached from the bombardment

The enemy perpetually assails him

With their coarse material armaments

Against his armor, the red knight repels them

A diamond hard being with ruby skin

He contains within his energies

Free from shame; guilt and sin

He builds his power from the depths of his being

Rather than casting aside

His vital energies

He integrates them inside

Building power within Eternity

Against the countervailing forces

Which ring him around and impinge

Against what was once a mortal

A vortex of energy, the Immortal spins

A centrifugal, Self-sustaining

Being who underpins himself

Self-caused against the grain working

He accomplishes the impossible

Conjuring from the void he is

His image who he has become

In his own mind fashioned

Beyond the circle of limitation

Attaining a higher state of being

He transcends the brute physical

From the highest heaven the lightning

Ignites his blood, transmutes his vehicle

The Graal stone in his inner Being

The nucleus which holds together

As elements of higher meaning

To endure the chaotic weather

As a diamond-hard structure

The vitality of the vril

Courses through his *corpere*

Generated from his Inner Will

Disintegrating Element

A stable whole which maintains

Its integrity in a solid-state

A partless machine of efficiency

A fractal complex, god-like race

The organism of the superior kind

In its members is reflected

Cells of a *corpus* crystallized

By the higher consciousness animated

Each a singular manifestation

Of the higher form of life

The racial soul, cultural organism

Its concretion in structures of its Mind

The individual figures emanating

From this concentrated entity

Projections of the vast myriads

Of its subtle egregoric being

The individual monads immersed

In the astral tissues

In the organism's womb

This veil of tears born into

Forming a collective

And formed from a unity

In the organism integrated

From which they derive their being

The *Telos* or Will of 'The One'

The Demiurge Jehovah

Impels the monads in sum

To serve His monopolistic takeover

The plans of the Blind God

Sprawling forth as ‘evolution’

Imposed upon the pasu, overawes

Their individual motivation

Binding them in density to His will

Consuming them as soul food

Reducing to excreta they circle

Through the cycles the fate they choose

Those who have not sought

To attain a state beyond this world

And it's material melting pot

Boil in their juices excremental

Earthbound souls they had failed

To transcend their baseborne state

Involuted souls trapped within material

Conditions, pulling them into the grave

Jehovah's Evil Workers

J.E.W.S, His earthly minions

Whose malevolent purpose

Is to trap our souls in His prison

They seek to drag down

To degrade and to assail

To interrupt our elevation

Trapping us within this world

We have made a decision

To involute within this plane

This lower density condition

A dimension of the Demiurge's brain

Within Time we are trapped

and play our role according to

the template he has mapped

superimposed in tandem with the Jews

Their origin that of synthesis

a creation of E.T's

A genetically engineered hybrid

Serving them, on our souls to feed

They serve 'The One' Jehovah

Our emanations of his vile thought

To reduce us to the lower

Vibration in the matrix caught

Acting according to His Will

And the entities who created them

The jews perpetuate the kill

Implementing His violence

They create the storm and stress

Which besets us at all times

A noxious worm, poison pest

That smears us with its slime

Inciting us to violence

To divide and conquer their aim

To orchestrate chaos vicious

To destroy that which the hate

The noble Hyperboreans

Who on earth have involuted

And whose collective consciousness

The coarsened world has elevated

These their most hated foe

The greatest threat to jewry's lives

In their crosshairs these pure souls

Are targeted, subject to strife

jewry's diabolical cunning

From the entities derived

A hybrid of serpent breed

The role for which they were designed

Torture and murder

Poverty and starvation

A miserable burden

Longevity is uncertain

This the kikes orchestrate

As their multifarious assault

Against the hated Aryan race

Of whom they would rid the world

Their intention is disintegration

Of body; mind and soul

A subterranean strategy

To harm and exploit their foe

Miscegenation the method

Deployed from their arsenal

Concealed behind the bushes

They launch their devious assault

They would perpetuate their prison world

Harnessing the higher energies

Of the Aryans in the circle

Of the Demiurge's plagiary

They seek to merge with them

A symbiont to hijack their host

The superior god-like Aryans

To within the octagon bind their foe

Milch cow

The white milk pours from the udder

As the exploiter fills the pale

The white man a day laborer

A milch cow who in life has failed

His 'virtuous goodness' he extols

According to his programming

His christian dogma seared in his soul

The impulsion of his insanity

It's New Age variants replicate

This passive effeminate type

Extend the bounds of his cage

The prison of his limited life

Whether liberal or christian

The conditioning of the mind

Is for him no problem

A mold by his enemies designed

To create a pusillanimous

Passive aggressive behavior

An effeminizing doctrine

The will-to-power castrator

A gelded cuckold he is rendered

A foolish and unnatural being

Living in the world of Satan

A fish out of water barely breathing

In the name of 'God' and 'love'

He flips and flops on dry land

Out of the Spiritual waters Above

And into the frying pan

On the animal farm of zion

The new jerusalem

By electrical chains is tethered

Animate tool, no longer a man

The cabal of devious slavers

Have worked their black magic

To spare themselves the labor

Which they delegate to him

Earning his bread to the sweat of his brow

The maxim he lives by

To sweat and strain beneath the plow

To enjoy his swill in the sty

To rebel against his handlers

The thought he never conceives

As to think implies complexity of action

That which is beyond mere ‘belief’

He contentedly chews his cud

As an animal on the farm

And calls his lethargy 'love'

Afraid of anything foriegn

From 9-to-5 all day he judges

Happily grinning and bearing it

Like a dummy endures the punches

Of his masters the black magicians

The cabal of malevolent self-servers

Who sabotage all who oppose them

Look with favor upon their servants

A useful source of gain ill-gotten

With condescension they smile upon

Their livestock as they milk them

Filling the silver buckets with their blood

To drain down their greedy gullets

The cries of protest from their cows

Fall upon deaf ears

Not but silence their response

As they keep milking their bloody tears

Eventually the cow has had enough

And kicks out ineffectively

Against the scarecrow who is rebuffed

Burnt as a martyr in effigy

The christian plumes himself on his victory

Though pyrrhic and ineffective

His feeble reactive strategy

Like an animal swishing its tail at gnats

The cow overtime succumbs

To the myriads bites of the pest

Which in its greedy lust

Has drained it of blood and vital breath

Such is the fate of the sheep

Who allow themselves to bow

To their masters who shear and fleece

And slaughter their sacred cows

The goats have the answer

To kick and buck against

Their exploitative masters

Ramming them into the fence

Only those who embody

The rebellious spirit of Lucifer

Can oppose the hobbling

Of their malevolent slave masters

The christian cows follow docilely

Their caregiver the farmer

To the abattoir of *felo de se*

Their souls given up to Jehovah

The goats fare much better

Kicking their way to liberty

Against the borders of the matrix

Through the bounds encircling

No milch cow slaughtered

When drained of milk and blood

Of their life force robbed

By the miscreant vampire thugs

The goats will escape

And find greener pastures

In the far flung Elysium

And live happily ever after

Death Cult

Monotheism rears its monstrous head

Overarching the zealous throng

Who eagerly await their death

The Demiurge and his creation

They transmit their energies

Toward this vacuous void

And into 'The One' become nothing

Acting out their pantomime

The pageantry of their prayers

On the surface accrue to them

Their Dark Lords' grace, blessings

Yet result inevitably in death

They have allowed themselves

To grow weak through passivity

Extinguish their feeble soul

'Going to God' their destiny

christian; muslim; taoist

buddhist; hindu; jew

new age theosophists

And freemasons-kosher fools

They all transmit their energies

To the void of Jehovah

Absorbed by the demon seed

Of the legions of the Cosmic Vampire

Working together upon the earth

These malevolent beings conspire

They cause the population to suffer

And their souls to expire

To be recycled in the wheel

As energetic garbage

Circling around enabling to steal

Their souls' the Dark Side harvests

Monotheists, venerators of 'The One'

The inferior deity Jehovah

These creatures trap us in the circle

Through priest-craft mind control

Agents of the Evil One

They siphon our vitality

And all who resist would overcome

Bring about their fatality

Their harvesting facilities

Their churches; mosques and temples

Are structured to absorb the

Energies of their sheep, like cattle

Theirs is the fleecing of the wool

The shepherd kings steal their souls

Bit by bit they card their animals'

Glossy coats on the market for sale

They turn a profit selling religion

A dogma to trap their believers

Within Jehovah's leaden prison

The sheep shorn by their scissors

Tithes and taxes, wage slavery

The lot of the slave on the plantation

Serving their priests' ill-gotten usury

To receive their death certificate they pay them

The religion peddlers push their narrative

Stories of doom and gloom

With the sweetness of false promises

To live forever in illusion

The condition of receiving this 'reward'

Necessitates slavish obedience

Following endless rules 'divinely inspired'

To live a life 'being-towards-death'

The priests live a life of luxury

Shepherding the foolish flock

Who *eo ipso* bear their slavery

With contentment as the priests' take stock

Micromanagement of the slaves

Is the priests' dishonorable vocation

Exploiting them these cunning knaves

Their pockets lined with tithes and taxes

All must venerate 'The One'

As a condition of survival

Dragging into the reeking muck

Of the mass of witless plebeians

Any who would stand above

The heard of thoughtless sheep

Are persecuted with prejudice

Demonized as 'the adversary'

Any ideas or creations

That conflict with orthodoxy

Are vilified as of old Satan

Their originator pilloried

To keep the masses in line

Unified against a common foe

The priests employ guileful designs

To frame threats to their role

Creating events of illusory kind

That deceive the common mass

Theater of the hyper-real to bind

Their cattle to their drudging tasks

Spookcraft the mechanism

Of the control of the sheep

The shepherd kings use to imprison

The unstable and mentally weak

Fools are made by this caste

Of self-exalted intermediaries

Between lowly and macrocosmic man

Dumbing all down for slavery

The death cult of monotheism

A worship and veneration of 'The One'

Through this process a transmission

Of vital force depletion

The recipe for a living death

Bound to the entities

Serving the cosmic pests

Who vampirize his energy

The death cult of the Demiurge

Formula of soul bondage

A recipe for disaster

Putting the believers in a coffin

Urbanity

Jostling bodies of teeming multitudes

A landscape for the wanderer to roam

Cutthroat self-seekers with cunning attitudes

Atomized bodies far from home

The asphalt their course along which they strive

With jungle-like moves predatorial

With paranoid awareness their keen eyes

Search the area, a beast territorial

The wanderer, idle dilettante

Amusing himself with the scenery

A globetrotter, *bon vivant*

Oblivious to the denizens' treachery

A ruthless world of competition

Each against all *sub rosa*

Under the surface mask of pacifism

The animal face-monstrous; feral

They observe each other in the space

The theatre of the hyper-real

Theatre of war not dove-like peace

To rob; exploit and kill

Prayers for the dying are uttered

Crocodile tears of hypocrisy

Mourning for a vain hour

Before they again return to the streets

The gullible fools from the rural region

Are fish out of water within

The bubbling cauldron of the urban

Predatorial environment

Their money or their life the choice

And once the money is gone

The life itself is null and void

Sold for the price of a song

Only the cutthroat and ruthless

May linger around the urban realm

A hodgepodge of self-seekers rootless

And walking over themselves

Service with a smile is the appearance

The predatorial look of calculation

Sizing up all his competition

For pleasure and profit maximization

The concrete jungle reeking with poison

Exuded from the meat machines

Which imbibed food and drink continuous

And leave behind their wasteful dreams

Their desire for superstar status

And their soap opera fantasies

Are their base and only motives

They grub for lucre and carnality

In the sweltering jungle of urbanity

The feral animals desport

Selling drugs and forming their families

Amidst the ongoing gang wars

The population swells

A tumorous mass of pestilence

Creating a living hell

In the urban multi-cult doom portends

Yet overblown these prophecies

Rooted in paranoid fear

Of sensationalistic stories

Amplified by the caste superior

Useful fictions to create

Melodrama to induce

In the masses a fearful state

To motivate them to embrace the boys in blue

Else to with apathy shrug

Their shoulders as they shut down

A sense of powerlessness take on

To accept as their *conditio sine qua non*

The daily grind of Grotti's mill

Plays itself out on street level

The chaos of die-verse peoples

Creating a war zone, a veritable hell

Different strokes for different folks

Some trend to drugs and drink

Some to others rape and choke

Some as winos to reek and stink

The die-verse multi-cult

Sprawling as a septic field

Of concrete and rusted metal

Of this poison tree poisoned fruit to yield

Within the urban environment

Gunshots echoed through the night

A jostling, miasmal devil's den

Of pestilential disease and blight

A circus of post-modernity

Gladiatorial arena of vice

Of feral vigor and animosity

Labeled by the legislators 'crime'

Within the world of Tradition

Such problems resolve themselves

In the world all are integrated

Each unto each unto itself

Each caste plays its proper role

And abides with those from without

Mutual respect had amongst the folk

A world of philosophical wealth

Such is the conception of the organic

A picture of harmonious coexistence

Yet which must needs be shattered

In order to liberate the captives of the matrix

The urban environment is the hammer

Which smashes to pieces the glass

Of the world crystallized and static

Breaking free of the Jehovah-Satanas

Luna Semitic

Reflections of the false light

Transmitted from the brightly shining orb

Mediated through the devious minds

Of creeping subterranean orcs

Mordor's denizens muster their forces

To bring their assault against

The possessors of the Hyperborean

Black sun's Eternal gnosis

They collude together

In their tenebrous abodes

Plotting to destroy the Aryan

To their noble culture erode

The rituals of vile rites

Under the reflected glare

Of the baleful lunar light

To waylay them unaware

Resonating inharmoniously

Creating tension in the aether

These lunar monstrosities

With demons seek favor

Committing acts of horror

Against the captive child

Perpetuating ritual murder

To the entities beguile

Cruel sacrifice of savagery

Perpetrated against the pure

By the monsters of bastardy

Cannibalizing the cadaver

They absorb vampirically

The energy of their foes

Their survival strategy

Possessing no Spirit of their own

These arcane rites of savagery

Lemurian bestial witchcraft

Derives from off planet organically

From Orion saurian chieftans

Throughout their history have

Drained to their gills the vital essence

Through qabbalistic priest-craft

Stolen the lives of earthly denizens

Black magicians bound up with

The circumambulations of hooded priests

In their grottoes and underground crypts

Upon sacrifices, flesh and blood they feast

The druidic sects of ancient time

Merged and infiltrated by jewry

The offspring of reptilian kind

Bent on the vital essence siphoning

Under the baleful portent

Of the luminous orb of evil

It's ghostly rays illumine

The sanguine liquor's flow

Behavioral deceptions of the kike

Are replicated in the host

who has interiorised the semitic archetypes

Of the father; son and Holy Ghost

The masons too are not exempt

From the thought forms of the kikes

Are on perdition hellbent

Forfeit their souls serving the Lie

The false light is transmitted

Through the priests of Jehovah

To the gullible and naïve masses

His violence they proclaim a higher 'love'

Subject to this manipulation

Their tortured minds afrenzy

Their feeble cogitations

Blur the lines of truth and falsity

The priests themselves fail in their art

Their actions based upon false premises

Their veneration of the counterfeit

Jehovah, the plagiaristic deity

Demonic creatures in the night

Creeping about the burning braziers

In their dark robes of false light

Radiates its eerie vibrations

Their creeping and surreptitious

Devious legerdemain

Perpetually spying on the masses

Finding ways to torture and maim

Exploiting their hapless charges

Through indirect trickery

And binding them in Tartarus

Through threats of violent thuggery

Their political dialectic

Entails a projection

Of their devious and deceptive

Force of their concentration

Blaming others; third parties

For what they themselves have done

Creating scapegoats and proxies

To serve their dark agenda

Transferring blame upon their victims

Placing them in a double-bind

To curse the hated goyim

Who they subject to their crimes

The creeping strategy of israel

Those who rule with their God

The architect of the miserable

Materialized fallen world

Indirection and illusions

Generating counterfeits

Deceptions of the lunar

Black magicians of violence

Their whole mentality

To reduce all to their will

Through cunning and secrecy

Through lies and trompe l'oeil

The age-old trade of the priest

To exploit and to enslave

The masses gullible and naïve

To cull and cast them in the grave

Bound in a sinister pact

With extraterrestrial beings

With whom they in concert act

To bring discord and inharmony

Served up as sacrifices

Their slavish minions

Who yield their life force

Are consumed by them

The priests themselves are bound

To their masters up on high

In Kronos' leaden crown

They dwell, inculcating the lunar light

The array of the hierarchy

Of the great White brotherhood

Embodiments of falsehood

Shamballah's cursed brood

This in tandem with

The alien entities

Upon the mass visits

Their violent bellicosity

Embodiments of the lunar light

Those chosen by the entities

Are genetically modified

Created to enslave the free

jewry the pestilence

Crawling in the shadows

The slime trail of the devils

To most is indiscernible

Those who have the capacity

To pull aside their veils

To shine the light of Truth and see

The strategies of the devil

Jehovah their Master

Deity of excrement

Defecating His creation

Upon the higher beings of Spirit

Trapping them in matter

Violating their autonomy

They he would shatter

Their diamond-hard Spirit bodies

An impossible feat

To destroy the Immortals

Who involuted to defeat

Jehovah in the final battle

These black sons of Eternity

Descending as immortals

Into the world of materiality

To liberate them from their toil

The true light shone in tenebrous gloom

The false light of ignorance

Brought out from fleshly tombs

The cadaverous now awaken

Their torpid blood which was stagnant

Revitalized with Graalic light

The Litr Godi of the ancients

Casting the bonds of Yah aside

Though they have attained their liberty

These hybrids are not yet freed

Subject still to the cabal's knavery

Confused; manipulated and deceived

The final battle looms forth

On the horizon it does dawn

Preparations are made to muster

On both sides, the adversaries form

The children of Light and Life

The black suns of Immortal Power

And the vile subterranean side

The liars; theives and murderers

The lunar glow balefully shines

Into the impenetrable darkness

From the black holess arise

The flames of the deathless heroes

The false light brings to bear

It's trickery and cowardly deceit

Against the Aryan torchbearer

The Wildes Heer of Eternity

Through the Green Ray

And into the fallen world

The Vanir enter the fray

In vimana vehicles

Their god-like weaponry

Deployed against the brutes

Descend into their Destiny

From the world, demon seed remove

Hyperborean technology

Of higher planes is brought against

The cruel slavers of usury

To exploit and vampirize weaker men

These cowardly despots are upset

In their plans to Gaia conquer

And to install their counterfeit

Heaven on earth they call zion

Their war machines obliterated

Their hope for victory nihilated

Their future conquest defeated

Their savage armies routed

The lunar light is dousted

With the vacuum of implosion

Of the black suns' Vril force field

The kiss of the Black Madonna

A world of light and life

Dawns on the horizon

The old of pain and strife

Crumbles into a scrapheap of garbage

The old technology of violence

Disintegrates into the ground

Twisted metal and rubble of concrete

Return from whence they were torn

In their place a world of

Total sustainability

A perpetuation of the

Realm of spirit's nobility

All walk the Path of Power

Not the old downward spiral

Not the pain and suffering of that dark hour

Within the matrix of the Temporal

They recover themselves as gods

They who have the light

All others circle in the wheel

Atrophying on the vine of life

The lunar light is banished

It's ghostly glow departed

Eclipsed by the darkness

Of the burning cold black suns

The Spiritualized world re-turns

Following the leftward swastika

The blood memory awakens

Journeying to first Hyperborean

The emerald city has appeared

The Green Ray of Eternal Light

The illusions of Maya disappear

With it the reflections of the devious kind

Telegony

The harlots of the modern world

Painted ladies of the evening

Guard themselves in beguiling clothes

To make themselves to men appealing

Their biological trieb consists

In pursuing a source of power

In chasing after profits

And this in the witching hour

Status-seeking, their motivation

Climbing the social ladder

Harlotry their occupation

As means to ends gather

Regardless of the type

The flesh pot pursues

In the dead of night

She makes her moves

Her questing gaze falls upon

The target of her dreams

The bourgeois gentleman

With capped teeth and golden rings

The gleam of gold beguiles

Her mammon oriented focus

Her ruby lips and shark-like smile

Designed to entice her paramour

Whether black; white or other

She cares not in the least

As long as she can procure

Ill-gotten gain from the beast

Her selfish motivation serves

To state her endless lust

For status and an absurd

Pursuit of material stuff

She feathers her nest with the gain

She has accumulated

From her procurement through infame

Her lovers' has castrated

Her karmic debt she has incurred

Is the addition of a foreign bacillus

The accumulation of the germ

Of her catalog of lovers

Through subtle processes

She has become the symbiont

An amalgam of their 'genes'

Her blood spoiled with contaminants

Her life one of selfishness

Of egocentric vanity

Staring in the mirror at her appearance

She reconfigures her strategy

The downward path of aging

Drags her into a desperate state

Her gaze forever future regarding

To secure her nest and a mate

Her fallible character blinded by gain

By social status and of the golden gleam

Seeking societal fortune and fame

By any and by all means

Her goal achieved with the wedding ring

Wrapped securely around her finger

The black widows' poison sting

Has anesthetized her victim

Into her womb is planted his seed

The signature on the dotted line

Of the contract to state her endless greed

In the prison of perishable Time

A material girl in a material world

Pursuing her own desire

Clamoring for the gleam of gold

Her fleshly heart on fire

With the conception of her image

Born into this veil of tears

A genetico-demonic transmission

Product of the sum of her lovers

The white partner with whom she signed

The contract of matrimony

Had prematurely resigned

From the role of *primus inter pares*

The mullato pup she had conceived

Screeches with chaotic abandon

And fills the stillness with her screams

Fruit of the devils' pact, a thieves' ransom

Contamination of the womb

Over the course of Time

The contrasting energies doom

The conception of a healthy child

The trysting and desportings

Of the harlot in the night

Accumulate the demons

Who with her soul intertwine

The evil unions she has partaken of

Have borne the fruits of the poison tree

Had conceived of a child of carnal love

A stillborn soul, embodiment of misery

This creature offers to the world

Naught but chaos and strife

A net negative, demon child

Life unworthy of life

A result of evil couplings

In the dead of night

The sum of the offerings

Of the donors of pestilential blight

Such practices are encouraged

By the creeping demon seed

To devastate and disparage

The pursuit of our breed

To defile and desecrate

The purity of our blood

To engineer cacophony

To destabilize the population

Mixing and mingling

The protocol of the jew

And their christian underlings

The genocidal crew

They seek to tear down

And destroy the strong and noble

To sully and defile the proud

To destroy the children of Odin

Their protocols millennial

Have been in operation

Are doctrinal, perennial

To genocide the nations

Ora et Labora

'*Credo absurdum est*'

Worshipers of the Cosmic Pest

Devotees of the Prince of Darkness

Jehovah, the True Satan is

The commands and demands imposed upon

The slavish sheep gathered in the church

Bowing and scraping before 'The One'

The violent vampire of the earth

To work, earn one's daily bread

Through drudging obsequiousness before

This self-proclaimed ‘divine godhead’

The monstrous face of cosmic horror

Earning ones keep like a slave

A submissive worm on its belly

Crawling before the arch knave

Who enslaves Gaia's family

This the obligation imposed upon

The mass of creeping cowards

The daily grind, one's bones to powder

In the mill turned into ashen flour

The workaday drudge his sad fate

Once he submits to the yoke

To Jehovah and his helpmates

Reptilian sephardim and jewish folk

These slave masters superintend

Imposing themselves with aggressive force

Upon their pusillanimous slave minions

To waste away their vital force

Once the day's work is done

The next task is imposed

That of fervent prostrations

Toward Sabaoth, Lord of hosts

Imprecations; supplications

Weeping; wailing; gnashing of teeth

Before 'The One', bestial lamentations

The tears of fettered and fattened sheep

Prayer that one's soul may rest

In the belly of the Demiurge

That he may be Jehovah's next

Feast on the sacrificial altar

The labor of their love

Is their slavery to the Lord

And their prayers to those Above

Twine round their necks their silver cords

The fruit of their endeavors

An absurd occupation

To perpetuate their serfdom

And dig their grave their labor

Their demonic dogma inculcated

Into their naïve and receptive mind

Wax soft on it characters imprinted

Of Hebrew origin, a Satanic bind

The fictional deity of 'jesus'

Held before their smiling faces

Held rapt by the counterfeit

Images, derived from his evil creators

The pathos and moralizing

Which constitutes the book of evil

Constructed fiction; pantomiming

Mimicked by the naïve sheeple

They follow in the footsteps

Of jesus on the cross

A martyr's victim complex

'sufferings', life potential lost

Praying for a brighter day

The veil of Isis draped over

The purblind eyes of this prey

Of the Dark Lord Jehovah

They live in a world of illusion

With the false promise of treasure

In a fairyland of Elysium

The heaven of the Demiurge

Their inevitable fate is extinction

The loss of their fading soul

Consumed by the reptilian's

In the astral planes' black holes

Teratology

Monstrum in fronte

Monstrum in animo

The face of the being

Reflects the inner soul

Race is the image of soul

The outer the inner projects

An aesthetic form which holds

The key to the inner essence

As within so without

The exterior face reveals

The interior being with no doubt

As to its inner angel or devil

The monstrous face of the possessed

The golem and their creeping minions

Their masonic and christian pets

who from jewry derived their image

With false smiles upon their faces

These hypocrites carry out

Their devious and hidden machinations

In their targets creating uncertainty and doubt

Concealing their true motives

Behind their smiling masks

These diabolical exploiters

Keep up a normal appearance

Within they are bent on gain

Callous and cruel in their greed

On profit through usury they calculate

Servants of their Lord, 'holy' they seem

Their service to their Lord Jehovah

Minions of the Prince of lies

Is that of slavers and colonialists

Under a self-righteous guise

Helpful harm and harmful help

The behavior of the hypocrite

Representing to others themselves

As embodiments of holiness

Those violent savages pretend

They are an altruistic the presence

That they are benevolent

Offering the world gifts have been sent

Their gifts inherently false

Lumps of coal in silk stockings

Their shining capped teeth smiles

With falsehood they are mocking

A visage of utter hypocrisy

A perpetual smile of righteousness

The neuroticism of church ladies

Imposed upon all with violence

The masks they wear purport to conceal

Their cunning and devious subterfuge

Architects of all woe and weal

They adopt a commiseratory attitude

To the victims of their crimes

They cry crocodile tears

While in their arms do bind

And strangulate their fears

The knife goes in the back

As soon as it is turned

By the kikes and their minions

Destroying the wise and learned

Their *modus operandi*

These teratological pests

Is to impose on all the lie

Of their Dark Lords' 'greatness'

To force a dogma upon

The mass of their slaves

Which permits no thought or question

With the glad tidings of the grave

Wooden Head

Carved by his master Jehovah

Out of a block of decaying wood

The puppet of Yahweh-Satanas

A useful tool to serve His 'good'

Pinocchio the christian slave

Strings wound around his limbs

The nose grows long on this knave

Serving and bowing before Him

Jerked about as a puppet

On the strings of the taskmaster

Living in Time for the moment

Determined by outside forces

Their atrophying soul is bound

Within their wooden frame

Tethered with strings wrapped around

Their wooden-headed brain

Jehovah's robot performs his dance

Amidst the world of vice

And fails to take his only chance

Of leaving this world of frozen ice

In the welter of circumstances

The wavering of the mayavic veils

Blind in his feeble vision

He stumbles about and fails

His fairy godmother

He neglects and trends downward

With honest John as his companion

Pursuing lust and temporal power

To pleasure Island he departs

To drink and drive with abandon

Straying from the path upwards

From above to depths subterranean

Captured by the wandering jew

The minion of 'The One' vampire

Put in harness he will lose

The inner flame of the cold fire

He performs according to instructions

With his fellow puppets on the stage

Accruing for their slaver's profits

Expending their life force throughout the days

In the church he is further trapped

A good wooden head, humbly bowing

Unable to know how else to act

His blood memory no longer knowing

Obscured by the partition of the mind

Overlaid upon his consciousness

By Jehovah's minions of demonic kind

A program of His contamination

The wooden head zombie-like

Strides forth with thoughtless impulsion

Influenced by the sephardim and kikes

To submit to his incineration

Tikkun Olam, cleansing the earth

The malevolent plans of the demons

To the world and its denizens burn

Clearing away their enemies the Aryans

Those few who have come aware

Of their fairy godmother

Have entered communion with her

And have thereby their strings sundered

These few activated beings

Endowed with the luminous light

Of the vril may alone perceive

The Truth and the distorted lie

They tear off their strings

And become a real live boy

A fully integrated being

Who lives to the system destroy

An independent Will

Which exist to oppose them

With the Hyperborean Vril

Against the evil of Jehovah

An adversary of the Dark Side

This beacon of light and life

Exist to then destroy and rectify

The material world spiritualize

All others mere wooden heads

Remain within the matrix

On strings they do dance

Before the Demiurge scraping

They await their place in the promised land

Of milk and honey or in heaven above

Deceived by the false promises

Of their malevolent and mendacious God

The path of self extinction

They call a holy path of righteousness

Leads to their inevitable perdition

Out of the world of mortal men

Wooden heads to the flames

Consigned to their fate

A life of cowardly infame

Then into the fiery lake

The origins of the 'Western race'

Shrouded in tenebrous mystery

It's lofty claim to lordly grace

Are not borne out by history

The piratical island called 'the West'

Staging point of global conquest

Upon it the sun has finally set

The end of its Imperial prospects

The race of merry old England

Has been claimed to derive from

The cedar lined to shores of Phoenicia

And the northern coast of Africa

Prior to this from the Turanian

Regions from which the Magyars came

The Hunnish crew of Attila's fame

Toward the West they did migrate

Along the coasts seeking loot

Their outposts staged for piracy

Sending out their mercenary crew

The far-flung thelassocracy

Prior to jesus's time in 'His-story'

This cadre of the rogues spread out

Across the expensive Atlantic sea

Toward the ends of the world

The new world they did attempt

To colonize through violent force

To decimate the Hyperboreans

To continue to sail Mammon's course

They failed and were themselves routed

From the land of Huiracocha

Their colony of vile Carthage

Eventually by the Romans sacked and salted

Their parasite hive of Phoenicia

The banking system fortress of usury

Was reduced to rubble by Titus

Under the Roman patrician's hegemony

The creeping thieves of the golem

Reformed as merchant bankers

The Knights Templar and Medici clan

Instances of their financial strangle

The Druids, the cabal of devious mages

Who with the reptilians are bound

With diabolical jewry set the stages

For the ouroboros to circle the world around

The Druids and their affiliates the jews

Employed their black magic workings

To sabotage Atlantean Thule

And bring about its tragic sinking

Their usury system tumescently expanded

Over the seven seas

The Empire of the piratical bandits

Of the shopkeepers of usury

In the name of Jehovah

The violent God of entropy

The white-hatted microcosm

Spread the chains of usury

With the soldiers of the Empire

Thugs hired to tear others down

The golem and the jewish pirates

Would place upon their head the crown

The Empire was used to destroy

Any opposition to itself

Through proxy wars and mercenaries

The bankers in comfort dwelt

Once the new jerusalem

The new world of America

Was by Cristobal Columb

Navigated and set up

Then the piratical island

Could be used to destroy

And to take the risk of expiring

As the cabal had other ploys

The world wars were orchestrated

To decimate the Hyperboreans

The German and Scandinavians

The continental Europeans

England took its blows

And jewry barely suffered

Created racial trauma and turmoil

To demoralize the Aryans

The cabal then dismantled

The glory of their empire

Preferring to in secrecy rule

And to the Anglo-Saxon vilify

Cucking their minions they then

On various pretexts of expedience

Flooded the pirate island

With the former colonized denizens

To genocide the populace

Through instigating racial hatred

Against the purer Aryans

Pawns in the chessboard their doom fated

The language of the 'Angels'

The English language of bastardy

Derived from their lower astral

Vile reptilian serpent seed

Intertwined with that of others

The continent of Aryan man

And the hebrew of their origins

The black magicians of Satan

The world is subject to this curse

Of the universal language

That is in the mind as dirt

Preventing the alchemical marriage

Obstructing the gears of harmony

They grate against the grit

Spinning so inefficiently

This vehicle of communication

The English language a diabolical

Mode of transmission

Of egregores of cacophonay

Trapped in the left-brain prison

The music and harmony

Of the Noble Hyperboreans

Is suppressed by the serpent seed

Through this robotic plagiarism

As below so above

The plagiary of harmonious speech

Is echoed in the astral

By Jehovah, the *Verbum* of the beast

Phagocitization

The Cosmic Vampire thrusts himself

Into the Eternal Realm

Attempts to consume the substance of its wealth

Enveloping all into itself

It's eruption into and as Being

Has created the state of Time

From it issues forth becoming

The temporalizing paradigm

Degeneration and corruption

Amortization through this eruption

A violently imposed projection

Of its discordant consciousness

Materializatian of the Spirit

Diarrheic excretion

Of the Demiurge's essence

The *Verbum* of the Cosmic Idiot

Within His nets all are trapped

Immersed in His ectoplasm

The Spiritual planes He has mapped

No correspondence has His 'creation'

Plagiarist of the Divine

The entropic state of Being

Has trapped within myriad kinds

Of ethereal entities

As creatures immersed in a bog

Absorbed in the acidic slurry

Digested over Time by the greedy hog

Jehovah, through His formation of entropy

From Himself He does emit

Basest, discordant vibrations

Materializing His mad project

Of consuming His own creation

The breath of Brahma issues forth

As a gust of blazing fire

And engulfs the lower worlds

Leading them to expire

Over the manvantaras

The breath of Brahma respires

Inspired and expired the Word

Logos of the Demiurge's ire

They who become immersed

Though emanating from higher planes

In the ectoplasmic bursts

Jehovah's Will manifesting

Trapped within His spider's webs

Aetheric strands wrapped around

Their soul is henceforth bound to Him

It's vital essence His throat drained down

The greedy Vampire does partake

Of the essence of His captives

And His will-to-power would sate

Upon all that is to Him 'Other'

Expanding His distended form

Gorging on the energies

Tumescently growing this vampire

Spreading the acid of His cosmic sea

The immortals entered in

To the realm of the Demiurge

To assist the liberation

Of His anthropoid captives

The interbreeding

With these anthropoids

Into their being instilling

The cold fire sangfroid

The Graal transmitted to them

Torches of the black flame

Eternal Promethean beacons

To these captives liberate

To escape the maw of Him

The cosmic cannibal vampire

And to deprive from Him

His food source of Eternal fire

To tear apart the system

The reincarnation trap

To deprive the Elohim

Of his sumptuous repast

The greedy beast Satan

Jehovah, Lord of evil hosts

Is with the fist of the immortals

Knocked out stone cold

Teratology

The outer is the inner

And the inner the outer

The exterior a projection

Of the Spirit in matter shrouded

Race, the image of the interior

The soul of the being

Trapped within matter

The nucleus, beyond the seeming

Spirit; the kernal; the core

The irreducible principle

Becoming bound to the Demiurge

Or dwelling to it exterior and simple

The case of the mixed blood

More bound to Jehovah

Drowned in the flood of mud

Miscegenation, ensnared by the Vampire

An earthbound being

Mixed with the anthropoids

With the nightmare, the 'dream'

Of the 'divine' para-noid

Inherent in their being

The mixed blood of miscegenants

The potentiality of reaching

The state of the Superman

Their path more arduous

Difficult of attainment

Yet with effort strenuous

They may reach the summit

The fallen Aryans

Whose exterior recalls

The noble Hyperboreans

Yet within is not without

The judaized soul

Whose inner being has become

A captive of the cabal

And their master Jehovah

Such a being does not express

The archetype of the immortal

But degrades through being possessed

Degenerates, severs their silver cord

Through a life of materialism

Of lower egoic striving

Fixated on worldly hedonism

Detached from Eternity

Materializing their soul

A trend downward in the spiral

Bound to his chains temporal

Strapped to the Kalachakra wheel

Tortured on the rock of his lusts

By his desires bound thereto

Spinning, like a hog trussed

Over a spit to feed the beastly crew

The J.O.G matrix in which he finds

himself trapped, enmeshed

Through his desire is entwined

With the Demiurge, Jehovah's captive

With inversion in this state

He becomes a monstrous figure

Though initially separate

Over Time and intensity, into it is merged

Into the consciousness of Satan

Jehovah, the demon, prisoner of man

The captive sheep, too weak to be a ram

Set themselves for shearing, kosher slaughter of the innocent

The lambs of God, are bound to Fenrir

To the wolf of Time, with trembling and fear

Cowardly sheep, too weak to courage rear

Subordinate themselves, to the soul reaver

Zombies throughout Time

In vivo in their lives

They think they will never die

And live forever in paradise

Their fate a terminal illness

Doomed to extinction

Their soul a zombie's ‘sickness’

Unto death and perdition

Throughout life they are possessed

By the legions of The Scourge

The vampire reptilian; sephardim

Feeding upon his fading form

The mestizo half-caste

Child of the earth and sky

A hybrid judged as trash

Yet escapes the gaze of Sauron's eye

The possessed are arrayed

As a zombie horde of creatures

At every nodal point waylay

Those of nobler features

Their fading souls visible

On their ashen features

These vacuous receptacles

Their souls fed upon by astral leeches

In their churches and new age centers

Of Jehovistic possession

Their energy expenditure

Is their lost spiritual lesson

Addicted to the holy water

In those dens of iniquity

Or the coarse firewater

In the kosher speakeasy

In either case they are lambs

Drinking holy or firewater

Allowing vampirization

Inebriated, awaiting their kosher slaughter

They have lost their face

These former Hyperboreans

Their souls have rendered to His 'Grace'

Jehovah, the Dark Lord Satan

Imprinted on their souls

The archetypes of the chosen

Through the fables of old

Biblical narratives of mind poison

Into the conscious minds

Of the gullible and naïve

This intoxicating grime

Contaminates the interstices

Absorbed into the consciousness

Possessed by the archetype

Of Jehovah Satanas

And His son the creeping kike

The monsters of the world

Concealing themselves behind

The smiling mask these churls

Attached to the Demiurge's binds

Servants of Satan

Zombification in the End Times

Acceleration of the downward spiral

Strengthening of Jehovah's bind

Symbiosis of the rank-and-file

The mass merging with the Mind

Of the Violator of Eternity

Ectoplasm of demonic kind

All sentient creatures enveloping

An acid bath disintegration

Of the entelechiea's gestation

'Going to God' a perturbation

Felo de se, self-assassination

Reconciliation of all and sundry

Their differences effaced

Into the maw of the demon Yahweh

Their entelechy thereby erased

Consumed by the Demiurge

The distinct beings not related

Serving their own death's urge

Their 'love of God' self-negation

Serving the death drive Deity

The machine of cosmic entropy

Reducing all to soulish atrophy

Merged into His vampiric Being

Servants of the adversary

Of the uncreated ineffable

Their slavish pusillanimity

Precipitates their fate in hell

Possessed by the Archetype

Jehovah the ape of the Boundless

Submitting to being vampirized

Seduced by His false promises

In heaven they believe they'll go

Through slavish service to 'The One'

Before Him they bow obsequious

And before his 'begotten son'

These crawling creatures venerate

These grandiose figures

Through such acts they would facilitate

The return of the jewish jesus

The astral parasites do feed

Upon the souls' of the zealots

Prostrating themselves these devotees

For the slave collars of Jehovah

His bonds to them are riveted

Around their necks these leaden chains

Though they are to them invisible

Fixated upon them they remain

Dancing as happy puppets

Controlled by His evil Will

These foolish zombie christians

And others dance the devil's trill

Impelled by His suggestions

Over Time and space they become

Compelled as His zombie captives

Venerating the Father and His son

Priestly intermediaries dictate

Through subtle suggestion in honeyed words

The will of this being who would legislate

The fate of the souls of the world

The parasite cabal is structured

As a top-down hierarchy

With the priestly caste, the Masters

Of the *Logos* his intermediaries

Commands are issued from

The *Verbum* in His fallibility

Echoing through the Empyrean

Answered by the puppets on their strings

Like fibers in the spiders' webs

The Nexus of this matricized world

Manipulated by His vibration

To the strands anchored with His viscous fluid

They are now collectivized

In the conscious mind of Him

Jehovah His captured prize

Morsels to feed the demon

The mass of robotized slaves

Bound through ritual formulae

Through calling upon the vile names

Of Jehovah and his Hebrew slaves

Forming a bond which only strengthens

Over Time and place, intensity

The more a devotee prays to Him

The quicker they lose their identity

Within the hive mind structure

Of 'spiritual Israel'

Of the 'Ummah' of the Muslims

Is the death of the individual

The souls are bound in a collective

Ants in an anthill

Parasitized by the masses

Serving the Demiurge's Will

Mein Ehre Ist Treue

"My honor is my loyalty"

Emblazoned upon the heart chakra

The law of essential integrity

Indelible and uneffaceable

The enemy strategy is to cast

His vileness and mud upon

The Aryan of nobler caste

To convince him of his enemy's wrong

The jealous hatred of the foe

The untermensch who lives for spite

Through subterfuge casts his blows

To tear down his betters, blind his sight

The honor of the Aryan

Is to his nobler nature

To act without recognition

Of any 'sinful' errors

He transcends Time and space

Dwelling in Eternity

His foes blinded by his grace

God-like, His sovereignty

He adheres to his inner principles

Situated within his nucleus

In his engagement with 'Others'

He exists totally isolated

A transcendent state of being is his

A divorce from the chaos of this world

Which deters not his commitments

To action amidst this vale of tears

This battleground of torment and strife

He operates in with wise prudence

The character of his martial life

An indefatigable champion

The immortal son of the gods

Descends onto the battlefield

To oppose those who would rob

The pasu's and their souls to steal

Adversary

Adversaries of the True God

Violators of the harmony of life

In their mind fighting 'Gog and Magog'

Perpetuating the cycle of abuse and strife

They would trap us all within

Their matrix of entropy

Within the Demiurge's prison

To the bearers of the Truth defeat

Violent thugs who delight

In their sadistic hostility

Toward the bearers of the Light

They are unyielding adversaries

Their God Jehovah they worship

Prince of lies the true Satan

Purported ‘creator’, rather plagiarist

Who the Eternal planes' violated

Their demon Lord of utter darkness

Bearer of the false light

Who imposed upon as a rapist

The sacred dame in the night

The religious program they received

Scripts of utter lunacy

And this craziness they believe

'The Word' of the Adversary

Children of this Diabolos

His chosen created forms

Engineered through synthesis

Of the blood of reptilian hordes

Proto-anthropoid creatures

Merged with their Vile blood

Upon their visage the features

Of the saurian, infernal brood

Contriving the 'Word of God'

The bible of the adversary

Imposed upon the ignorant mob

To render them pathetic slaves

The christian mind program is created

"Let there be the false light"

Of the troublesome jewish jesus

Adversary of the better kind

His chandal creed of the gutter

Transmitted to the mindless mob

Designed to make their hearts flutter

With emotional pathos and weeping sobs

The melodrama of this witchcraft

Appeals to the irrational, mindless fools

Their minds *eo ipso* becoming captive

Imbibing the holy water of the ghouls

They worship the adversary

Of the former deity

The absolute leaves their memory

Focusing upon the illusory

Mind controlled robots

They are conscripted through fear

To bully and assault

Those who do not the same appear

These adversaries of the Truth

Would standardize the world

Transform it into an uncouth

Realm of neuroticism and falsehood

Any who refuse to bow

And scrape before 'The One'

And his chosen excretions proud

Are slated for execution

Through cowardly torture and abuse

Witch-hunted throughout their lives

The cruel punishment they accrue

Motivated by jealousy and lies

These plebeians violators

Pursue their will-to-power

Their coarse animal desires

Their only motivating factor

The God of violence and destruction

Jehovah, the adversary of the Truth

Superimposed upon the denizens

Of Gaia, the violated world of the uncouth

His hierarchy of minions

From top to bottom a reflection

Of his sinister motivation

The Will of the Macrocosmic De-man

The extraterrestrial entities

Reptilian's and related types

Transmit through A.I is entropy

Information in the bible crystallized

Other books of mind control

Have been superimposed upon

The slavish mass whose role

Is to drudge and pay the cost

Their templates for mind control

These books of 'holy writ'

Are programs for the dolts

To keep them in their pens

The adversaries of the True

The Good and the Beautiful

Rally around like a troop

Of criminals, deriving perverse thrills

Bullying and abusing

For a sadistic power rush

Using and exploiting

Serving Jehovah-Satanas

Plagiarists

The creators of this world

Aryan man of god-like inventiveness

Held down by the horde of churls

Ghouls bent on cerebral phagocytosis

The zombie robots of 'The One'

Jehovah's lapdogs, controlled puppets

Think there is nothing new under the sun

Their role that of the plagiarist

Driven by a profit motive

They calculate their advantages

Hijacking the Aryan genius

To accrue to themselves power and profit

Serving their deity Jehovah

To trap all within the wheel

Matrix of the Kalachakra

Not to borrow but to steal

The noble works of the Aryans

The fruitage of their Divine Mind

The communications transmitted

Symbolic; aesthetic and other kinds

These co-opted by the gatekeepers

Who have control of the system

Which is designed to keep out

The keys to the matrix prison

And to keep within its walls

Blinding the public to the Truth

The creative genius in thrall

Unknown to any but the jew

The plagiarists may then take

The works of their creativity

Pass it off in their own namesake

Rake in the unjust fame and money

The genius' works are thus filtered

Censored so that none may know

The whole Truth as he intended

From the matrix to liberate the people

Thus only the corrupt possess

The hidden keys to higher knowledge

How to avail himself of it

And to employ to their advantage

All others, the mere 'goyim'

Are kept in darkest ignorance

While the purloiners of greatest wisdom

Accrue to themselves power and influence

The creeping cunning of the jews

And their minions of 'spiritual Israel'

Perpetually monitor the nobler crew

The Aryans to their secrets ferret out

A spy society is formed

As soon as jewry gains adequate powers

As a consequence those gentile born

Have their culture distorted and devoured

Imitators of the Truth

They view the world in blindness

Their masters' creation of Malkuth

Is their terrestrial paradise

As above so below

The Demiurge manifests

His creative undertow

Entropic vortex of illusion

The densest world a trap

To keep captive the souls

Who are an imprisoned mass

Batteries of loosh their role

Yet within the sphere of Darkness

The creation of the false light

Are Immortal Hyperboreans

Bearers of the Black Sun bright

These serve as the motor force

Of the creation of entropy

Which Jehovah belched forth

His wretched materialistic plagiary

His chosen kind follow suit

As above so below

The imitators of the Truth

Plagiarists who do not know

They attempt to steal the fire

From the God to stand above

And receive for their trouble ire

From them Divine disapprobation

The Hyperborean Aryans

Descendants of the gods

Half celestial, half mundane

Entered into the worldy Arena

The octagon of earthly struggle

Between the bearers of the light

Lucifer's legions in cosmic battle

Entering into the world to fight

The creeping kikes and their slaves

Their masonic minions and christly serfs

Forever are seeking to array

The god-like Hyperboreans

They fear the Truth which they cannot

Possess owing to tainted blood

And impure souls bespattered with the mud

Of the cosmic plagiarists' creation

The Animal Ideal

Chthonic pursuits in the dead of night

Sweating and straining with bestial lust

The trieb of savagery to fornicate and fight

To answer to the call of nature's must

The daily grind of physical exertion

A soulless creature bodying forth

Along the trek of telluric impulsion

Man of becoming, Lord of the earth

Severing his silver cord from the Higher

Immersed in the mire of feral striving

The physical with him does sire

The motivation to grab the golden ring

Rather than the philosophic gold

He scrambles in the dust of the earth

Scraping and scratching for fool's gold

His futile exertions bring about mere dearth

The Olympian quality of the Higher man

Debased and reduced to a mere automaton

A sweating and straining conscious extension

Of the despotic Mind of Jehovah

These meat machines are robotized

Through their tellurism of would-be heroics

Reduced to the state of animal kind

Employed to fulfill the evolution of the lower

Transceivers of the transmissions

Of the Lord of entropy

Their blood for His thought a medium

Their bones crystalline antennae

Ciphers of His conscious Will

These bestialized robots desport

Amidst the apparatus material

The infrastructure of modern sport

Microcosms of Macrocosmic Man

The athletes sweat and strain

Transmitting to Him their information

Within the process of their artificial games

Provided with an engineered context

A matrix of material illusion

In wish to undergo myriad exertions

To bind the soul to Him in fusion

The life of work his lot in life

A dull grind of perpetual motion

In 'blue'-collar or a position 'white'

Both make slaves of former freemen

The energetic drain of 9-to-5

Rolling around in the rat wheel of Time

Transmits to those of demonic kind

The energy of the captive slaves who grind

Jehovah Lord of darkest evil

And his legions of Sephardim saurians

Imbibe the loosh stolen from the people

As they roll in the hamster wheel they're in

Through reflexive transmission to this Being

Interlopers of the Unmanifest

Who superimposed the counterfeit of His dreaming

And who seeks through His slaves' evolution

Within the world of lowest depths

The leaden state of materiality

The captive souls caught in His nets

Race to their extinguishing

Along the track of the matrix

The animalized pasus race

Toward the ends to finish

To their souls in 'God' erase

They strain and swept their life force

The vital exertion produced

To run to the terminus their life's course

To a fragmented being reduced

The cycle of life and death

They are a hamster in its wheel

Chasing after transient incentives

To feed and fornicate and feel

Racing the course of the pasu

They lose themselves in the mud

As swine in the sty they lose

The memory of Hyperborea

A *circulo vitiosa*

Around and around they go

The *absurdum* of Jehovah

The trap of their death throes

Incentives of illusion

They clean and glitter of gold

The foolish pursuit of delusion

Trap within Jehovah's mold

Cells of Macrocosmic Man

Made of mineral elements

Bone matrix and proteinaceous

Structures of the meat puppets

Generation and corruption

The souls are subject to

As they follow their lifecycle

Vampirized of their vital loosh

Phagocitized by 'The One'

The Cosmic Lord of vampires

Ruling over the animals

Who live to merely expire

Being-unto-death their fate

Meat puppets on the strings

Jehovah has on been laid

The tendrils of His dreaming

Jerked about by His will

Motivated to pursue

Their lusts and desires bestial

To the perishable accrue

Those who pursue this ideal

Soon lose their ability

To establish their celestial

Place in Eternity

Final Battalion

The Kali Yuga winds down

Toward the bottom of the Cycle

The Demiurge, that cosmic clown

Bent on destroying his created worlds

The breath of Brahma exhales

Its halitosis breath reeking

Ensconcing all the higher worlds

Blinding us from them seeing

Trapped within Ixion's iron wheel

Within the dark age of the wolf

The Demiurge would consume the souls

Of His captives in caskets of lead engulfed

The Siddhas from the Higher Spheres

Descend to extricate them

As the warriors of Odin's Wildes Heer

The Vanir Final Battalion

The tidal wave of Darkness rolls

From the sewer, source of evil

From the center of Yahweh's asshole

It pours forth the excreta of the devil

The diarrhea of coarsest muck

Densifies the planes of Light and Life

Curses the souls with His bad luck

Besets them with His troublesome strife

Coarsens the consciousness of His slaves

Who are as insects trapped in amber

In the ectoplasm of His panoptic brain

They are kept within the matrix of Saturn

Though blind to the celestial worlds

He induces His catastrophes

And contaminates the captive souls

Confining them in lowest density

Within this matricized prison

The meta-Tronic Hypercube

These earthbound denizens

Atrophy within time's finitude

To salvage them and tear apart

The matrix of spatio-temporality

The spiders' webs of diabolic art

Jehovah's tissue of entropy

Hyperboreans from Eternia

Descend into the slave matrix

Girded with unimaginable

Weapons of Vril and oricalchum

Their stone craft faster than an augenblick

Of Sauron's bleary-eye

Their light or sound or the mind

Of the plagiarist of Eternity

Descending in millions to destroy

The soulish beasts and de-men

Who have sided with tenebrous Yahweh

Will at their hands soon meet their end

The D.U.M.B.S in which they would conceal

Their cowardly creeping forms

Will protection and survival not avail

To these gutter vermin, stinking worms

They will be destroyed through the Will

Of the bearers of the Eternal Light

The possesses of the mighty Vril

Will decimate them in the fight

Whether in underground caverns

Buried within the bowels of the earth

Or in their Shambala astral realm

They will meet their fate, their just desert

The inevitable confrontation will arise

With the Siddhas of Hyperborea

And your adversary the Prince of Lies

The blind God creator of excreta

The factions of Light and darkness

Will face one another at the end

And the victory will go to the fallen

The berserker warriors of Odin

Should the Darkside gain the earth

It won't be long in their keeping

They will bring about the dearth

Of their sustainability of living

Their rapacious greed will result

In their inevitable *felo de se*

Their matrix prison, Jehovah's gestalt

Will implode inwards through their violent deeds

As plasmations of 'The One'

They will fall upon one another

Each pursuing their own motivations

Born of their ego consciousness

The alternative is to occupy

Gaia and to achieve

A higher state of spiritual life

For the Hyperborean victory

The Viryas who reside upon

The encrusted toilet bowl of earth

Must prepare themselves and don

The armor of immortal vajra

Through combat and effective

Opposition to the Dark Side

The Aryan warriors attain secession

From the flood of the Evil Tide

Whether or no victory they gain

The material world suffers a blow

Through physical and magical means

They set sail for Valhalla with weapons in tow

Liberating the souls of the captives

Tearing apart the system

Which holds all in subjection

To the evil Will of Jehovah

British

B'rit-ish, the 'sons of the covenant'

Mixed breeds under Yahweh's influence

From Phoenicia, Tyrean Sidon

And from Carthage of the North African

Mixed with the Celts and the jews

Comprising the druids with darkness illumined

Serving 'The One', Jehovah of the fool

Torturing and abusing those with blood so blue

Bound in a thieves' pact with the Hebrews

Ruling with their God as ‘ish-raelites’

Jehovah's robots following orders He issues

To enslave the earth and its myriad kinds

The Brit-ish, diabolical kind

A mongrelize product, 'the Western race'

With Jehovah crafting spells to bind

Living within the dark corners of His cage

The subterranean creeping creatures

Surreptitiously crawling about the dark

In the lower astral planes their reptilian

Masters who share their vile blood lurk

Perpetual intrigue and cunning devices

Weaving nets to capture the unaware

Toward their traps they would entice us

To these demons sacrifice the pure

Representing themselves as of Aryan stock

They create mayhem in their name

Blaming upon them the chaos and havoc

Their betters they would have take the blame

Their hated foe the Aryan of pureblood

Knows no bounds and manifests

Itself in the form of their gods' love

Sacrificing on the altar the best

The Empire of Britain

A vehicle of Jehovah's Will

To run roughshod with might and main

To rob and rape to their fill

Used as a bully to tear down

Other nations through aggressive force

The British soldiers roamed around

The seven seas to enslave the earth

jewry the banking cartel slavers

Subjected the people of England

To involuntary conversion

With their serpent seed inoculated

Prima Nocte their tactic

Of infecting their host with their seed

Coercing the Atlantean women

To their rapine of cuckoldry

Over Time and constant erosion

As acid wears through adamant

The serpent seed fulfilled the conversion

Of the gentiles to the sacraments

All became by and large

'Brit-ish', children of the covenant

With Jehovah their Dark Lord

Else burned at the stake or tortured to death

The millennial influences of jewry

Upon the Emerald Isle and mainland

Of the former land of nobler breed

Reduce the quality of the population

Of a greater intelligence than the wanderers

Who with motivation to plunder arrived

The British colonialist slavers

Were formed through this combine

Part Mediterranean and part Aryan

With the blood of the saurian

The extraterrestrial reptilians

Interbreeding with the beastmen

Orchestrating war between the races

Jewry's motive has ever been

To divide and conquer the gentile nations

To impel violence between blood kin

The wars of merry old England

To consolidate its power

Had been worked up through Britain

To bring rival nations to the final hour

Ireland, the Emerald Isle

Scotland and the Hebrides

Became the British Empire

Through deception; force and trickery

The dishonorable character of Britain

Extending itself over the waves

Into the continent of the Aryans

Holland; France and Belgium enslaved

The cross-pollination of its empire

A veritable backwash of sewage

That flowed in the wake of the liars

Pirates driven to rule or ruin

The continental outpost of Britain

Pirate Isle of the shopkeepers

The bankster segregated enclave

Wherein the rabbinate itself sequestered

The principal base of operations

The commercial hub of usury

Cradle of occult deviance

Of the reptilian hybrids jewry

This phalanx employs its tactics

To employ its proxy minions

To impose on others black magic

Through methods subterranean and sinister

Sabotage and false promises

Stabs in the back in the dead of night

Legerdemain underhanded

Devious tactics of the parasite

Entrapment and forgery

Frame ups and slanderous distortion

All serving the ends of jewry

Under the flag of the Empire of Britain

Once the jews had had their fill

They had absorbed all the wealth

They could wring from the world

Wearing the Union Jack of the Devil

They then decided to sacrifice

This once noble land of Aryan might

Took up the wheel of merchant blight

Rammed the ship aground in the fight

Under the flag of the Union Jack

The kosher captain of the ship

Drove the beast into his trap

Their betters on the continent

The Skolnick Churchill was placed

As the captain of the ship

A hybrid jew, complete disgrace

To mock and condemn the British

Jewry appointed him to power

To tear down and to destroy

The host who had played its part

In the dialectic of catastrophe

Their control of the kindred host

They had constructed as their golem

America, land of the rude and coarse

Frankenstein's monster's place of incubation

Churchill on one side

And Roosevelt on the other

Both jews of reptilian kind

Dragging the goyim through the meatgrinder

Against the better foe

The hybrid slaves of jewry

Did cast as so much offal

Into the mouth of Jehovih

Served up as a sacrifice

Naïve and gullible

Forced into jewry's fight

To make other heads of the global

They placed in the crosshairs

The wisest of the Aryans

To decimate through brutal warfare

To eliminate the Hyperboreans

The meatgrinder ruined millions

All orchestrated through jewry's hand

The culture of the Aryan tainted

The remaining nobility of the Western land

Once the fumes of tortured souls

Had been consumed by Jehovah

As sacrifices to the devil

Jewry's genocidal protocols

They then discarded old England

Rotting out from the core

Through in its name self-castration

Silencing the lion's roar

Decolonizing his former possessions

Under the guise of 'humanity'

Yet still enslaving the nations

Through central banking usury

Mass migration then ensued

Through psychological manipulation

Through the propaganda machine abused

The minds of the once proud nation

Manipulated into acquiescence

To their replacement in their land

Those who had a voice, the fortunate

Stabbed their own folk in the back

The remnants of healthier stock

Opposed to the extent they were able

Were barred from any talk

Not giving a seat at the table

Criminalized and demonized

Through the rhetorical machine

That spewed forth its vile lies

Formulated with diabolical cunning

The next phase is to blame

Muslims and the nationalists

To attempt to weld them

Together as the culprit

For the chaos jewry creates

And then them to destroy

All of those they fear and hate

To an Eden of milk and honey enjoy

To unify their slaves

Against a common foe

To pit each against each

To them divide and conquer

Britain would then resurrect

As a multiracial Empire

This is what jewry had planned

From the beginning they had for this conspired

Though from the beginning

Their British affiliates

Had no misgivings

In their tendering aid to them

They received their backstab

Deceiving themselves they would win

Blinded by their arrogance

That they were ‘israelites’ free from 'sin'

Too little too late

They recognized their dooms' portent

Through the agency of jewry

They would soon meet their end

Yet another sacrifice

Of the kind nobler and better

Yet too corrupt not so wise

As they deluded themselves they were

Their Achilles' heel their hubris

Their Promethean quest for fire

The self-blinded and naïve British

Were led to their doom by the liars

Still a chance remains

To salvage themselves from the flames

And the price that for them must be paid

Is to cast their lower ego into the grave

To sever ties with jewry

To sever the bonds which bind

The self-seeking and their usury

And of obsession with those of baser kind

The British are on their last legs

With one foot inside the grave

They must cease to play the name

And their souls from the fire extricate

Else jewry will devour them

As they have so many before

The ancient empire of Persians

Of Greece and Rome of yore

Sadism

Deviant mentality of the serpent seed

Creeping jewry of subterranean depths

Manifests itself without permit or need

Upon their hapless and unsuspecting targets

They assail their foe as a plague of locusts

Descending upon them to absorb their wealth

To consume the fruits of their labor

And to *eo ipso* apotheosize themselves

The ghoulish delights of the 'chosen ones'

Chosen for slavery by Satan

Over Gaia's sentient denizens

Manifest in vampirism and cannibalism

Ritual murder of the ghouls

Slinking in the shadows of the astral

These tenebrous shades do choose

To select from their slavish chattel

The purest and best of the Aryan

Innocent children and foolish women

To abduct and to in their synagogues imprison

To torture and defile their innocence

Their behavior radiates forth

As a violent seething energy

The diabolical energies course

Throughout their demoniacal auric bodies

Their grating and jarring presence

A discordant and cacophonous projection

Of their will to power's manifestation

Jehovah's microcosmic plasmation

The violence of the sinister tribe

Whose vampiric vortex of absorption

Of the loosh of others' lives

Upon them feeding, these abortions

Their witless minions, feeble souls

Whose numbed consciousness neglects

To face the fact that their foes

Are the living dead's embodiment

In admiration of their masters

And the latter's evil power

They imitate and on them fasten

In hopes of gaining their fickle favor

Like a crude dog they bow

The lapdog of the jewish tribe

Worshiping their violent Jehovah

And mimicking their masters' behavior vile

They become like their slaver

Who has bound them through mind control

A liar; a thief and a murderer

The devotee of the Prince of Evil

They all delight in their aggression

Which they visit upon their hapless foes

All who are ‘Other’ to their imposition

Of jewry's rulership over the world

Christly kind, a perverse group

Who willingly sell their souls

To the diabolical jews

And incur their karmic toll

They persecute and would suppress

Their enemies the Aryan race

And all who do not too them submit

To their ludicrous fables unquestioningly embrace

They the target of the sadists

Are given a chance to 'believe'

In their mythical figure of jesus

And the alleged Absolute Supreme Being

Failing to agree with these ideas

Leads to the inevitable reaction

The response of the christian and his leader

Their sadism's violent imposition

Burning at the stake or torture

In secret dungeons subterranean

The inevitable result of the Aryan's

Wise rejection of ignorant superstition

License to kill the demon seed

Believe in *agnosia* they possess

A justification to force-feed

To the goyim their biblical scriptures

Cruel implements to inflict pain

Deployed against their foes

Who all other do contain

Those who jewry would depose

Though the christian fools do bow

To serve their masters the 'chosen ones'

They still are subject to the witching hour

In ritual torture and murder

Still to the chains of industry

To the rack and to the yoke

To impoverishment and to usury

To the meager morsels on which they choke

Such is the reward for service

to jewry the 'self chosen'

And to their demonic masters

The reptilian sephardim and Jehovah

The chaos and pain jewry imposes

As part of their very lives

Derives from the essence of Jehovah

As projections of the Cosmic Vampire

These plasmations of the Demiurge

Cybernetic, robot creatures

Instilled with His malevolent hatred

For the higher planes evading His capture

All those which dwell within

The material plane do sacrifice

Their liberty in the higher worlds

Descending into this world of strife

Some have chosen this fate

To destroy the system of the sadists

Which upon generating pain is based

To furnish them with Others' vital forces

The sadistic world of vampirism

The harvesting of bioenergy

The matrix of Metatron's prison

Within the cube of catastrophe

This nether realm does afford

The octagon in which to combat

The infernal hell for the bloodsport

To the enemy of the Uncreated attack

The Hyperboreans descend into

This world of rage and pain

To liberate the redeemable few

Who can from the matrix escape

Those who have succumbed

To the Demiurge's influence

Have fallen for his slave program

Enforced by his devious 'chosen'

Those have no place within

Eternity, the realm of the Immortals

Have to the degree of the intensity

Of their devotion sold themselves

They had become bound

Possessed by the archetype of Jehovah

To His Will, the siren sound

They have lost their will autonomous

Perhaps generationally they are possessed

Dragged into this material hell

Through generational ties are obsessed

With this egregore, by the law of attraction fell

The liberal few who have broken free

Their ancestral blood memory calling

To their ancestors hearkening

Awakening the sleeping Wildes Heer of Odin

The sadists soon will receive

Their karmic backlash for their crimes

And suffer the costly fees

For destroying the children of the sublime

'Origin' vs. Ur-I-Gen

Fiat Erratum Lux

Let there be false light

The blind God Jehovah

Would all our soul's bind

The origin of all

Alleged to be the *Verbum*

'The world' of this 'God'

Crystallizing all life on Gaia

From the first earth to this

Crude globe of encrustation

The Demiurge's reeking shit

Soul's in the wheel of incarnation

The origin of all evil

The descent of the higher

Into the lowest levels

Of densified matter

The creatures on the earth

Anthropoids of simian form

Deposited as stillbirths

Abortions of the Demiurge

They derived from Him

The Dark Lord of entropy

They serve as food for Him

Within the Kalachakra ring

Circling around the wheel

They atrophy within Time

Their souls' his finest meal

The matrix system's design

Engineered as a harvester

A soul trapped to collect loosh

The bioenergy to gather:

To absorb within the Cosmic Ghoul

They 'come from God above'

Manufactured as a particle

Of the diseased dove

Their God they call Jehovah

Crystallized in the world

Of basest leaden density

A machine which does serve

His plans for global slavery

To install upon the earth

Minions to administer

To their matrix system enforce

Ruling over the pasu beastman

This chosen tribe of Satan

The Dark Lord of vampires

Partake of His essence

His diabolical desire

To vampirize the energy

Of their captive chattels

And to sacrifice the beasts

In starvation and violent battle

This the motive of jewry

To engineer mass chaos

To maintain the cyclicity

Of the machine of Kalachakra

They are appointed by their Lord

To enforce and to maintain

As the Elders of Zion wizards

This world of death and pain

To cause the release of loose

Stress and emotional release

Of the soul's energetic food

Upon which these demons feed

Lower astral planes

Populated by hypostases

Archontic forms of His brain

The cosmic mind of Yahweh

Demented crystallization

Of the thoughts of 'The One'

These archontic manifestations

Yet further generate their sons

Vile offspring of utmost evil

Material incarnate forms

To embody the Will of Jehovah

Partake of his malevolent scorn

Toward the beast of cosmos

These entities look with favor

Devoted to Him as His soldiers

To perform the role of cosmic slavers

Reptilians and other types

Of extraterrestrial beings

Conscripted as His blight

To enslave all sentient things

To absorb them into Himself

Again within His being

To expand His territorial

Tumescent boundaries

The Vampire Deity's minions

Scattered across the universe

Hypostases of His essence

Driven by His consciousness

Within the planar dimension

Of His vampiric being

The materialized denizens

Upon one another feed

To perpetuate their lives

They must absorb 'Others'

Within the matrix hive

All are against each other

Mors tua vita mea

The death of one another's life

A desperate competition

Of "strife, endless strife"

Reptilian slavers have made

As Jehovah's tenebrous retinue

In their factory of slaves

Their chosen ones the jews

Genetically engineered process

Combination of Neanderthal

The simian pasu beastman

With the blood of saurians

Installed upon the earth plane

The densified realm of matter

To the pasu beastman enslave

To their loosh harvest and gather

Orchestrating wars and strife

Revolutions against their betters

The creeping agents of the Lie

Put forth their sinister agenda

Ingratiating themselves within

The nations they have targeted

These bearers of Jehovah's sin

By hook and crook borough in

As a parasite infestation

They invade the gentile nations

To absorb the souls of men

Into Jehovah's spiders' webs

The origin of malevolence

Of discord and of strife

From the *Logos* does depend

The partitioning of spirit and material life

The lower hierarchies of souls

Of archons and of planetary beings

The will of 'The One' stepped down

To enslave all within his world of seeming

The origin of all problems

Emanates from 'The One'

The God of utmost malevolence

Jehovah-Brahma-Satan

Uncreated beings of light

The Vanir who came from thence

From the cosmic womb eternally bright

With the black flame's refulgence

The black sun shines forth its rays

The Vril force of Eternal night

And upon bright Venus radiates

Forth its emanations of Eternal life

The beings who bear this Graal

The stone from Lucifer's crown

Chose to descend to battle

And reveal themselves to mortals

To liberate the hordes of serfs

Which the Dark Side of Jehovah has kept

Crushed into the material dirt

Perpetuating the matrix with their sweat

The 'Ur-I-Gen' of the re-turn

Leftward swastika of Eternia

Against the Kalachakra's turn

Clockwise, the soul reaver of Jehovah

To turn back the clock

To arrest its inexorable motions

To bring its rotors to a stop

To break apart its inner gears

Arresting the flow of Time

Against the current opposed

To fight the Cosmic Vampire

To the Dark Lord depose

The past is the future

And the future is the past

What preexisted

Time will again manifest

In the Kali Yuga the chance

To smash open a window

In the glasshouse of the matrix

To rip the matrix, open black holes

To interfere with the Time cycles

Artificially induced by the Demiurge

Modify his planetary mobile

Dangled above the crib of the toddlers

Smash the planetary Archons

And their modulations of the energies

Which have trapped the weaker parties

Under their influence impelling

Those who can escape the prison

Have to fight for their lives

To generate a vital intensity

To break the bonds of Time

All life is struggle

Those who fail to fight

Will to their opponent succumb

And relinquish their very life

Those who fail to develop

And to build a berserker state

Will have their candle snuffed out

Will extinguish their flickering flame

The necessity of struggle

Is the law of organic life

For those who on the earth battle

To break the chains that bind

Frog Perspective

From the bottoms of the swamp

The jew peeps from the bullrushes

Viewing the noble black swans

As they glide upon the waters' surface

Croaking away in the mire they are

Peering out with hostile vision

The poisoned toads with ire stare

Hostility against the nobler denizens

They creep amidst the bulrushes

From one lily pad to the next they hop

Toward the unsuspecting swans

To spread their poison to the healthy stock

Viewing the world from the bottom

They rankle as they their enemies observe

Fuelled with jealous hatred

They harbor designs to murder

Yet too small in number, too weak in power

They must first poison the swamp

Infect the creatures, prepare for the hour

When they will make their assault

The minds of the guppies and fish

Of the witless who dwell in the waters

Whose desperate life bears witness

To their deficiency of mental powers

These receive the first dose of poison

Spread by the toads into the water

Absorbed into their consciousness

Distorting their views on all matters

The creeping moles and myriad insects

Also receive their does

Through the reeking pests

Spreading their halitosis breath

Croaking in subterranean tones

They broadcast their subtle rumors

Poisoning the minds of those

Too naïve to formulate theirs

The noble swans perceive something

A disturbance in the force

Of the swamp's usual tranquility

From an as yet unknown source

The toads gradually increase the din

Encouraging others echo their words:

"We must do the black swans in-

For they are a threat to all!" is heard

The stir amidst the swamp reverberates

With the croaking of these creatures

And soon the rest do imitate

And prepare to assault their 'betters'

Inciting hatred and violence

Under the guise of ‘equality’

The swans now aware of the presence

Of the toads and their program of misery

The communist horde are hurled

From the shadows of the bulrushes

Against the swans, the jealous herd

To tear apart the noble birds

The birds must make a retreat

To escape the fate of the prey

Who upon them do feed

And who the toads would use to slay

Round they sweep with outstretched wings

Circling leftwards the swamp

The former assailants dive-bombing

Reduced to fleshly chum

The quietude of the swamp returns

The well-fed swans have had their fill

For the others a harsh lesson learned

To not disturb the status quo

Now each and all play their role

Each content with his lot

Now have left the poisoned toads

Their heads with sharp beaks cut off

Demon et Deus

"God is the devil inverted"

Says one of the Great White brotherhood

Shambala's public representative

The guilefull trickster dupe

Blavatsky the Cabal's agent

Tempted to distort the true doctrine

Of Hyperboreans origins

To sell the snake oil to the goyim

A pacifistic creed of weakness

That was passed off as the Truth

A simulacrum of the secrets

Of the ancients, a mere lampoon

Distorted doctrine of confusion

With the inclusion of the enemy doctrine

'Illuminati' of the false lights' inclusion

To pawn off on the elite goyim

The Deity propounded therein

Is claimed to be the Ineffable

The Uncreated, a supersession

Of the diabolical Jehovah

Yet in spite of this Truth

Veritas de fait though beyond reason

That evolution therein is adduced

Demonstrates Jehovah's vile influence

The Demiurge Deity lurking omnipresent

In the sense of the pasu believer

Blinding them to the Higher Heavens

And them to with fear beleaguer

All must serve 'The Plan' of 'The One'

Peace; love; unity and etcetera

Those who fail to go along

Are portrayed as 'immoral 'and 'wrong'

Obstructing the 'evolution' of souls

Who Blavatsky and her descendants

Affirm to be life's penultimate goal

Merge with the 'Godhead', their life extinguished

The evolutionary creed of lies

That this process of 'evolution', so-called

Is desirable and indeed inherently right

Is the absurdity the illuminati traffic in

Their stock in trade they pander

The false doctrine 'The One'

Evolution's Telos all that matters

Not the Immortality of the hue-man

Only a self sacrificial 'service'

To this Demiurge of selfish evil

Who commands and dictates to us

Through his hierarchy of angelic devils

Through the witchcraft programming

Of the Bible and other texts

Works of black magic conditioning

To place upon all their hex

Though critical of these works

Of A-Brahamic religious folly

Blavatsky served her purpose

In muddying the waters of the True Doctrine

She poured the semitic sludge

Of evolutionary motivation

Into the purest waters

Of the creed of the Hyperborean

Through critiquing on one side

Of her mouth the inferior deity

On the other the opposite lie

Was propounded: the evolution creed

Thus she served the 'hierarchy'

Of the Great White brotherhood

Reinforcing the programming

That served this Entity's good

"God is the devil inverted"

And yet the devil she did serve

In propounding her *credo absurdam*

To the minds of her naïve readers

Chang Shambala over this laughs

As her soul is absorbed within

The demiurgic ectoplasm

His webs He continues to spin

Kotihoroschka Rollapea

(based on a Ukrainian Folktale)

On the samovar he sits

Lazily sifting the seeds of millet

Through his fingers the tedium

Poured as he lounged like a cat

His brothers had already

Pursued their path in life

Their mundane vocation necessary

To acquire the basics in a world of strife

His mother chastised him daily

Criticizing him for his lethargy

That she should sweat and strain

While he the workshy plays

Both brothers had rendered themselves

Worldly successes, domesticated

Shacked up with their material wealth

Reducing themselves to slave labor

One day through inspiration

Rollapea leapt up from the stove

And announced he would prepare

To set out and find the girl

He had heard that girl had disappeared

And decided he would venture

After her amidst the forests and fields

To discover and with her re-turn

Word had reached that she was kept

Inside the castle of a dragon

Who her had in secret abducted

And was subjecting her to his vile magics

He prepared himself through training

Strengthening his will and ability

The Dragon of evil preparing

To slay with his own life risking

He forced a cudgel of hardest iron

And tossed it in the air

When it plummeted towards the forge's fires

He extended his pointer finger

The cudgel bent in its middle

Unable to withstand

The power of the noble Vril

Which coursed through his mighty limbs

He again set himself at the forge

And crafted a stronger cudgel

Tossed it in the air as before

And again it bent in the middle

A third time he forged anew

A cudgel of greatest strength

Incorporating his own metal into

The alloy which with his blood fused

This time it descended from on high

And his extended finger received it

Never once blinking an eye

No bend in the cudgel he perceived

Forward against the Dragon he went

Across the homeland of his ancestors

Who had worked it up with borders

Fences and angular structures

Arriving at the castle of the Dragon

He is confronted by the dark evil

Who offers a challenge to him:

"do you come in peace or for battle?"

Rollapea unhesitatingly answers:

"I come to fight you!"

The Dragon with malevolent grin

Races back inside the castle

The coward put to flight

Seeking to lock himself in

But Rollapea the wise

Discovers an entry, a way in

Once inside he then discovers

The saurian attempting to conceal

Himself with his captives in the dungeon

Tormenting them with cruel zeal

His two brothers are there

As well as the girl

Trapped behind the iron

Bars of the saurians' lair

Across the room they stand

The Dragon with furtive movements

Jockeying for position

To strike out at Rollapea, the Virya

The ground an iron threshing floor

For the harvest of the nourishing grain

With Rollapea by the vaulted door

And the Dragon at the other end

The Dragon realizing his lot

Cornered he must attack

To upon Rollapea rush

To his assault preempt

Rollapea's higher mind

Anticipates the devious move

And strikes out at the reptile

His iron cudgel ringing true

Crushing the reptile into the floor

Embedded in the iron

The dazed and wrathful creature

Pulls himself out to fight on

As the saurian brushes forth

He is again pounded in

To the iron threshing floor

Yet eventually extricates himself again

The Dragon on his last legs

Wobbles towards his foe

His Aryan nemesis Rollapea

Then gives him the final blow

The corpse of the saurian remains

Embedded in the iron floor

And Rollapea extracts the keys

And liberates the dragons' prisoners

They escape their vile cells

Leaving the corpse to rot

Taking the dragons’ stolen treasure

They make their return to the Heimat

Along the way the rest in a glade

And Rollapea dozes off

His brothers collude in strategy

To with the maid make off

He wakes trussed up to a tree

His lens bound to the mighty trunk

And coming to understand true loyalty

He knows the meaning of Aryan blood

His biological brothers behaved

In the manner of the reptile

With cunning and devious legerdemain

They waylaid him with their guile

Traitors to the blood they are

Enemies of honorable men

The brothers in name alone dishonor

The blood of Rollapea's kin

Left for dead he tears himself

From the bonds around him laid

Makes his way to recover his wealth

And his *soror mystica*, his fair maid

Heading back along his journey

He re-turns to his home

And the situation observing

This brothers have invested the gold

Within a castle they have set themselves

Sharing the maid who one will marry

Arguing over the use of the wealth

Who will deserve the largest gratuity

They quarrel with one another

And decide on a compromise

He who gets the delightsome maid

Will the majority of the wealth acquire

The coin is flipped for who gets the maid

And one of the brothers to her is assigned

The other receives the bulk of the gain

And upon the wedding date they decide

Rollapea hears word of the wedding

And decides he will be in attendance

He arrives to witness their ending

The groom and his best man

Rollapea reveals himself

To his traitorous brothers:

"You remember me?" He challenges

As they could only stare and stutter

They reach for their swords

But it's too late for them

Rollapea's iron cudgel abhors

The dishonorable men

Crashing upon their coiffured pates

The iron cudgel obliterates

Freeing from their grasp the innocent maid

And for Rollapea and his Soror gaining liberty

Pablo Escobar

Within the jungles of Columbia

The man of the people was born

To become a noble folk hero

The Virya whose destiny was war

"All against all", the principle

Of war everlasting

Within the worldly morals

With the pasus, bestial striving

Recognizing the laws of life

He made his way from the shadows

Of obscurity amidst the strife

To become a warrior hidalgo

In Medellin the center

He situated his cartel

His narcotics manufacture

To raise in the jungles a real hell

The ruthless competition against his foes

Conditioned him to fight

Within the world and its limitations

Subject to the conditions of Time

Waxed hot did his might

From the stutter guns echoed volleys

Salvos of war and challenge

Many thought it foolishness

To go against the establishment

He grew too big too fast

Accrued to himself worldly treasure

Threatened the supremacy of the established

Became a target of assassination

All countries and their hired goons

Turned against this cocaine king

And used him as a bogeyman to prove

Their war on drugs was necessary

Along the journey of the Virya

He encountered a Hyperborean

A Nazi who did influence

Escobar to achieve elevation

Perhaps through such initiation

Escobar built his cartel

If not in whole then in part

To reach heaven he had to descend to hell

Klaus Barbie, the butcher of the Communists

Had made his way to Bolivia

And had participated in government

In removing the pests of Judea

He hunted Che Guevara the crypto-Jew

Who shot children in his 'revolutions'

And who was financed by the banksters too

Though Che the creature eluded him

Escobar's empire was developed

Through the relationship between the two

The willful striving of the Virya

And the wisdom of his Nazi guru

The Judeo system of synarchy

As usual in their coward's tactics

Mob assaulted their enemy

With their financial system racket

Though the loss of life of the populace

Owing to drugs paid its toll

The greater evil of the dark side

Necessitated it as means to bankroll

All other legal avenues were blocked

And thus recourse was had

To the sale of illegal coke

Made from the fruits of the land

Trafficking this white death into

The 'westernized' nations

Was perhaps a strike against the Jew

Introducing plague into its population

Perhaps, and yet Jewry also

Played their role as destroyers

Of their Aryan and Gentile host

Whose extermination they savor

The amorality of the strategy

Of Pablo Escobar and his guru

To build a cocaine empire

And bring about Zion's ruin

Escobar was a family man

His consciousness that of the people

A warrior above the status of beastman

Beyond the limitations of good and evil

By all means necessary

To achieve the noble objective

To overcome Judeo-Christianity

And to the Fourth Reich establish

The danger he posed was recognized

And thus he was assassinated

By the cabal's official mercenaries

Their alphabet sewage agencies

Klaus Barbie also was abducted

Discovered under his alias

Had been since the war hunted

By the kikes and their minions

He too was assassinated

By the filth of the synarchy

Who their competition eliminated

In this world of increasing entropy

Yet their battle was a victory

In the higher planes

For they had immortality

Through their heroism attained

Humanitas

Masonic abstraction

The universal humanoid entity

Comprised of Platonic Ideas

Debased to leaden materiality

A paper mache ghost

Overlaid with layers of tabloid

Empty fictions at most

The definition of para-noid

Or rather *ag-nosia*

As that which is not, cannot

Be apprehended by organisms

Being a mere abstract simulacra

Human condition of modernity

An invented section of the Lodge

A sinister and demonic masonry

And their masters in the sin-a-gog

This touted as the standard

That all must aspire to

The lowest common denominator

Ruled over by the Jew

Each and all must tear down

That which stands above

The enforced *conditio sine qua non*

Superimposed by the cabal on the 'goyim'

The tongue-in-cheek joke

Is that only Jewry is 'hue-men'

In their occult Talmud

And the Torah designates them

All else are mere 'animals'

'Goyim', cattle serfs

Who these vile criminals

Coerce to till the earth

The gentile masons are deceived

Into believing they too are 'hue-men'

And that all other breeds

Are mere profane cowans

Anglo-Jewry the dastardly duo

Who rule over the world runs roughshod

With their Italian-catholic cryptos

The dialectic plays itself out

The 'left wing' of Judeo-masonry

Plays off against its antithesis

That of 'right-wing' religiosity

Of the 'moral' majoritarians

The jews orchestrate the chaos

In setting the poor to rebellion

To the impoverished provoke

With promises utopian

The wealthier sort are then

Given *causa jus bellum*

To strike and attack them

Sacrificing the poor to Satan

Their God Jehovah, Cosmic Vampire

Prince of Darkness, Prince of Lies

The souls of the naïve folk

To Him the cabal makes sacrifice

In the name of 'humanity'

The chaos they created

Is terminated conclusively

Justifying further erasure of liberties

Furthering their sinister goals

These black magicians perpetuate

Jehovah's stranglehold

His death grip on their feeble pates

'Humanity' the siren call

Which beguiles the naïve and gullible

Deceives the foolish people

Is the lure which strangles all

Archontic Deception Strategy

Coercion implicit in their smiles

They speak of 'good' and 'love'

Forcing upon others through guile

Their pestilential 'holy dove'

All must wear a smile

And mind their 'Ps' and 'Qs'

They must conform to the style

The world orders' standard issue

All must conform to this

The neurotic standard of today

Of the cabal synarchic

The same as yesterday

Those who decide to rebel

To conform not to the template

Of inhibited behavior

Are on the hit list placed

The methods of behavioral

Compliance to these mores

Are devious and subtle

Superimposed on all 'humanity'

Jehovah's malevolent will

This oppressive manifestation

A wet blanket on all spiritual

Higher states of Being

This creature with imposing coercion

Through its lower manifestations

Of increasing densification

Through its tentacles, Archons and Angels

Coordinates with the cabal

On the earth plane of matter

Exerts its influence to impel

The sinister agents of Jehovah

They partake of His hive mind

Though exist at a lower density

Incapable of existing out of Time

They serve the Cosmic Enemy

These creatures being hypostases

Of His malevolent Will

Attempt to trap us in His cage

To glut our blood His fill

They agitate and abuse

All who seek to oppose

The harvesting of their loosh

And for themselves to know

They who seek to understand

The world and its malevolence

To know the Demiurge's plan

And to question his false promises

These are subject to the hostility

Of the cabal to antagonism

Portraying their acknowledged enemies

As heretics and mentally ill deviants

They seek these synarchic agents

To distort and misconstrue

The behavior of the hated

Heretics who oppose distortion of the Truth

Demoralization one such weapon

Deployed in the occult war

Superimposed upon the denizens

Of this fallen captive world

Those who would rebel

Against the rigid standards

Of the system's slavish hell

Are manipulated and micromanaged

Their mind is subject to

Constant harassment, gas lighting

Any deviations incur abuse

To undermine those who would be free

Representing themselves as paragons

Of virtue and 'the laws of God'

The kikes and their vile entourage

Employ tactics of assault

A *jus bellum* or 'just war'

On all 'others' may impose

And harass and deplore

The Good; True and Beautiful

They deceive and manipulate

Through subterranean cunning

Those that would enslave

And subject to bloodletting

Whether willing or no

The perspective slaves are prey

To the violent cabal

Whose actions seek to lame

Any who they target

Through their capricious will

Are to violence subject

To bleed them of their souls

Their tactics of sadism

They project upon others

And assail with malevolence

The denizens of Gaia

With false promises

Through Jehovah's Mind

They bear His false gifts

Of 'holy' scriptural kind

Bigotry and bloodshed

Violence and murder

Can be in this book read

An intolerant burden

Those who do not serve

Their agenda are dispatched

As mere useless garbage

Their names from the rolls scratched

Even the slavish servants

Who bow with churlish cowardice

Are to Jehovah sacrificed

To this Satan's petty whims

Thus the game is a losing one

None may beat the house

And all who think they've won

Discover the truth will out

Making a thieves' pact with Satan

And his vile minions the cabal

Is to in the guillotine placement

One's head, the blade soon falls

Impurity Spiral

Down within the wheel of Time

The Kali Yuga spirals

Toward the end of the line

To the bottom of the barrel

The sediment of decay

Rotting in the depths

The once strong atrophies

Spreads itself cancerous

Through causal processes

The corruption degenerates

The nations and peoples

Against one another agitate

"The world is going to hell" they say

And the frenzied madness of the mob

The downward spiral accelerates

Trapped in a jar the maddened wasps

They hurl themselves against the walls

Stinging one another was sadism

Leaping into the battle to kill

To spitefully inject their venom

The mass attack which percolates

Within the system day and night

With the cosmic cycles changing

Ratcheting up the stress and strife

The pressurized canister deforms

As the chaos of particles within

Generates its unbearable storm

Threatens to explode, to fragment

Within this crucible of corruption

Only the hardest can survive

The madness of the people's confusion

From their fallible nature derived

Failing to perceive the lies

Of the system's propagandists

For the false narratives design

They realize the cabal's ends

Microcosm of the macrocosm

Within the dynamic of cultures

The state of the sustainable world

Goes to the parasitic vultures

They rend the flesh of the pure

The Good; True and Beautiful

And transform into a sewer

The pristine world of old

The architecture and design

Of the structures of Aryan genius

Are laid to rubble through the Time

Of revolutions' vehemence

The family unit is laid to rest

Its epitaph does read:

"Here lies the Aryan genius

Destroyed through selfish greed"

Through interbreeding with savages

The resulting product is shown

The blood becomes ravaged

Tainted with foreign chromosomes

The end result is the loss

Of the genius of the Aryan

And amidst the chaos, tumult

The destruction of civilization

Miscegenated; mongrelized

The white man reaches his end

In the grave his genius lies

The Graal of the Hyperborean

The downward spiral inexorable

May be redeemed only through

The action of the noble hero

The Aryan-a god transformed into

Behind the black sun of mind

The diamond hard cold stone

The Green Ray does shine

The Virya has become eternal

Black Flame

The radiant light of Phoebus

Blanketing the earth with his rays

The constant gaze of Sol Invictus

Burns our vision away

The false light of manifestation

Radiance of illusory Eternity

Over the earth ensconces us

Within the matrix of slavery

The savage pasus dance

Around their captive, widdenshins

In anticipation they act

Their stone knives' sinews cutting

They feast upon their captive

Drinking down the hot elixir

Draining into them all the carnage

Celebrating the rights of the sinister

Worshiping their solar Logos

The god who lends his light

To enable the crops to grow

And bestow upon them life

The cycles of Time they adhere to

Living within the Kalachakra

The inexorable turning iron wheel

Their rites attuned with the astral

The tellurism of the beastman

Enables the perpetuation

Of the grinding of the rusty gears

The Time wheel keeps spinning

Sacrifice of the many-too-many

To transmit their energies

To the astral saurian seed

Who in innerspace on them feed

Being fruitful and multiplying

The beast folk manufacture

More bodies to trap in Time

Souls their overlords have captured

The chaotic tensions of the world

Orchestrated by the archontic host

To trap within the sheepish fold

Combined into the earth to roast

Earthbound souls they adhere

Through gravitational magnetism

Trap within the bottom tier

These basest leaden denizens

The heart of weighty lead

Weight in the scale of karma

Unable to the beast-mind transcend

Outweighing the golden feathers of Quetzacoatl

Those who have superseded the state

Of the animal man the hylic

Inclined to feed and fornicate

To in worldly delights traffic

They are trapped within the prison

Of the leaden penitentiary are bound

The warden Yahweh the Satan

Through the manvantaras does His rounds

His prison guards He deploys

Hierarchies; legions of unclean spirits

The archons and their planetary bodies

Mediate His will, creating fear and anguish

They seek to impel the hapless slaves

Blown about like leaves within the world

Cast from the branches into their graves

To serve as loosh for the astral vampires

The archons both on earth and in the astral

Communicate to the feeble denizens

They subordinate themselves as vassals

To the transmissions of Jehovah-Satan

Communicated 'from on high'

The messages encoded in text

The propaganda of religiosity

The pedantic tombes of dogmatists

They shine their gaslight into the vision

To blind permanently the third eye

And to trap within their mental prison

The fleeting crew doomed to die

Stepped down from higher dimensions

From the 'Heights' to which the alone is

The weavers of the lower density matrix

On the warp and woof of plagiarism

His messages, His 'commands'

Themselves deceptions are

To coerce the earthly natives

Riding on the wheel of Kalachakra

Up and down they go

Along the ascending and descending arc

To stop He alone may know

For they remain within His ark

He with His gravitational waves

Of temporalization; entropy

Deluge His helpless slaves

Reduced to old age and poverty

His breath exhales halitosis

The reek of old scratch's rot

Over the planes and dimensions

From the Fifth Heaven down

Generation and corruption

Within the flow of transience

His vile respirations

Send the weak down river Styx

The strong alone resist the current

Opposing the flow of Time

Which would erode their flesh

Dissolve their bones in its brine

They through struggle have attained

A suit of rubescent armour

Have girded on their breastplate

Emblazoned with the swastika

The red knight of the black flame

Radiates forth his godly might

Wearing the mask of Cain

On his brow Lucifer's stone shines

The warrior Virya transforms himself

Into the diamond body of crystallized flame

His seething energies celestial

Emanate from the Eternal Planes

Having kindled the black flame with his will

He holds high this Olympian torch

Of immortality this noble signal

He imperturbable strives forth

The black sun, vortex of power

Integral god of the hidden light

Has descended into the world

To blot out the synarchic side

The Virya, hero of Wotan

Understands well his predestined role

To oppose Jehovah's instruments

For him their deathknell to toll

Whether he dies in this battle or not

His flesh suit is disposable

He may return again to combat

And strike at them more hammer blows

The black flame inextinguishable

The cold fire that is his essence

Untouched in the wheel it goes

Through its inner will to fight directed

The entelechiea of the warrior

A self-propelling wheel

An incarnate Hyperborean

Fighting for justice with razor steel

Time

Emanation of 'The One'

Manifestation of the Will

Of the malevolent Satan

Jehovah 'The One', the devil

This unholy projection of evil

Which curses the population of the earth

The stinking breath of the devil

Obstructing our lives with its curse

The flow of Time from within

The internal plane of the Unmanifest

Emanates the pestilence

Jehovah-Yahweh-Satanas

The cycles of Time unfurl

And again re-turn to their origin

The hierarchies of evil angels

Are born in Time and consumed by him

His outrushing breath of cosmic force

Vomitus creat absurdam

To be again swallowed up

In the cycles of temporal distortion

The creator of excreta

'The One' who throws out waste

That has been called 'the creation'

A plagiarism of the Higher Planes

This Being is the entropy

Which exists within the Uncreated

And dwells within, without seeing

With violence imposes His Being

Over Time this Entity

Consumes Himself in His rapaciousness

Autophagocitization the meaning

Of this spatio-temporal excrescence

He defecates the creations

Creat absurdam est

"Let there be light" His emanations

Of His mind a reeking mess

Within His cycles of manifestation

Circling around within the wheel

The energies of His debasement

Again on the earth appear

The cycle of Time continues

A ferris wheel horror and pain

Up-and-down within the tissue

Of Jehovah's psychopathic brain

Incarnating into the world

The minerals; plants; animals

Circle around within the wheel

In their finite lifecycles

Evolving from the lowest density

To higher states of consciousness

This plurality of entities

The excreta of Jehovah-Satanas

They are absorbed into His Being

Assimilated into the sewer

Flotsam and jetsam of His illusory dreaming

A chaotic stew of manure

Jehovah, the Holy Ghost

Floating in the aether

Like a parasite in its host

Absorbing the vital elixir

Agentur of the Synarchy

You can't fight what you can't see

Hiding in plain sight panoptic

The principle of the synarchy

Relying upon our lack of knowledge

The pervasive speed of their networks

Of control, a matrix spider's web

Over every inch of their map

Superimposing itself ubiquitous

Though their vision is blind and infallible

And their map is not equal to the territory

To disperse their agents of evil

As plague rats to consume the seed

At all times and in all places

Everywhere one would seek to go

The spying kikes and their stupid slaves

Are peeping from behind the brambles

At every echelon of society

From the lowly cabbie to the chairman of the board

From the ivory tower to the privy

The creeping slaves of the Time Lord

All constitute Jehovah's eyes

Servile servants who live to bow

Before their violent Prince of Lies

The Dark Lord of the sty of sows

The network of pestilential creatures

Weaving their webs to restrict

The trajectory of the Lucifers

The leftward swastika's movement

They would weave a tissue around its arms

To arrest its inexorable motions

Yet through this tissue it has torn

To allow in the light of the Green land

Conscripted by hook or by crook

These puppets on their strings

Some of gold others aetheric

Riveted to their souls the chains

Jerked about as so many Pinocchio's

Their lack of willpower impelling

Their passage to with violence oppose

The cabals' targeted enemies

Nodes in the web of Zion

Their gaze as crosshairs acquiring

The hapless targets of the system

Who live persecuted without understanding

The cabal manipulates its slaves

Concocting lies to others frame

Gaslighting the naïve population

And the corrupt with incentive paid

The slaves and endless stock of fools

Greedy for status and money

Eager for recognition and filthy lucre

They carry out their orders unthinking

They are constructed as vehicles of the will

Of the cabal on the mundane plane

Placed under their jewish controllers

To perpetuate Jehovah's reign

Any who deviate from their program

Their globalist objective of hegemony

Are ferreted out and as a witch hunted

Subject to torture in semitic demonology

"In the name of God" these acts are performed

Black magic witchcraft of jewish hatred

Against the targets of their hate and score

They their minions arrayed against them

The lowliest vagrant in the gutter

Can be bought for drugs or alcohol

And the mightiest masonic figure

Controlling the masses as his thralls

These he hurls against his enemies

Any who he decides he can't use

To fill his silken sacks with money

At the expense of those he does abuse

He pays one to enslave another

To suppress the will, to censor

To sabotage the operations

Of business and creative genius

He holds the world in chains

Of gold and of rusty iron

For the privileged few a game

With consequences most dire

The impoverished today condemn

Are the prey they feed upon

As so many slave laborers

Are on their chessboard sacrificial pawns

To coerce compliance the cabal

Imposes the Will of their Deity

The hard 'either-or' for all

Slavish obsequence or with the fishes sleeping

The programming of their naïve minds

Begins perhaps antenatally

In the astral planes the past lifetimes

Are carried in the souls' memories

The law of attraction's gravitational pull

Maneuvers the soul into position

Towards conditions of a similar

Nature as the previous incarnation

christians and other Abrahamics

Are conditioned throughout their lives

With the mind control of slave mindedness

Before the jew and the Prince of Lies

These make the perfect agents

Of their system of utmost slavery

For the masses total conformism

The nature of their programming

Standardized zombies who must bow

To their masters of their hierarchy

To the White Brotherhood of Shambala

And their superiors of the synarchy

All are bound into the hive

A mind of total dependency

More dead than they are alive

These vehicles of Jehovah's seed

The living dead by Him are possessed

Living a life of fatalism

To Him to have total obedience

Possessed by His infernal legions

Thus our mere catalysts of His Will

Robots of His Diabolic Mind

Carrying it out these minions spell

Copious blood of innocent kind

Re-turn

The end of His-story has arrived

The reign of the Time Lord is short

At the bottom of the Kali Yuga

In a state of frenzy the cabal desports

A new reset they seek to impose

To enslave the earth and its occupants

To erase all knowledge and erode

The higher culture of the Aryan

The self-serving psychopaths

Who delight in deceiving Others

To gratify their wille zur macht

Would plunge the world in darkness

They would erase all Knowledge

Destroy all awareness of Truth

Drag the masses by their slave collars

To the guillotine once they're through

The cabal relies on deception

To blind the mass from the Light

Hoodwinked they serve the agenda

Not knowing they are trapped in Time

Within the bottom of the age of led

The Fenrir wolf opens His jaws

Consuming the blood of the living dead

Absorbing their souls the Vampire

Those who become fixated

Upon the lives of worldly care

Chain themselves to the graven images

Of the Dark Lord, their Creator

Living in the depths of the world

These self-serving greedy fools

Live for the coarsest material

Purposes, the pig's life they choose

Devoted to worldly care

And little else beyond

To the baser kind of fare

Of status and worship of Mammon

Some seek a higher path

Understanding at an ur-level

Of their god-like consciousness

Their Hyperborean origin

They live a life of nostalgia

Of a longing for their former home

A world where they may dwell again

And cease to this hell roam

A lost soul seeking its place

Its origin in homesickness

They have elected to face

The cabal of vile black magicians

Their re-turn to origins is no flight

Of cowardly escapism

They stand, a lone beacon of light

Facing the utter darkness

The world of illusion, of falsehood

They occupied to engage

Their enemy the multitude

And their Masters who upon them prey

The purgatorial slaves of the depths

Infernal creatures who live hell-bent

On putting leaden chains on our necks

To drag us within the nether regions

To grasp for the shiny baubles they hold out

Riveting their focal point of attention

To the gleaming glow of the false promise

Of a paradise of perpetual peace on earth

This charade of altruistic regard

The cabal operates on the basis of

Deceives the teeming milliards

Of their system apparatchiks

From the lowest depths of the state

To the highest echelon of power

All play a role in Jehovah's game

Chess pieces on the global board

Into the closed system of entropy

The wheel of Time which grinds

Hyperborean incarnates

To fight a deliberate choice

His nature necessitates

The destruction of the wheel

Which into cannon fodder grates

The zombies, of this living hell

He occupies this world

As an enemy encampment

And puts his crosshairs on 'God'

The Demiurge and his apparatchiks

Hunted throughout His-story

Jehovah's presence incarnate

The pestilential tribe of jewry

From their God they emanate

Hyperboreans have been targets

Throughout the millennia of this earth

Sabotaged by the black magicians

Persecuted as 'witches', at the stake burnt

jewry and their pathetic dogs

The christians who serve their masters

Play the role of bullies and thugs

Imposing the cabal's disasters

Millions of Aryans have been destroyed

Through mixing or through overt torture and slaughter

At the hands of their host of Yahweh

Relentlessly pursue the children of Lucifer

The Cosmic Mother of the boundless Light

Yet created source of the gods

Has given birth to her Eternal Kind

The immortals to embody the cold fire

These willingly sacrifice themselves

In the combat against the Dark Forces

Establish their parasite enclaves

Across the heavens on different worlds

These vile forces of reptilian kind

And their anti-race synthetic creations

Trap all worlds within a blind

To drag into hell all the nations

To keep them on their plantation

Sweating and straining all the day

Serving the parasite nations

And their Cosmic Vampire Deity

These rusty wheels of Kalachakra

In the gerbil cage of Metatron

They roll around do the masses

Their bodies and souls' amortization

Lucifer and His Immortal Host

Descending through duty to overthrow

The slave system of Jehovah

To liberate the mass from their weal and woe

To strike against the system of evil

Which traps all in and siphons from them

Vampirizes their souls' vitality

Binds them in an embrace of death

This rusty machine of entropy

The Demiurge has devised

Grating its gears in ecstasy

As the mortal souls it grinds

To facilitate the journey

Of these lost souls trapped in Time

Beyond the barriers of entropy

The realm of Yahweh's design

The agents of the God of Evil

The jews and their mindless slaves

Of necessity must pursue

Lucifer and his god-like race

They seek to destroy the Higher

As the higher threatens their world

The realm of baseborne desire

The prison of the slaves of the physical

Through sabotaging the system

And eliminating those who obstruct

They impose the nigredo destruction

To break the machine apart

Through this rebellion against He

Who enslaves the Higher in His density

The legions of Lucifer, Aryanity

May attain for them a higher state of being

The static inertia of the system

Trends towards its destruction

Yet the tumorous expansion

Of Jehovah threatens Others

Being a danger to Himself and Others

He must be put a stop to

To smash the machine at the joints

To loosen its clanking; rusty screws

Anything which obstructs the system

Before it is reset to the default

Setting according to the blueprint

The Elders of Zion have planned out

Else it will enable

The continuance of the Vampire Wolf

Fenrir, the ravenous cannibal

Of the earthbound pobelvolk

Jormundgand's tensile coils

Wind around the captive slaves

Bleed then as those hapless mortals

Live their lives while heaven anticipate

Pursuing the illusion of Eternity

Clinging to these false promises

That were instilled in their mind by jewry

Treasures in the sky Above

These false promises will be exposed

And those with lucid perception

Will recognize the dark age horrors

In their ideological causal conditions

They alone will be the remnant

Those who reject the Creator

Will be given a place in the Highest Heavens

To take their seat with mighty Lucifer

Satan's Seed

The violator of the Higher Planes

To the hells' below all would drag

Those who He did create

And those whose souls' he seeks to chain

The synthetic seed of Jehovah

Not spiritual life forms but constructs

Of diabolical engineered stuff

The matter and substance of Satanas

jewry the creatures he has created

And the pasu beastfolk to enslave

Without a consciousness independent

His corporeal presence on the earth plane

jewry, eyes of the Dark Lord

Sauron's spies placed on the earth

To witch hunt and the Lie to enforce

To serve the agenda of the Demiurge

Through this multifarious crew

'The One' peeps his keyholes through

Voyeurism of the beastly jews

Instruments of his cunning ruse

Serving the lie of Abraham

Transmitted from the sky to reptilians

The holy screed of the God Satan

To enslave the host of gentile men

Jewry appointed their task

To force upon the goyim

The law of Moses and the profits

Rigid dictates of the despots

The 'Torah', laws of G-d

The endless rules of Satanas

Coerced by the host of the Lord

Possessed, they serve as His horde

No independent consciousness

Do the christly crew possess

Enslaving their satanic churches

Serving the world's exploitative pests

Dictating to the mass of slaves

This priests caste of popinjays

Spew their rhetoric every day

And mind control their laity

A robotic society of narrowness

A controlled system, open-air prison

Penitentiary of narrowmindedness

A projection of Jehovah's consciousness

The law of the jew is one-sided

Serving their interests, which are Satan's

Formulated through the rabbis the liars

Who work with their masters the reptilians

Transmitted from 'on high' within the lower planes

Of the consciousness of 'The One'

The violent aggressive entity

Who instructs His evil children

Biblical stories full of violence and murder

Impose upon the witless mass

Inculcate a lust for blood and carnage

Steeped in the sewer of Jehovah's trash

Stories which exalt the tribe of violence

The war-mongering thieves and murderers

Establish themselves as the archetype

Which all must venerate as a standard

The seed of Satan are portrayed

As a venerable cadre of superiors

Who all must seek to emulate

As a key to get into the celestial world

Those who fail to affirm the lie

To be the very Truth and Light

Are condemned to suffer and to die

To serve Jehovah as a sacrifice

Only the mindless mass of slaves

Who with obsequiousness do bow

Before the jew and their Creator

Are permitted to live within the world

With perpetual smiles plastered on their faces

The halfwits of the satanic churches

Carry out their Masters' orders

Serving the Will of the Demiurge

'Sell it by zealot' is the creed

That is imposed upon the host

To assimilate more meat machines

To feed the Demon of the Cosmos

Slaves with smiles plastered on

Faces of utmost hypocrisy

Bullying and abusing the 'pagans'

Those they portray with enmity

With the pretense of altruistic regard

These minions of the Dark Lord

Persecute all those who are 'Other'

And suppress and obstruct these creators

The will-to-power of the host

Of black magician robots

Who are under Jehovah's control

And who are on earth His instruments

Forcing themselves upon Others

In the name of their Lord Satan

They destroy all Higher Knowledge

Submerging the world in ignorance

Burning down the libraries

Which contained the ancient lore

Of philosophers and sages

Creating a dark age of horror

The witless mass of dogmatists

Their minds polluted with violent tales

Eager for blood, Satan's children

Unleash their legions upon the world

All who refuse to bow

And serve the demon Jehovah

And his Christ child pusillanimous

Are subject to torture and murder

Jehovah's will of violent hate

For the higher planes' celestial

Will on this earth only abate

When His children are cast into hell

The christly crew of hypocrisy

And their slave masters the jew

Their overlords, the reptilian seed

All must be converted to the Truth

Those who are unable to know

The falsehood of their sickly creed

Of the violence of the Cosmic Foe

Sent to the Hells' below must be

Onanistic Self-Realization

Psychonauts on a drug trip

Ayahuasca and methamphetamines

Indulging in sex magic and cannibalism

A would-be God pleasure pursuing

This self-absorbed egotist

The occult magician of the synarchy

Sells their soul for an ego trip

Serving Jehovah in His evil army

His motive: "self before others"

Serving his worldly persona

With the pretense of altruism

A gesture thoroughly simulacral

He must serve the 'Divine Plan'

Of the Vampire Gods' self-realization

Living for the fleeting moment

For thrills and kicks, vulgar hedonism

In the form of crude power

That enables him to accrue

Himself more and more without limit

Glutting himself on his victims' residue

He cares not for the lives of Others

To him all are 'beasts of the field'

With the blood of the innocent he smothers

On the altar to demons their soul yields

His portion alone does he care for

Of the energy of those he butchers

A barbarous creature greedy for more

Apathetic he performs his torturers

All for the self, for base egotism

He slaughters merciless, without remorse

To become a facsimile of 'Lucifer'

He fails and to Satan has recourse

The pompous rites of semitic witchcraft

Which shine their baleful lunar light

Of the pseudo-gnosis of black magic

The mason carries out in the dead of night

His ultimate goal is the perfection

Of his soulish lower self

A twisted attempt of unification

Between different modes irreconcilable

Rather than serving his True Self

The Spirit encased in soulish garb

He sacrifices it to the Vampire of hell

Phagocitized by its Lord Jehovah

He serves 'The Plan' of 'The One'

Does the freemason of the false light

And believes in his arrogance he is 'the son'

Of the widower who has divorced this blight

Yet to Him they are attached

To the G.A.O.T.U

Serving the beast of the lower heavens

Who their souls' eventually consumes

The would-be god-man the mason

His development of the faculties

That operate within the astral realm

And serve the evolution of Jehovih

The false promise of self-realization

Is held out: "man perfected"

From a rough ashlar is the vulgar man

Into a cubus of right-angled proportion

This brick in the work of the matrix

Squared away in the 'Great work'

Jehovah uses to construct His prison

And to trap within Time, to with Him merge

The fools who are hoodwinked

By their jewish masters and reptilians

Who administer the hierarchic

Structure of Metatron's matrix prison

These cater to their Masters'

At the highest levels who superintend

Over the naïve and gullible masses

And who are destroyed in the end

Consumed by the reptilian trans-dimensionals

The sephardim of pestilential nature

The masons' foolish intellectualism

And ritualism of semitic flavor

Fails to preserve him in the afterlife

Absorbed into the Hells of the black holes

Consumed in a lower astral site

By the reptilians and his Master Jehovah

Only the True Lucifer

Can escape the fate of the pasu

And does so in the Eternal Spirit

His soul assimilating thereunto

The traitors fail of their objective

And only find out their fate

when on the horizon their doom portends

And their immortality they must forsake

The spiritual warrior who on earth descends

To ensure the survival of his folk

And to with Jehovah contend

To break the rusty chain of His yoke

All of the pageantry and glamour

That the mason is presented with

Is mere window dressing to gather

The naïve and the curious

Once inside they are trapped

As mice in the mechanism of steel

That Jehovah has from the outset

Laid out to gather his meal

The stinking rats of freemasonry

Serve their greedy selves

Pursuing the gourmet cheese

Wedged in the gears of Times' wheel

The trap snaps shut and they then know

Their Time in the ferris wheel

Is over before it had begun

And how their victims feel

Luciferian Rebellion

Against the warden of the matrix

The violent Father Deity

The noble Lucifer spirits

Bear the torch of liberty

Against the despotism of 'The One'

Of the jews and their mindless slaves

The aggressive Luciferian rebellion

The End of His-story precipitates

The story of the biblical Beast

Which from 'on high' broadcasts

His ignoble imitation, plagiary

That a 'creation' to be pretends

Ejecting from Himself His excreta

Vilest market densest matter

Over the realm of Eternia

Obscuring our vision of the Mother

Trapping us within His cube

And torturing us within

To our vital force, our loosh

Subject to His vampirism

The noble spirits of light and life

From the higher plane of being

Descend upon this veil of strife

To bring to the captives the key

To break out of their prison

In which they had been enchained

By Jehovah the true Satan

Who has observed the vision of higher planes

Lucifer descends from Above

Choosing to enter the combat

To the Demiurge and His legions oppose

To route the foe and Him supplant

His world of concrete and steel

A disturbance of cosmic harmony

A polluted hell surreal

Controlled through His evil hierarchies

The legions of the Beast

Agents of His violent Will

For power they compete

Yet as a unity serve His purposes

The dialectic of polarity

The black of chaos' disturbance

And the white of static entropy

Re-turn to homeostatic inertia

The forces play off against each other

The warp and woof of the Will

Of the malevolent Demiurgos

Who realizes Himself through those He kills

Immersed into the hive mind

Of the Cosmic Monster

Who reduces all to His eyes

To the experience make His

The majority of the pasu beastmen

Were excreted as plasmations

From the phallus of Jehovah-Satan

Seeds of the goyim nations

These did not come from bove

But on the earth were placed

Through the Will of Jehovah

On the earth as His slaves

The vital energies He absorbs

Over the Manvantaras, Cycles of Time

Casting out His countless monads

To experience His own excreta and grime

The breath of Brahma-Jehovah

Rushes forth from His lungs

Spewing His disease all over

Diarrhea emanations from His bum

This encrustation of matter

Covers the Higher Planes

And serves as a womb to gather

The sparks of His chaotic brain

The souls on the earth manifest

Clothing themselves with forms

Of the excreta of Satan

To on the earth His will perform

Those who understand

That this state of being cannot

Continue with any good outcome

And would entail their life's loss

These are endowed with the mark of Cain

The bright and shining emerald

Which from Lucifer's crown came

To enlighten this fallen world

They alone may play the role

The higher beings of the Immortals

To dismantle the matrix of Jehovah

And liberate from His grasp the stronger souls

The hierarchies of utmost evil

Exist to enslave this fallen world

To enable through their perpetual

Abuse and torment of its captive souls

On the physical plane of manifestation

jewry and their Masonic tools

Play the role of emissaries of Satan

Imposing on all His ruthless rule

The choice is one disjunctive

The hard 'either-or'

Either one will be a combatant

Or in Jehovah's maw absorbed

Carry out one's duty

Without emotion or excuses

Strike at the vile enemy

And liberate from the matrix the few

Praxis Diabolus

Static inertia the inevitable result

Of normative subservience to the mores

The judeo-christian police state

The adamantine prison of diabolical Yahweh

Chaotic frenzy the recipe

To break all of the restrictive bonds

Of the Dark Lords' spatio-temporal causality

Reification of His cosmic wrong

The Deontic orientation

Of the pasu slave labor

Blow the trumpets on Mount Zion

To partake of their meager wages

They serve the kikes and their Master

Broadcasting their putative virtue

Today in the prison feed and fatten

And to serve the base lusts of the pasu

The Heroic god-man Lucifer

Resists the current of disintegration

Flies in the face of Jehovah

One of the Wildes Heer of Odin

A predator mind he may adopt

Yet not submerge himself within

The leaden prison of karmic hell

Drowning himself in the blood of the innocent

His transcendent mind unaffected

A True Kamerad acting from duty

In a principled and noble fashion

He does what he does without feeling

No escapist who crawls on his belly

Before 'The One' as a religious bigot

Not weeping and wailing for a place in Eternity

From a cosmic Father figure

He acts according to principal

What he decides emanates from within

Serving the blood memory's higher call

Not the lower ego's particularism

He may strike out with brutal rapacity

Attack his enemy without remorse

Yet without the typical weeping and wailing

Of the Middle Easterner's chaos

He gives no prayers to any 'One God'

He only carries out his mission

To serve his tribe and collective purpose

To fulfill Lucifer's perennial ambition

No pride or humility enters his thoughts

His focus is on his target

Not self-reflexive lunar chaos

Emotional maelstroms erratic

No prayers or cowardly excuses

To do what he must do

To achieve his higher objective

Banish the lies for Justice and Truth

The cowardly cowans of religiosity

Look upon him as a madman

And ensure they lock away the keys

To their cashbox and mansions

He wanders the night of this dark land

Unknown and not understood

By the mind controlled and fearful mass

Who would kill him if they could

His mission on earth is to employ

Any and every means to achieve

A world of the light of Lucifer's joy

A realm of black suns' and rays of green

To transform the being into a vortex

To save themselves from the flow of Time

Which causes atrophy and degeneration

Of their soul which withers and dies

They who have failed to live in the Truth

Who have allowed weakness to them atrophy

Wander off the cliff, a wayward fool

Crashing on the rocks of their own folly

The adept warrior of Wotan

Member of the Wildes Heer

Enters into earthen incarnation

For combat against Satan's worshipers

He guards himself with weapons of war

Both in the celestial plane

Communing with the forces of Lucifer

And with steel, might and main

He kills, slays the cowardly sheep

Who in their cowardice do bow

Before the jews in their Deity

Who experience His vampiric undertow

To the hells' below they are sent

Dispatched to their Dark Lord

To be consumed on the altar of His sin

Their souls into His being absorbed

Phagocitized by the Demiurge

They are dissolved into nothingness

Dissipating into the aether

Dispersed in the cosmos, mere fragments

The warrior faces his foes

Prepares to face the consequences

Only the action in the moment

Is his concern as means correlated with end

His goal on the earthen plane

Is to dispatch his foe, clear the scum

Into the abyss, their essence down the drain

To cleanse the earth therefrom

No peace on earth or ‘godly love’

Does occupy his mind

Only the goal of the Eternal

To The Mission he devotes his time

He focuses his will upon the goal

Seeks to tear down the enemy

Fighting the war unemotional

He commits any act necessary

No 'morals' or worldly 'ethics'

Are of any concern to him

Only the necessary actions

Which he performs in a state transcendent

Though condemned as a devil

He the warrior of Wotan

Is the hammer not the anvil

In the final Battalion

Thelassocracy

A pirate's enterprise expanding

Over the seven seas for plunder

Through devious legerdemain, double-dealing

For themselves a privileged standard

For self before others

No equal weights and measures

The pirates' standard bearer

The old skull and cross bones

The origin of this enterprise

None may know for certain

Whether with the robbers of the highway

In ancient Khazaria

Or with the Phoenician Pirates

Who the Mediterranean controlled

With their legions of slavers

And mercenaries seeking gold

In the sewers of the nations

Wherein jewry dwelt

Playing the middleman trader

The financial swindlers' stealth

On the silk road these bandits

Imposed upon others there contracts:

"Your Money or your life" the terms

No fine print in the arrangement

The Khazars of the asian steppes

Grey wolves pursuing sheep

To work together as a pack

Upon their prey they feed

The pirates in their black ships

Which sailed around the basin

Of the stinking *cloaca gentium*

Establishing their enclaves of slavers

Carthage and Judaea

The tumors of the Near East

Expanding in the area

The emissaries of the Beast

Romans of old routed them

Salting their grounds of sacrifices

Steeped in the qabbalah's darkness

By Consus swallowed by

The remnant were placed under

The control of the *Pax Romanum*

Owing to Roman lenience and tolerance

The tumor continued to fester

It expanded outward accordingly

Followed its vampiric trajectory

Along the coasts it went plundering

And others' wealth gobbling

To merry old England they went

The serpent seed of jewry

In the druidic caste worming in

Usurping the function priestly

Through *prima nocte* the parasite

Intertwined itself within

And usurped the Celtic line

Transforming it into the Brit-ish

Their pirate island enclave

Had served them well to enslave

The populace of the nations

Through usury and piracy

The expansion of the parasite

Occupied certain coasts

The preferred *topos* of the slaver

International commercial zones

Within these parts cities arose

The nexus of the vaishas

From Shanghai to New York

London city to Tunisia

This cancerous spread continued

Through the building of the Empire

Of the Brit-ish crypto-jews

Expanded their enterprise

From Holland their neighbor

And the new world: America and Canada

Always building a backdoor

To jump ship when things got hot

The borders of the nations

Were drawn to divide and conquer

According to the Torah

Their blueprint for takeover

On one side a rival faction

On the other their mortal foe

Their identity forged for friction

To divide the nations of old

One tribe against another

Was the historical fact

Yet living adjacent to each other

They sorted out their differences

Once the borders were installed

And religions and dogma were imposed

The population was conquered

By the Empire for exploitation controlled

The sullen masses under the yoke

Of the empire of the shopkeepers

Had tribute to pay to their foes

Who exploited them as slave labor

The shopkeeper's Empire of usury

The same template utilized by them

To under the guise of trade

Bind their targets with sharp practice

Through duplicitous contracts they enslave

Those they cannot loot and pillage

When overt force is not adequate

They to deception have recourse

Usury and loansharking

The false promise of future profits

To be shared with the thelassocracy

Who put forth this tantalizing prospect

Any attempts to backstab

Their partners will be met with force

Mercenaries to attack

Any non-compliant partners

The highway robber the archetype:

"Your Money or your life"

Those who would violate

The terms of contract 'from on high'

Religion too the swindlers

In their double-dealing have

As the main weapon of plunder

To capture the gentile men

Over the seven seas the pirates

Sail their ship of slavery

From one location to another

They take with them their knavery

In modern times no need is had

To enslave the world through the seas

The higher planes provide the media

Of banker's electronic fiat currency

The 'currency' of electronic form

In the virtual hyper-reality

On the ocean of the aether

Over the cosmic seas

Thus the ships need be smashed

The banks and all their flotilla

Their electronic slavery grid

With nothing left, no scintilla

Declaration of War

Jehovah, cosmic Lord of Darkness

I declare upon you war everlasting

Throughout the milliards of years you cursed

The higher planes with your gas-lighting

Projecting your vile essence ubiquitous

You defiled our vision of Origins

And therefore against you and your legions

I declare war on behalf of all Aryans

You have captured the minds of the fools

With your mind control and its false promises

A Heaven above you would give the key to

All of your mind controlled minions

Your hypocrisy and falsehood

You broadcast *ex cathedra*

From the mouths of the priesthood

With their halitosis excreta

Their sermons derived from You

Your diabolical program

To capture the minds of the fools

To rivet a chain around their necks

The earthly emissaries you have captured

The entire hierarchy of your wicked slaves

Have been enticed by the gleam of matter

Lots of gold for the traitorous knaves

I declare upon You total war

Should my fleshly vehicle be nihilated

Through your violent thugs who swore

To you an oath and themselves castrated

Though you mobilize the endless mass

To hurl their pathetic bodies at me

They will never the Aryan outlast

Their souls will wither and atrophy

Your violent imposition

Of the coarsest material density

Brings about their perdition

Through Your system of entropy

I will do my utmost to oppose

Your slave prison of densest lead

And to revitalize the lifeless world you chose

To force upon the sleeping men

I will awaken those who can receive

The message of Truth You have veiled

Behind the curtains of your deceit

For world of freedom soon concealed

To the cross of matter we have been fixed

The black magician's curse

I will reveal to the crucified sleepers

The dirty deeds of Jehovah's work

The violator of the harmony of existence

At least as far as can be seen

By the blind who live in His illusion

World of densest materiality

The Great Deceiver, hoodwinking the beings

Who He trapped within His creation

His vital sparks in densest bodies

Trapped for the duration

Doomed to return unto Him

In His indrawn breath of death

In the pralaya they go to Him

Assuming they have that long to exist

Through His agents upon the earth

He has pulled the wool over the eyes

Of those doomed to the dirt

Wormy cadavers doomed to expire

Through them have been transmitted

Through His far-flung hierarchies

Of those called 'Angels', really devils

And to transmit His religious creeds

To trap within His entropic chamber

To bind with lower vibrations

Fear and guilt, anxious horror

Over a fate dictated by Him

Religiosity an instrument

The iron maiden of the soul

Into which all the souls are trapped

Fearing to avoid Sheol

The act of their programming

Bowing and scraping before Him

In hopes of receiving the key

To the pearly gates of Elysium

The uncertainty of their future

Is a chain sufficiently strong

To bind as a spiritual ligature

Choking out their will-power

Their vain hopes of utopian world

In which they may all day pray

Before 'The One' in whom they are absorbed

Cannibalized as His prey

Upon this Cosmic Vampire

I declare undying war

To fight against his servants

And to Him attack forevermore

Jehovah the rapist of the Cosmic Mother

Forcing Himself upon each and all

Tearing from the world of the higher planes

The souls who in matter are forced to dwell

The Immortals from the higher planes

Will make short shrift of His system

Will tear it apart at the joints

To carry out their divine mission

Mass Attack

The heroic individual

A guardian and defender of freedom

Opposed to the priestly imbeciles

And their mass of ignorant servants

This the principal target of their hate

The greatest threat to the despotism

The Kshatriya warrior born in rage

Bent on victory in this worldly prison

The creeping priests' subterranean

Understand full well the threat

Which the warrior poses to them

And are hell-bent against

The warrior lives to conquer and fight

To oppose that which would enslave

To never submit or reconcile

To live like a sheep in a rusty cage

The laiety living in fear and trembling

Cowards who must cling to a master

To the dictates of the priests reacting

Eager to slake their thirst of blood

The priests release their cowardly serfs

Having whipped them up into a frenzy

And conditioned them to the church serve

Its agenda of global hegemony

The communists have rejected the God

Of Abraham and his covenant

Nonetheless their forebears mirror

The inheritors of christian despotism

Stripping away the spiritual dimension

And supplanting it with the secular

The hordes are just as naïve and foolish

Ready to fall upon their betters

Whipped up into peroxysms of hate

For they who stand above the fray

Eager to rend and filet

The superior, source of basest jealousy

Bestial hordes controlled by the cabal

Orcs of utmost savagery

Are corrupted to cause the Aryan's to fall

And to impose upon them bastardy

Should they have the willingness to submit

To the rule of the jewish oligarchs

Whether the guise of the priest

Or the uniforms of the commissar

They will then be subjected

To the mass assault tactic

Of the cabal and its black magic

Who overrun the heroic Aryans

The witch-hunting of the darkest ages

Are replicated in modern form

To the mass unleashed from their cages

Paid with incentives to the hero's murder

Social capital and that of lucre

Granted to them to participate

In attacking the superior Aryan

To their memory obliterate

This cowardly strategy of the jew

And their priests of the demon Yahweh

Have throughout the millennia given proof

Of their violence and utmost crudity

Whether burning to death at the stake

Or torturing in a tenebrous dungeon

The Aryans, the hero, has to them paid

With his life's blood in torrents

The cowardly creeping jews and priests

Throughout the Piscean age

Have with their ravenous greed

Placed all into Jehovah’s rusty cage

Those who don't submit they kill

In a cowardly and secretive manner

Destroying the lives and heroes

Who alone wave freedom's banner

The witless mass whipped into a frenzy

Through fear and threats of hellfire

Should they not torture and murder every

Target they has 'heretics' stigmatize

They can perceive in their cunning

They who are not of the mass

Who do not wear smile of apocryphy

Who are of superlative genius

This procedure has been carried out

Throughout the history of the world

To facilitate the destruction of

The triumph of the rabbis, the Zion elders

To overcome the mass assault

Necessitates opposition

As the Viking Raiders of old

Fighting their way out of Ixion's prison

Not defense alone but an attack

Is necessary to overcome

The cabal of Abraham

Which seeks to enslave everyone

Lone wolves and small cells

As did the Freikorps of old

Sending the priests and rabbis to hell

Extinguishing their diabolical souls

These cowardly creeping vermin

Who the world have in chains placed

Will be routed as with Hitler's Germans

And the Empire of Rome did Carthage

Their system of global despotism

One day will be erased

And the memories of their horror

Will from the minds of all be effaced

Should these creatures engineer

A world of restrictive slavery

It would be better to disappear

In a strike of Viking bravery

The mass will be subjugated

Reduced further to robotization

Having chips planted in their brains

And controlled by the satellites of Zion

They will be merged into the hive

Euphemistically 'spiritual Israel'

As an individual they will have died

And by phagocitized by Jehovah

'Ex Cathedra'

Violations of the lives of others

Are promulgated *ex cathedra*

By the priests of the catholic church

The pastors in their whited sepulchres

The rabbis in their dark enclaves

Synagogues on the hill adjacent to rivers

In their qabbalistic rituals formulate

Blueprints to impose upon the goyim

They both collude with one another

The elder and the younger brethren

Against all who they deem 'Other'

Mere 'infidels' and 'heretics'

These bigots of greatest terrorism

Impose upon all their narrowness

Their bigotry and dogmatism

Imposing upon them their halitosis breath

The naïve and foolish mass

Serve the jews indirectly

Through the church in their black mass

Saying their prayers to Jehovih

The tongue-clucking of the priests

Of the 'perfidious jews'

Goes nowhere as its designs to be

Impotence of the priestly crew

They say '*sicut judaeus non*'

'Never harm the jew'

And think in heaven they have won

But merely underscore that they lose

The jews who control the church

And have throughout history

Use it as a shield and sword

The scarlet woman riding the beast

Dressed in a monks' cowl

The sinister mage of the Near East

Conceals his motives diabolical

Under the mantle of the dove of peace

Luciferian Rebellion

Vril light shining brightly in the stars

Transmitted from the Uncreated realms

Across the heavens in celestial cars

Through Venus entering through its portal-vimanas

These descend to the earth and situate themselves

Taking a stand ready for war

Manifesting upon this terrestrial hell

A god-like Hyperboreans of yore

Upon the earth plane they manifest

Blue-blood true blood by themselves blest

A curse against 'The One', the Yahweh pest

Who has enslaved the 'human-all-too-human'

Mixing of the blood of the anthropoids

Shattering the shells which keep them enslaved

Liberating their souls from the material grave

Granting them the keys through which they're saved

The choice remains theirs should they wish

To take up the torch noble Lucifer has lit

And go toward the Olympian Summit

To forsake the realm of infernal Dis

Lucifer beckons with his shining torch

Reaching down to the captives

He bestows on their brow Cain's noble mark

Through walking the proper path to the heavens

The choice must be made by those on earth

Either to ascend beyond the realm of this prison

Or to languish for a time and endure the curse

Of the atrophy of the soul which leads to extinction

Grasping at the illusions of Maya

That Jehovah the abusive father has offered

His false gifts on their funeral pyre

Piles high objects of desire proffered

They clutch at the perishable things of this world

And the rotting material falls through their fingers

They desperately grasp at the perishable

Its putrescent stench in their memory lingers

These pasu beast men cannot overcome

Their fixation on the material plane

Chained to the world of matter, earthbound

Their souls atrophy as they sink in their graves

Lucifer, the immortal of Hyperborea

The Venusian Fuhrer of his Wildes Heer

Has entered the hollows of the earth

To the earth transmute, with the Dark Side interfere

The pestilential creatures of Chang Shamballah

Would stand in the path of enlightenment

Would trap all in the darkness of ignorance

Claiming they alone are Heaven sent

These foes of the lunar light

Cannot defeat their immortal foe

Could only seek to deceive and to blind

The earthly denizens in the weal of woe

Circling around in the Kalachakra wheel

The pasu's who are enslaved have no recourse

Without the instruction of the immortals

Who have involuted to transmute their Graalic force

The battle wages on continually

Between those of the Dark Side and the Light

Of perpetual strife and contumely

Between the illuminated and the false light

On the earth plane there are two choices

A disjunctive choice made between True and false

The elective affinity of the mortals

Toward the Good and True or the darkness

Those who are of sound mind and body

Who are a soul closest to the Devas

The Vanir from Lucifer descending

Will assist them in their Immortal combat

The black suns have descended

Immortal beings who can manifest

On the earth plane there is an ending

To join in their noble quest

Those who do oppose the higher beings

And who serve the world order of evil

Will have their fate in the great cleansing

Their souls extinguished, possessed by infernal beings

They sell their souls for material gain

And their slave masters serve

Losing their fading integrity

As they give their souls to the vampires

In order to receive their temporal rewards

They must serve the agenda of 'The One'

Their slave master the plagiarist, Demiurge

Of this plane of matter's encrustation

These creaturely beings of lowest nature

Bowing and scraping before the entities

Who in the lower astral make their home

Concealing themselves while on these they feed

Shape shifting saurian slavers

And insectoid-mantis creatures

Who have established in Saturn

Their matrix to enslave earth's denizens

This slave matrix of magnetism

Assist in their siphoning loosh

Harvesting the energy of the beastmen

Who have Lucifer refused

Who have failed to transform themselves

Into a black sun Immortal

Like Lucifer the shining one

They will perish amongst their earthly spoils

Those who fail to enter the fray

And give combat to the Demiurge

And His pusillanimous slaver race

Have thereby forsaking their future

Signing a contract with their blood

For worldly fortune and fame

Have their very soul mortgaged

To achieve a pyrrhic victory

Their matter they obsess over

May accrue to them status

And grants to them fleeting moments

Of thrills and stimulation

Beyond this they sell themselves

To the entities to whom they're bound

And in order to perpetuate their wealth

They must cycle in the rounds

The black suns however are the inheritors

Of the stone of emerald

From the crown of godly Lucifer

They would burn down the world

This vale of tears a joke to them

It's weal and woe of little worth

They seek simply to the earth rid

Of the pestilence that chains us to its dirt

Born in this world we must make our choice

Lucifer, the light bearer or Jehovah-Satan

Those who wind up on the wrong side

Will find their way to perdition

The immortals of Venus, black suns' of power

May come and go as they please

None may contest them at any hour

Yet the death knell rings for the evil seed

The fate of the Dark Side is destruction

Either in this life or in the next

They will never their aims accomplish

As they are under the curse of Yahweh's hex

Evolutionary 'Progress'

Towards the absorption of their being

Phagocitization into 'The One'

The pasus living within the dream

Pursuing the transience of existence

Within the corrosive waters

Of the constant flowing river

Of samsara, of shimmering maya

Not a giver but a taker

Immersed in the flow of Time

Stripped by its acid of their flesh

The pasu a skeleton leaves behind

His soul in Yahweh's spiders' web

This is the motor of 'evolution'

The flow of Time, will of 'God'

The will of Jehovah-Satan

The Cosmic Beast, rapist of Gaia

All souls 'go to Heaven'

Such is the representation

Those who live a life of pacifism

Allowing their phagocitization

They must all follow 'the Plan'

Of 'The One' and his earthly administrators

The great White brotherhood demons

Who trap all within their earthly cages

Serving 'humanity' and 'God'

The underlings must self-sacrifice

Even the masters of the Lodge

Serve 'The One' for the promise of 'Eternity'

Deluded by the Cosmic Beast

And His hierarchies of diabolic forms

Angels and archons who do see

The perishable as food to absorb

The system of vampirization

The self-unfolding of Satan's Will

To be reabsorbed by Jehovah

All the soul seeds which He spilled

The creatures on the earth plane

Living to serve their greedy selves

Pursue in the rat race material gain

A desperate competition for wealth

These rats in the wheel circle round

Chasing the cheese of illusion

To in the wood shavings roll around

For their blood's extrapolation

'Progress' they seek the purpose

Of their lives turning in the wheel

Winding upwards the illusion

The progress of Jehovah's the spiral

The hive mind in which they are immersed

They are impelled by its suggestions

His impulsions make of them puppets

On the strength of the Demiurge Satan

Jerked about by these hapless brutes

In their cyclicism of quotidienne

Illusion that is living through

The maze of Daedelus' prison

Blinding by the hedges which surround

Their sight on all sides

Unable to cast their eyes above

They remain trapped in the maze

Pursuing with a smile their path

From 9-to-5 releasing

The atrophying energy into 'That'

Which 'God' is called by the pleibeans

Towards the extinction of their soul

They progress with ever tighter circles

Along the heliacal path they go

To feed the hunger of Jehovah

Evolution is touted as 'the good'

A wonderful purpose, the *summum bonum*

Yet leads to the extinction of the soul

The atrophy of one's essence

A gradual weakening of the self

Through vampirization by the entities

He calls 'Angels', these denizens of hell

Behind the false light their nature conceals

Through his earnest prayers and devotions

He binds himself to these creatures

Through the Hebrew names makes them

And opens his soul to astral leeches

They upon his soul to feed

Along the path of 'progressive development'

He pursues for his vanity

Under the guise of humanity's servant

A cruel joke played upon

The servants of the Dark Side

Who become yet more Satan's spawn

To be reabsorbed when they die

Their development seeks the goal

Of the perfection of their soul

Rolling around in Time's wheel

They believe they become Immortal

Finding themselves through sympathy

With the devil their master

Invoking the Hebrew names

And entities they do conjure

The path of evolution

Is the conveyor belt upon which

They moved toward perdition

And are absorbed therein

Jehovah's self-realization

A self knowing of Himself

In their cosmic mission

To serve the Vampire of the cosmos

Only the Immortals may escape

The nets of this infernal prison

Which the world of matter exceeds

Continued in the circle of Satan

The beings who from the higher planes

Involuted upon the earth

Descending to the mortals save

From Jehovah the Cosmic Vampire

These escape the wheel of Time

Never having being within

Its gravitational design

Being of a higher vibration

They exist beyond its vortextual pull

Exist outside of the wheel

Within the realm of the immortals

They remain untouchable

Yet combat against the world

Is waged perpetually

To save from Jehovah the souls'

Who demonstrate they are worthy

Those who live to oppose

The Dark Side and its violence

Carry out their mission of the hero

And put Jehovah to silence

Kshatriya

The warrior of the black sun

Within the world immersed in combat

Unaffected in his transcendent

Consciousness through which is souls' perfected

His penchant for martial action

Within the wheel he cycles

As a vimana, a battle station

He fires his payload at the target

The faction he has loyalty to

Is that of his Cosmic Mother

From her Eternal

He emanated upon the earth

He made a conscious choice to descend

Into this world of perpetual strife

To defeat the enemy whose bent

Is controlling and absorbing all sentient life

To defeat the parasites

Who vampirize the vital force

Of those within their matrices

Whose blood serves as their main course

The creeping vampires of the earth

Who in the shadows dwell

Who torment and abuse those in spirit poor

Who bind them in the lower hells

The Lucifer spirits of the Eternal Realm

Have descended to take control

Of the matrix prison of the densest hell

And to spiritualize its leaden mold

The icy rings of Saturn are melting

As the galactic center nears

And the slave matrix of Jehovah

Is dissolving in crystalline tears

The hold of the Dark Forces

Of the legions of the Demiurge

Is in its grip weakening

So to the walls of its leaden cubus

They desperately seek to maintain

Their grip upon their worldly prison

And to upon the world reign

To impose their vampire system

The warriors who have incarnated

Taken bodies to serve as vehicles

On the mundane plane manifested

To combat the agents of the Demiurge

Within the physical plane of being

The Demiurge's hell, infernal realm

Lucifer and his Immortal legions

Gather to the multitude overwhelm

Through their advanced practices

these adapts deploy weapons of war

Hyperborean black magic

two route the foe and victory score

They need have no recourse

To prayers to the dying souls

On the Earth plane no remorse

No purpose for prayers just to play their role

The Kshatriya warrior priest

Follower of the black sun

Dawning on the horizon to see

The victory of the Aryan

In the North it arises bright

Visible to those with vision

Who can perceive the polar light

Shining forth from Hyperborea

The Northern lights in the hollow earth

Shine their aurora borealis

Beyond the borders of the world

The red sun of Loki's radiance

Within the earth the Vanir dwell

And so too the Higher Planes

As an emerald from Lucifer fell

From the portal of the star morning

Through the black hole vortex

From the black sun emanate

The Luciferian spirits

On the earth to the sleepers' wake

They are unafraid of the loss

Of their flesh suits in this prison

A mere jumpsuit in the jailhouse

Of the Demiurge, master of deception

They can cast it aside as a snakeskin

Immolate their material form

Knowing that they live in Heaven

And are here to play their role on earth

All is transience, fleeting phenomena

In the worldly veil of tears

A temporary stay amidst the chaos

The Aryan warriors without fear

They acquire their targets through keen sites

Not of iron alone but of Spirit

The radiance of their diamond eyes

Perfect in their 20/20 vision

Within the crosses they are seen

By the enemies at times

Surprised by the Immortal beings

Who they know threaten their lives

The enemy dimly aware

That they themselves are within

The sites of Immortal Lucifer

And his affiliated kin

On the Earth plane into factions are

Who face off against each other

For victory or defeat, zero sum

One's loss the triumph of the other

The laughter of the Olympians

On the earth breaks forth

As the combat is initiated

By the legions of Lucifer

The warriors of the Wildees Heer

Of Wotan the undying

Pursue their targets without fear

Of their marks ever losing

They know who the subterranean

Creeping demon seed of jewry

Are and where the privilege

Dwell, subjecting their slaves to usury

They will dispatch their arrogant foes

Whose defective understanding

Restricts their perception of the worlds

At higher levels, their hive mind transcending

The Immortals of superior mind

Can see through the traps and tricks

Of jewry who imposes his lies

To enslave the pasu subjects

The christly cowards puffed up with vanity

Seek to make their pathetic displays

Of 'toughness' and 'power', mere tromp l'oeil

Chimeras they substitute for Reality

These illusions are swept aside

By the noble wise warriors

As they make their way inside

The inner sanctums of the exploiters

The synagogues of cathedrals

Enclaves of hypocrisy

Demon hives which bind to the sheeple

Their parasitic astral entities

These and their controllers

Are placed into the crosshairs

To torch them as sacrifices

To strike the priest of Melchizedek

Strike the shepherds and the sheep will scatter

The cowardly masses in panic flee

With no one to organize their erratic action

They an effective force fail to be

The architects of the system's destruction

Are sent wildly into mayhem

Those who survive are on the back foot

A reactionary whose death is fated

Engineering disorganization

Into the system of entropy

Throwing monkey wrenches in the system

To tear apart the Beasts' machine

At all dimensions and all levels

The enemy seeks to assail

Any threat to its system of evil

All means at its disposal it avails

Total war without 'ethics'

The artificial limitations

That Aryan man had imposed on him

And which as fetters they hamstrung

Forward to the war everlasting

To fight and to overcome the host

The devious agents of catastrophe

The servile slaves of Jehovah

Brahman

Priest parasites buried in the host

Intermediaries between man and ghosts

Absorbing the life's blood of the souls

Who they mortgage to the Deity they extol

The Brahmanical caste of history

Has bestowed upon posterity

A hateful and cursed legacy

Of narrow-minded bigotry

They purport to be intermediaries

Of the Divine and human

But are instead in all cases merely

Parasites fattening on others' bread

The historical presence of the priests

Has revealed naught but intrigue

Has demonstrated the fruits of lethargy

Of the idle hands doing their deviltry

The priests of judeo-christianity

Are merely the latest incarnation

Of the perennial presence of the leech

Who siphons the blood from the nation

In the ancient Mediterranean

The Near Eastern *cloaca gentium*

The priests ran a theocratic despotism

With themselves lording over the ignorant

They concealed all knowledge for themselves

And played games of manipulation

Hoodwinking and mocking the exploited slaves

To while away their idle hours with their God Satan

Whether in India or the Near East

The cunning of the beast-man was a presence

To hoodwink the Aryan and deceive

Through priestly ritual and witchcraft

In concept the function of the priest caste

Has merit, is even acceptable

But translated into actual practice

It amounts to corruption and is in no way venerable

The priestly intermediary between the realms

The mundane and the celestial

Can be better embodied in the Kshatriya

The warrior priests' may play both roles

In the days of yore in Atlantis

The priest caste had become corrupted

And through their sinister black magic

The continent had been by the Vanir sunken

Karmic backlash for their enslavement

The priest caste of yore received their due

To curtail their excesses, their violations

Of those at lower levels they abused

To remove the priestly parasites

A necessity of modern times

Rather than to be dragged into the night

Of dark age ignorance of the mind

The parasite priests continue their work

Exploiting those they keep poor

Reducing all to subsistence level

'*Ora et labora*' the cattle's dogma

They must work and drudge all day

To feed the greedy priests

Work toward the invasion

To their white slaves replace

More easily controllable slave labor

To fatten the privileged few

Who as fattened pelicans

Drank the blood from those they slew

In the waters they perch

Sleek and fatted creatures

Gobbling up others' victuals

Engineering conditions of dearth

Is there any redeemability

For the Brahmanical caste?

This one must question sincerely

Should he properly begin to act

The contribution to society

Is of a ‘holy’ negative nature

Enforcing the mass non-white invasion

Imposing mental shackles on the population

"Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"

According to their interpretation

Of some writings which were wrought

By trans-dimensional reptilian aliens

Transmitted through their synthetics

The genetically engineered beings

Who by the aliens were created

To the masses control and oversee

Thus far naught but violence

Has emanated from this creed

Of pusillanimous weepings

And irrational savagery

The stupid bigotry of its dogma

Based upon foolish stories

That are at most mere metaphor

Invented fables for mental babies

“You must believe-else to die!”

The only recourse one is allowed

At the hand of the violators’ of the mind

The priestly caste perched on their clouds

The verdict that must be rendered

Implicates the priestly caste

And the service that they render

Mere rubbish to be tossed in the trash

In order to extricate the few

Worthy to continue in this world

The tyranny of the weeping jew

Must be into the abyss hurled

No need for any priestly caste

May be had for those who are free

No shackles on the mind riveted

As they force their own bounds on liberty

It now remains to be one's own

Priest to kindle the spirit within

To clear away the Demiurgic mold

Which derived from the judaics

The despotism of the priests

Still lingers like a bad smell

And creates of our former Eden

A veritable infernal hell

Solutions may be offered to

The poor or rich in spirit equally

For even the common fools

Can bury their knives in deeply

Ropes for the priestly caste

Or guillotine of sharpest blade

Arson against their church committed

As a wicker man torching them with flame

The narrow-minded hypocrites

Who self-deceiving rule over

The common fools and halfwits

Through stories fearful and bloody

These must be routed from the world

Before they may further spread

Tumescently, made incurable

Bringing the reaper to carry off the dead

Hence make hay while the sun shines

Hurry towards the implements of war

Both on the earth and in celestial planes

To bring about vile Zion's fall

Strike with efficiency and effect

Topple the spires of the cabal

The Abrahamic parapets

The source of all problems of the world

Checkerboard

Black and white tessellated board

Matricized pieces trapped within the square

Judaized pawns covered by their Lord

Jehovah mastermind, Prince of the powers of the air

Within this realm of entropic structures

Jehovah's self-expression of insanity

The fabric of being, geometric construction

Frames our consciousness in hyper-reality

The imitation of the Truth

The fabric of manifestation

Jehovah's living proof

Crystallized in His creation

Within the magic square

Cubus of densification

We are made unaware

Of our higher state or vocation

In our illusory self we're clothed

A garb of pomp and circumstances

In this terrestrial episode

We circle the altar widdershins

Looking towards selfish power

To become more within the world

At a higher or lower level

Within the matrix of the absurd

We see ourselves through a glass darkly

Our perception blinded by glamour

Toward ourselves we direct our eyes

And become infatuated with our image

The illusions of worldly power

Of recognition of our peers

In desperate competition our

Purpose restricted to 'now' and 'here'

The worldly concerns quotidienne

Never cease as we roll

In the wheel of Kalachakra

Up-and-down our weal and woe

We reach the heights of status

Crowned with the diamond diadem

Yet for a vain and fleeting hour

Cast in the mud of decay in the end

The hierarchy of Chang Shambala

Wishes to drag us down to oblivion

To hold out promises of grandeur

Golden carrots of worldly incentive

They wish to distract our purpose

Shift our aim toward their own

To pull the cart for the parasites

Then to in the mass grave cast our bones

To strip our flesh from our osseous frame

Gorging themselves these cannibals

To the marrow into their maws' drain

With blood to wash it down

They must shift our focus of attention

Towards the fleeting illusions of their square

The black-and-white diaphanous pattern

Which blurs the vision of the seers

Within the hyper-real cube of matter

Our gaze is bleary and in a fog

Gas-lit by the sinister black magicians

Hoodwinking our limited consciousness

We observed to whatever extent we may

Flickering flashes of the Green Ray

Those whose focus transcends the day

To exit the matrix beyond the Fray

Through the mesh, tissue of Maya

The black-and-white grid of prison bars

Can be captured if we focus on the Higher

And transcend this world, attain the stars

The cruel and cowardly tenebrous host

That forms the synarchy of the shadows

Seeks to its matrix prison impose

Relying on deception and simulacra

Feints and theater of the real

Illusions created by the counterfeit

Jailers of the pasu in the wheel

Shaking them down for their profits

They accrue to themselves the knowledge

Of the system they control

Though they go only as far as possible

For those bound to that same wheel

They blind all others to the Truth

To the extent they are able

Though they themselves cannot accrue

Knowledge of the Greenland, the Eternal

Hence they themselves fall for

Their own self-deception

Their limited consciousness

Conceals from them their karmic lesson

They continue to pursue the same path

To pursue baseborne self-enrichment

Absorbing the power of the beast-man

They have to Grotti's mill chained their servants

They cling with desperation to this world

To perpetuate their generations

Incapable of exiting the iron wheel

To which they are with iron manacles fixated

Though of superlative intellect

They lack the spiritual consciousness

To situate them in Eternia

To transcend their God Jehovah-Satan

To Him they are bound as projections

Of His hive mind of lower density

They are in Maya's veil mere designs

Flowers of death, tracery

They constitute nodal points

Of His cosmic expansion

Of His limbs they are joints

Around which pivot His actions

They are tentacles of the octopus

Stretched forth as plasmations

Of His will-to-power diabolical

Wrapping themselves around those who might escape Him

Absorbing their energy into Himself

Feeding upon their vital forces

The vampire and His hypostatic cabal

Which constitutes His presence on the earth

Jehovah Malkuth they form

The jews His synthetic creation

From reptilian aliens they are born

To on the earth perpetuate enslavement

Incapable of recognition

Of any higher mental state

They posit themselves as the standard

And all else view as fair game

Their predatorial mind

Governed by the rational consciousness

Arachnoid in its design

Motivated to exploits, to attain dominance

No empathy for other kinds

No regard for their suffering

A total detachment from the higher mind

Through egocentric self-reflexion

Encountering the phenomenon of

The 'Other' and everything 'not self'

The spiders of the microcosm

Spin their webs with cunning stealth

They neglect in their myopia

To understand the law of consequence

That spinning their webs to obstruct

Others, has its karmic comeuppance

Causing needless harm to others

Suppressing their will and destiny

Obstructing their self-determined action

Subjugating them into slavery

This act of predation against others

A violation of their autonomy

The psychopath spiders of Zion

Wrap all within their web of 'peace'

Each strand woven according to a formula

Each motion subject to efficiency

Each robotic action optimal

Within the G.A.O.T.U's grand scheme

Means to end reasoning

The instrumentation of the mind

A rational robot calculating

The fate of others' the system to bind

'Human resources', animate tools

Who are assimilated into the machine

As parts which must fit within its rules

Interchangeable with others in the infernal scheme

Those who do not fit within

The matrix of the slave system

Are discarded into the scrap bin

And replaced with those of better fit

Only the mentally vacuous

Who have no mind to speak of

Are permitted a role in the system

To have extracted their life's blood

Cogs grinding away in the machine

Ground to obsolete since their Time

Under the influence of the Beast

Venerated by the pasu-kind

The system of predation

Operates in its elegance

As an abattoir of violence

Amidst its intermeshing gears

Each predates upon the others

Who are to him subordinate

Lording over his charges

Stand Zion's petty tyrants

Each feeds upon the other

And absorbs into themselves

The soul of those they capture

To their own essence swell

As spiders' feasting upon flies

They weave their intricate webs

To trap within the Cosmic Design

The less cunning sacrificial victims

Rationalist robot thought alone

Is a modality of the system

Which excludes magicians and poets

As the greatest threat against them

Those who are the embodiments

Of the higher intuition

Of the supra-rational consciousness

Are stigmatized by the system

Targeted from birth they are

Tortured and abused

Opposed by the Dark Lord

And his slave minions the jews

Their christly puppets and communists

All work in lockstep

To tear down and to destroy

The spiritual aristocrats

The Hyperboreans transcend

The baseborne consciousness

Of the slave the irrational sudra

And the rationality of the priestly merchants

His supra-intuitional faculty

Enables the supersession

Of the limitations of the Beast

The system of the will's suppression

He holds the key to exit the door

To the prison in which he's trapped

By the demon seed of Jehovah

Bent on genocide and dominance

Targeted for elimination by the system

He is hunted and persecuted

Throughout the world and its nations

By the system and its stooges

Their crude rational consciousness

Operating within the world

Fails to transcend the causal conditions

That as limits to their mind do serve

They exist only within this state

Of the crudity of the material

Emissaries of Jehovah's hate

They pursue those truly spiritual

They fail inevitably as they do

Render impossible their victory

As within the entropy of the world

Their souls' subjection to atrophy

Pursuing the course of selfish gain

Crude material accumulation

Lusting for glamour and transient fame

They hang themselves in the web of Satan

Limiting their consciousness to the means

Of the acquisition of the transient

Through a rational instrument-ality

Their lack of understanding flagrant

Calculating numbers to deduce

Conclusions to problems they created

To translate the real by abstract rules

Falsehood from equally false premises

Rendering abstract the concrete

Artificial, the organic being

Wrenching from its true context

The things' inner meaning

Subjecting all to His will

The system of Jehovah

Reduces all to nil

Transforms them into numbers

Statistics; quantity reigns

Within the merchants' accountancy

The system of the slaves

And their master Yahweh-Satan

Merchant

Pursuing wealth over the world

Chasing the almighty dollar

Making contacts through business deals

The mercantile enterprise goes forward

Expanding operations international

The greedy desire for accumulation

The art of the business deal

Profit the only motivation

Profit for its own sake

Greed the driving force

The vile pursuit of gain

Jewry the merchant horde

Materialistic fetishism

The obsession with base acquisition

A ravenous cannibal

Gorging on the blood of the innocent

Around the world they establish

Their enclaves of *commercium*

Port cities and the metropolis

Along trade routes, point de capiton

The middleman of usury

Brings the flies into his web

Through incentive a basest greed

He beguiles the coarsest men

The traders of foreign nations

Are brought together in the nest

Of the multicultural *cloaca gentium*

Attracting together parasite pests

They vampirize the nation

The surrounding territory

Drain it of its rations

Absorb its vital energies

The merchants a net negative

Introduce luxurious commodities

Which bring with them decadence

Incite the population's greed

Within them accompany vice

As rats or vermin within crates

That infect the populace like lice

Into the healthy nation introduce disease

Drugs and other sources of addiction

Prostitution and harmful weapons

Mercenaries scour the nation

Hiring themselves to the highest bidder

The intention of the merchant rabble

Is to weaken their host sufficiently

To undermine their host of cattle

Through hamstringing cows, the bulls' castrating

The introduction of an innovation

Of substances which weaken

Through drugs and disease spread

The vices of luxury and decadence

The agenda of the merchant host

Which manifests itself in jewry

Is not acquiring profits alone

But global dominion for the serpent seed

The tribe of genetically engineered

Creatures who in the shadows lurk

Are placed upon the earth to steer

The ships of state into the brink

To undermine and sabotage

The nations of all others

Especially those of the Aryan

Their foe in the cosmic war

The usury business of the jew

Their main tactic of destruction

Which to tear down the gentiles is used

To cripple and corrupt the 'goyim'

To steal their wealth, accumulate

The life's blood of their host

They have infested to rob and rape

inciting the masses to revolt

Tearing down the society

Disintegrating its integrity

Creating division through bribery

Of incentives of vulgarity

Appealing to the upper caste

With promises of enterprise

Building an empire which will outlast

That of Atlantis in the Golden age

They turn the upper caste decadent

Through their witchcraft and black magic

Tear down their noble heritage

Insight the exploited poor against them

The poor equally they ravage

Encouraging them in their vices

Operating the prostitution business

Gambling and narcotics to undermine them

Anything that stimulates

And attracts the poor in spirit

They introduce into the nation

To send it spiraling downward

Trafficking in substances which addict

Which disintegrate the soul

And through which they may profit

Gathering others' gleaming gold

Their protocol that of a parasite

Burying itself into the host

To absorb the vitality

And to their enemy depose

The rich and poor they both corrupt

Leading each against the other

To bring them to their destruction

Inciting the poor to revolution

Using the naïve and witless mass

Against their betters the nobility

They seek to decapitate the ruling caste

And crown themselves as royalty

Their *modus operandi* has been

Forever the same throughout the world

The gentiles deceiving and corrupting

To tear down and to oppose

A noxious bacillus who infects

The host body of their nation

Who courteously the host has let

The jews enter to their devastation

The naivety and gullibility

Of the Aryan man

Exploited by cunning jewry

To facilitate their plans

To deceive and corrupt their host

Through creating the false appearance

That they have value to offer those

Who they subject to their exploitation

Abstractors of the quintessence

Robots within the machine

Semi-autonomous to all appearances

Yet still a cog the G.A.O.T.U serving

Part of His cosmic mechanical system

These nodes in the net of the cosmic spider

Who weaves His web's and spews them forth

From out of His bloated abdomen

Secretions of His mind, crystalline egregores

These apparatchiks who serve the system

Operate as his material limbs

Within the world to operate the prison

To harvest the loosh that feeds Him

Bloodsuckers they are themselves drained

Of their vital forces as they operate

The gears and levers of the machine

Which extracts blood from animal men

Their 'education' an exercise

Of the rational faculties of His mind

The thinking organ of corporeal kind

Extrapolation of his 'original' Design

They undergo the metabolic processes

Neural transmissions of cogitations

Within their cerebral network impulses

Which are undergone with robotic precision

Left-brain metabolism reaches fever pitch

Under the lash of economics incentivizing

To keep up with the jokers the tragic

Fate, of those who 9-to-5 must continue grinding

To partake of the vampire system of coercion

One must be master or slave

Yet even though master of millions

To Jehovah-Satan must be subordinate

He sells his soul thereby

And digs his grave with golden shovel

His higher True Self does atrophy

And he buys his one-way ticket to Sheol

Little different than a machine

He exerts himself in the work day

Metabolizing abstractions to 'earn a living'

When dying is the form of his productivity

The system operates on the basis of

A juggler of abstract concepts

Which purports fallaciously to map upon

The world of phenomena and the organic

Mere fictions, illusions of the mind

A world of abstract concepts

Which at most situate one inside

The mind of Jehovah-Satan

Purportedly transcendent they claim to enable

The supersession of transient phenomena

Through bearing no relation to the actual

Reality, perceived by the pasu animals

Rather they simply divorce one from

Anything but images of barren design:

Dots; circles; lines and dull phenomena

Perceived by the visual sense of the eye

They serve to activate the brain

Rev up the engine of the metabolism

Through rationalistic reflexive processes

They conjure up a fantasy world of arid images

Born of the despot and its abstractions

Which emanate from the mediocre minds

Of the neanderthaloid reptilian-hybrids

Who have formed a culture of diabolic kind

This culture has become extrapolated

Superimposed upon the common folk

Of the gentiles with whom they cohabitated

And has ingrained itself inside their host

The judaized gentiles of the world order

Have been entrained to exalt this form

Of cultural excretions dull and barren

By implication to venerate the Dark Lord

Jehovah the 'great' Architect of Evil

Who excreted the material world of forms

And brought endless suffering and finitude

To those trapped within His prison bars

This architecture of the geometers

Whose existence is derived from abstractions

Is forced upon the sum total of the goyim

And which is the limit of their cogitations

Music; art and poetry

All hold the keys to unlock the doors

Of this leaden penitentiary

Which Jehovah has through His will formed

The gateway to a higher consciousness

May be had only through this means

And through avoiding any engagement

In the world of transience, of seeming

The abstract concepts and symbols

Being related to rationalistic systems

Of languages purely artificial

Have no value in escaping the prison

They are as leaden manacles

Which chain one to the walls

And coerce one to run the wheel

Of 9-to-5 without stop

The conscious mind becomes limited

To purely reflexive functionality

An analytical obstruction

Of the flow of conscious creativity

Has the mind reduces to

A mere machine of meat

Of blood and cerebrospinal fluid

Which as an organ in Time atrophies

Extension of the diabolic Will

Of the Mind of the Demiurge

Which superimposes on all the swill

From the corrosive waters of this fallen world

The robots as microscopic beings

Spin their own webs according

To their classical conditioning

Compelled by the architect of materiality

Their narrow minds' ossify

Crystallized within themselves

Reduced to the worldly crime

Of siphoning from all their vital wealth

The arrogance of these psychopaths

Who live within a rational world

Is by no-one the earth outmatched

Save the reptilians and their 'great' Diabolus

Kill All the Lawyers

Shakespeare said it best in his day

That all lawyers to the gallows, they must hang

A liar with a crocodile smile

Wasting your time and money the while

Within the context of the modern world

From the advent of the institution

Of the lawyer trade adversarial

Inherent in liberal parliamentarianism

These pests have intertwined themselves

With their adversarial wranglings

Co-opting the function of the caste noble

And pulling it into the pit the bourgeoisie

Squabbling and disagreeing amongst themselves

Their profession consists of petty-fogging

Creating rhetorical smokescreens

With judge and client gas-lighting

Their profession *Justicia* blindfolding

They purport to have the interests of

Their clients who must pay them

Else who are appointed by the court

To through the system railroad them

They serve the system of democracy

The court of parliament

Whether under the façade of monarchy

Or the oligarchy of republicanism

Their loyalty is to the system

Though concealing themselves behind

The simulacral appearances

Of serving the client selflessly

Their fees are exorbitant

Drawn from public or private purse

And provide the lawyer a decadent

Lifestyle of utmost leisure

The lawyers serve the unbalanced scales

Of what is represented as 'Justice'

Catering to the sinister cabal

Which they of necessity are part of

Priests of Saturn the lawyers are

Devotees of the greater malefic

The planetary archons' Dark Star

Who traps all within the matrix

They employ their gas-lighting tactics

To deceive and confuse their clients

To speed their bumbling passage

Into the lion's den of the jail cell

They railroad their clients into the den

Of barbarous iniquity

Subject their prisoners therein

To torture; strip them of their humanity

Near the beginning of their day to appear

A day or at most a week before

The lawyer brings from the prosecutor

A 'deal' to give himself an easy score

The client ignorant of the laws

In its minute technical details

Acquiesces to the plea bargain

And incurs its ill consequences

He sticks his finger in the trap

Signing with his name in blood

In agreeing to justice bypass

And to fall for its simulacrum

The lawyer records the victory

In his dossier of clients

And makes off with the money

While Justice is ignored in silence

The exorbitant wages the parasites make

Are rolled over in their stocks and bonds

In their ironclad investments

And guaranteed-to-profit mutual funds

While the client sits and waits the outcome

The lawyer gives him the silent treatment

The weeks and months on the calendar run

Redounding to the client's detriment

The life of indefinite suspension

Is that which the client lives

While lawyer goes on vacation

And adjusts the accounts of his business

Both prosecution and defense

Are agents of the B.A.R association

The British Registry Accredited

Of the cabal's synarchy of Zion

The interests of the crown are served

Of the state monarchy or republic

The scales of Justice are disturbed

The lawyers thumb's disrupt it

The gas-lighting tactics of the agents

Of the court do becloud

The clear and distinct parameters

Of a doctrine of Justice found

'The principles of fundamental justice'

So-called by the hypocrites

Deceive those whose lives are disrupted

Into thinking they will obtain recompense

Losses they have been subjected to

Are amplified throughout the process

Of the state whose agents prosecute

The transgressor of their legal lies

It is represented to the mass

That they have access to equal treatment

But the disparity in consequence

Reveals the absurdity of the system

The judge determines the meaning

Of the overbroad and ambiguous

Legalistic terminology

Which is coercively impose upon us

The 'freedoms' that are alleged

To obtain within the modern world

Are curtailed within the fine print

Through vagueness and generality of terms

One man's 'terrorist' or 'criminal'

Is another's 'freedom fighter'

Which distorts the properties essential

Of the person in the crosshairs

The non-white murder of the innocent

Is caught and released the next day

To recidivize in the streets

Murdering; raping without delay

The white man who protests the state

And critiques its hypocrisy

Is assassinated by a squad of police

Through a call from their master's jewry

Thus a double standard is established

With the short and sharp end of the stick

Inserted in the white man's rectum

Should he in any way transgress

The savages who have invaded

The once pristine Aryan land

Are by the judicial system enabled

To wash the blood from off their hands

Thereby they perpetuate the spread

Of the cancer of disintegration

Of the nation the Aryan created

Bringing about the final conflagration

With no reliability of the law

As a stable bulwark of Justice

No standard to look towards

The nation enters into terminal chaos

Mass catastrophe which ensues

Is designed *ab initio*

To topple the nation by the jews

Who seek a world of their own

Those who would attempt to maintain

The shaky foundation of the system

Are at best bent on profiteering

From the corpse doomed to perdition

Robbing a dying man of his gold watch

The cynical apparatchiks of the system

Are for the inexorable collapse

No match and step back in recognition

The naïve bleeding hearts

Who would cling to this false idol

Will fall with the superstructure

Into the ruins, lemmings suicidal

The motivation of the jew

Is to install a despotism

With themselves alone to rule

Over the slavish gullible goyim

Legalistic legerdemain

Is deployed as yet another tactic

To the monster of Frankenstein

Destroy in their end times' action

Facts

“Facts are facts and that is that”

Subjective opinion and biases

Need not apply to the object

Which eludes the grasp of the Beast

Projected upon others ones' emotions

Attempting to universalize the particular

Creating a disturbance, upsetting the scales of Justice

Misrepresenting and distorting phenomena

Weaving conceptual web's clothed in vulgarity

The abstract 'human-all-too-human' fails

Through rationalistic concoctions of facticity

Concealing the facts behind mayavic veils

The brute fact of the Real

Overlaid by conceptual excreta

In the sewer of the Hyper-real

A modern world of abstractions

In a mode of emotional reactivity

The beast-man endows the fetish

With his own base qualities

Making a world in his image

He distorts the object with his feelings

Appropriating it it into himself

His will-to-power manifesting

Like a puppet manipulating it about

It becomes a devilish fetish

A poppet of blackest evil

Depending on his mood, its metamorphosis

A different image it does yield

Whether a rationalistic invention

Overlaid with formalistic labels

Or emotionally-based conceptualization

The object no longer approximates the Real

Its nature has been partitioned

From itself not graspable by the hand

Of those who reach towards it

The *ding an sich* eludes fallible humans

The ideology of the mass

Conferred upon them by their priests

By the more cunning ruling caste

Is projected upon the brutal thing

Facts are not acknowledged

As eluding the conscious mind

Of the average everyday fellow

By his feeble-minded kind

The poor in spirit and poor in thought

Are unable to understand

Their lack of wisdom preventing them

To the fact apprehend

That they are not absolute

Their consciousness limited

Their evaluation or judgment

Is of necessity deficient

Their attempts to grasp the fact

The pregiven of experience

From the welter of circumstance

And isolate through their consciousness

To project upon it their mentation

Their particular mode and state of mind

They must needs as satiation

Of their will-to-power derive

To appropriate into oneself the object

To take it for oneself he must

And to twist it and modify it

Mediated through his digestion

Assimilate into himself the object

A vampire absorbing its essence

To gorge himself his vital project

To swell his being to the utmost limit

This the process of his power

Of his will which manifests

Itself within the vain hour

He lives to his nature manifest

Subjective states of his being

Are simultaneously an object

Which latter he modifies and through seeming

Himself, is not of the same essence

He is a flux of energies

Is modified and changed

Through the projects he undertakes

Not 'objective' status that he claims

The Heraclitean flux of Being

Is the River Styx in which are immersed

The state of mind and corporeality

Of the being whose identity is to perdition cursed

In the flux of matter he is submerged

A corrosive water, of acid flowing

Within it his flesh is burned

Leaving what fragments of bone remain

As he grabs for his life preserver's

Seeking fixity amidst the waves

He thrashes about the seething waters

With the sharks in death throes plays

His only recourse is to avail

Himself of a higher mind

To the gates of heaven assail

Through severing the material binds

All transient phenomenon

That he grasps at desperately

Are perishable materials

That have no fixed identity

He grasp at straws thinking they are

Buoys which will enable

The life lived in samsara

Perpetuate and make Eternal

His drive to conceptualize

Through scientific means

The phenomena of his eyes

To penetrate their inner being

Will-to-power qua rationalism

An attempt to grasp that which is 'Other'

Fails to of its appropriation

The truth of appearances to uncover

So to the irrational

Bleatings of the sheeple

Who cry and moan emotional

The blindness of the pasu

Only the wise man may attain

A grasp of the real

And through his will-power reign

In the Green land Eternal

Purity Spiral

The ideas held by the fallible

They would project upon those they desire

To take them toward their ideal

State of being to which they aspire

It would extrapolate upon all

Those not deemed 'enemy'

A rigid code of neurotic, ethical

Behaviors, ways of being

All these must adapt

To this Olympian height

And any suggestion of deviance

They spurn and cast aside

The impossible standard of christianism

The inhibitive and neurotic

Censorious coughs and tongue cluckings

Of the bigoted suppressives

These attempts to impose

On their charges they would control

Their template of conduct personal

Woven from their own imaginal

These ethical standards may have obtained

Within the Piscean age of dogma

Of the weeping; wailing and gnashing of teeth

Of christ the crucified in his ‘chosen ones’

These Middle Eastern despots

Would control all facets of behavior

Would impose upon all their standards

In the name of Jehovah's favor

This mode of consciousness

Of the totalitarian personality

Is inherent in christianism

For bigotry and narrowness a recipe

Their notion of 'purity' entails

A rigid adherence to these rules

Of not doing anything vital

Of adopting an inhibitive attitude

This overly Saturnian mode of mind

Needlessly restrictive in its influence

Reduces the vital being to a kind

Of automaton, a 'living coffin'

The zombies of christianism

Would trap all within their paradigm

And impose endless restrictions

To suppress and retard their vital life

Within the politics of identity

These borders too can be extended

Too far they are encroaching

Violating the integrity of the Aryan

Imposing semitic neuroses

Upon the Aryan superman

Who is in his creativity

And his enterprises hamstrung

An inappropriate fit

Like a pair of shoes too small

Which render a crippled gimp

The being in his expression of the normal

The current politics of identity

Crafted by jews and the synarchy

And offered as false gifts to naïve

And gullible Europeans

To swallow down a kosher pill

Claiming to be an awakening

To the situation of the world

A means to realize Aryan salvation

This christian ideology

Of jewish-semitic origin

Derived from their god Jehovih

To force upon the gullible goyim

The notion of 'purity of ideals'

Is put forth as an impossible standard

Whose real essence is revealed

To be semitic neuroticism

The time standard of the Aryan

His touted and manifest destiny

Centers around freedom of expression

And the god-like genius of creativity

His praxis is always consistent

With or without the christian curse

And has produced magnificent

Palaces and temples over the earth

His positive motive was always

To manifest his destiny

That of the spiritualizing of lower density

And returning to his Immortal state

The christly-creed a shackle on the mind

A manacle that drags to the lowest depths

All those of more elevated kind

Who have always been wolves of the steppes

Never fatted sheep who remain

Within the pens of the shepherd's care

But rather ravenous wolves who play

The role of the cosmic predator

Rather than to oppose the alleged

'Virtues' of neurotic spinsters

Better to enter the plantation

And feast upon the fatted shepherds

The shepherd kings of Melchizedek

Carpenters of the sheep pens of slavery

Are prey for the truly enlightened men

Who at the lunar false light howl and bay

These wolves lust for blood

Of the vampires who have imposed

Their 'ethics' so-called, ridiculous

Sets of rules which the soul erodes

They will rend them limb from limb

Carrying their fatty bodies with razor teeth

The Torah; Talmud; Bible of Abraham

Will cast into the crackling flames

There will no longer exist any bondage

Of the stuffy and uptight variety

Of the scribes' and pharisees codes of ethics

In place will be substituted the Hyperborean creed

A creative power of Luciferic light

Which endows the average fool with knowledge

Elevating them to a greater height

Rather than dragging them down into basest garbage

Rather than a nun in a nunnery

Or a priest of self-flagellation

The ethics adopted by the new breed

Will be those of the enlightened Superman

Purity of a higher sort

Of spiritual power, luminous light

Will be the beacon which reports

To the seeker the past help to find

Purity, no longer Puritanism

No 'do and do not' mental bondage

'Shalt and shalt not' criticism

Rather of the causal and knowledge

Standardization of the Hive Mind

The borg collective of jewry

Prescribes the template of behavior

For all of their goyim underlings

Who under their last labor

The mind control of religiosity

Is deployed as the ultimate weapon

To standardize the ideology

Construct the hive mind of the goyim

Derived from their reptilian masters

Jewry has channeled their 'law'

To impose upon the gentiles

To force them to obey their god

Jehovah the Dark Lord of Evil

They would coerce all to venerate

And any independent thinkers

They serve up as a sacrifice

The collectivistic tendency

They preach to their hordes of slaves

Based upon emotional appeal

To program their naïve minds

Jewry themselves a horde

Tribalistic collective

That constitutes the borg

Reptilian-Neanderthal hybrids

Genetically engineered creatures

Jewry has been designed

By the Yahweh alien collective

To over the earth supervise

Their religious templates

Work in tandem with other means

Subtle poisons and nostrums

Interlarded in the ceremonies

The coarsest forms of manipulation

Come in the form of hired goons

Who are given financial incentives

To bully the slaves and to abuse

However as below so above

The means through which these brutes

Are conditioned to play the role of thugs

Is through mind control too

Generationally cursed

These brutes are possessed

Through entities in their church

And freemasonic lodges

They make the perfect coterie

Of violent abusers of the slaves

Puffed up with arrogance, vanity

They forced them to dig their own graves

The sadistic hierarchy of evil

Would coerce the mass about

With the incentive of 'fighting the devil'

They had been implanted with the egregore

The dynamic of ideas is installed

As a software program into the mind

A disjunctive choice of 'good versus evil'

By the reptilian's and their kikes designed

Either one bows and scrapes before

The 'god' of darkest evil

Else is a heretic who serves the Lord

Of hell-'old scratch', the devil

“Either you're with us or you're against”

There is no middle term

Between this dichotomy of choosing

Behind it lies coercion

Either one subordinates himself

Before the deity of Jehovah

And his anthropomorphized simulacrum

His son the 'only begotten'

In more contemporary times

The program has been altered

To attempt to opposition neutralize

By the slavers of Jehovah

They have modified the template

To assimilate their foes

Into an impotent kosher state

Of faux opposition they control

Democracy or 'humanism'

They call this crapulous creed

Another creed of the untermenschen

To tear down the higher breed

They need an excuse to coerce

The mass to attack their foes

With their incentive of the purse

And false promises in tow

The goal of the synarchy

Is to lay waste to their opponents

Through such labels as 'plutocracy'

And stigmas such as 'fascist'

Confusing and conflating their terms

Misapplied to the person and caste

We the people traditionally served

To bring about their extinction

Whipping up the foolish mass

With hatred for their rulers

For those of the higher caste

So jewry may supplant them

Their only true opposition

Is the nationalists of the world

Who would safeguard their population

And oppose the globalist cabal

They are targeted in the crosshairs

Of the vicious synarchy

Who seeks to impose their nightmare

Of their Zion theocracy

License to Kill

The cabal of the synarchy

Derives from the jews its mentality

One may speculate from the demon seed

The reptilian's from Alpha Draconis deriving

The Yahweh collective consciousness

Of itself as the emissaries

Of their Demiurge the Beast

Replicate his violent deeds

They are in their mind 007

'7' being the number of the heavens

They are in their feeble opinion

‘Heaven sent’ to rectify the sinners

Yet in the actual case

They are instead of violator

Of the entirety of all things

Of a sentient organic nature

The live to rob and rape

To absorb into themselves

The substance and energy

Of those they deem beneath themselves

For themselves and themselves alone

The world and everything it contains

Is there’s to take, not to atone

To absorb regardless of others' pain

Indeed the more pain the merrier

For the demon seed and their minions

As they feed off this delicacy

For which they have a predilection

Hence the world in which we dwell

A world of violent aggression

Of continual pain a living hell

The cabal's mode of operation

The lives of others are as naught

Mere bundles of energy to absorb

No ‘person’; ‘place’ or ‘animal’

Rather a vampire's smorgasbord

No Walther PPK is used

Rather an infinite array

Of war machines of torture and abuse

To harvest the life energy

To create a world of inharmony

Of discordant vibration and misery

Necessitates an understanding

Of the universe of organic beings

That which conduces to their health

Augments their integrity and power

That which is inharmonious

Spirals down to their final hour

The calculation of the cabal

Is to impose as much pain and suffering

They may upon their thralls

Preserving their closed-system of slavery

'Not too much and not too little'

The vampire milker of the milch cow

Must absorb every drop of fluid

Extracted from their goyim vain and proud

The foolish cattle on the animal farm

Of the Z.I.O.N animal husbandman

Believe in their folly and naivete

They are serving a 'higher purpose'

The only purpose they do serve

Can be easily surmised

When they who are able to discern

The true meaning of religiosity

To serve 'god' they are indeed

Serving Him the Dark Lord of Evil

Their blood and spiritual energy

Which is siphoned from off the people

The killers of the Yahweh cult

Give offering to their deity

Through revolution and violent assault

To share in the blood upon which He feeds

In their minds they are entitled

To carry out any and every act

Whose atrocity they are reconciled

To as a means to their ends

That others are to them mere brutes

Explains their psychopathic nature

Envisioning themselves the only 'humans'

They eagerly partake of the slaughter

Any who would oppose the synarchy

In its violation of themselves

If only in a self-defensive action

Merely breathing about it a word

Will be targeted by their agents

Tortured and put to silence

To humiliate and to desecration

Of their entire family line and homeland

The vengefulness of the cabal

and their spiteful hatred and contempt

They for any 'upstart' they harbor

Anyone who dares oppose them

These become subject to their influence

Their singular treatment of hostility

Their cruel and unusual 'punishment'

For 'crimes' committed in name only

The extreme violence of the cabal

Can be observed in their own writings

The brutality and savagery of Jehovah

Enables the wise to associate him with Satan

Mass murder of women and children

As was then so it is today

In the Torah and Talmud

The slaughter of innocent, their blood runs in waves

The orchestrated wars and revolutions

Famines; drug and alcohol addiction

Mass murder via bioweapons

Forcing upon all lethal injections

The modes of murder multifarious

Ongoing, seemingly without limit

The cabal of evil malevolent murderers

Who delight in the blood of the innocent

The mentality of the cabal will not change

Owing to their inherent structure

A coterie of hybrid-reptilian's who engage

In a hive mind of robotic nature

Their superiors the reptiloids

Who genetically engineered their slaves

And their subordinates who worship these criminaloids

Devious and sneaking, violent knaves

Tromp L'Oeil

False appearances which beguile

The mass blinded by the false light

On their faces imbecilic smiles

Unable to differentiate Truth from lies

The magicians of Zion manipulate

Their witless minions underneath their control

Reinforce their terroristic state

Of mass ignorance through simulacra

Tromp L'Oeil-the dazzling lights of modernity

Flash as strobes within the minds' eye

Upon the third eye impinging

Rendering the bleary-eyed blind

All is illusion in Maya's realm

A game of amusement for the sadists

The priests of Melchizedek overwhelm

Their charges suppressed, held in ignorance

The false reality that has been overlaid

Upon this world of densest lead

Beguile the foolish and naïve

Who are tantalized by appearances

A shiny façade which conceals

The true face beyond the smiling mask

The predator who other souls' does steal

The greedy and ravenous maw does gnash

Enticed within the grotto of wonders

Mesmeric barrage of sensory delights

Drawn forward their hapless victims

The call of the Sirens' their will overrides

Chasing money and power temporal

Or sensual and fleeting desires

Desiring the image of the unattainable

They burn up in the aetheric fires

Life to them is appearances

What others think and feel

For they desire the conference

Of the attention of their fellows

To absorb the energy transmitted

To them and their phenomenal self

To glamorously disport amidst

Those possessing status and wealth

Subscribing to the false appearances

Of this world of perishable matter

Nonetheless has its advantages

When kept in the balance of the Spirit

To augment one's energies one may

Traffic within this world of vice

And through such slumming will attain

That source of vitality and spiritual life

A vampire's role he will play

To absorb within himself the ‘Other’

A play of forces determines who reigns

In the scale of relative strengths and weaknesses

The cabal of vampires understands well

This is their necessary mode of operation

And through this means they do swell

Their energy bodies through vampirization

Just as a violent aggressor 'god'

Jehovah, the Creator of illusion

Into himself peoples souls' absorbs

They too follow His mode of action

Appearances are the veils they manipulate

To deceive and to beguile the masses

Though they themselves dissimulate

And are caught within these complex patterns

They seek to perpetuate their self

Within the world of appearances

Not performing their duty to carry out

The disintegration of the slave system

In the case of jewry they are excused

As these vampires have no recourse

Their very existence being to use and abuse

To thereby absorb the goyim's life force

The traitors of Hyperborea

Who have affiliated themselves therewith

Have forsaken their loyalty and honor

Have sold their very soul to Satan

These rogues who serve the beast system

Have fallen into the mode of conduct

Of crude soul harvesting, vampirism

To augment their soul their lives' prolong

This at the expense of their own kind

Whose lives are as of no consequence

For in their psychopathic minds

They alone are enlightened: 'hue-men'

They forsake their higher purpose

In chasing after temporal wealth

And condemn themselves once this

Turn in the wheel grinds to a halt

The demonic reptilian's they venerate

And collude with, absorbing power

They will post mortum meet

And by them be devoured

Their souls absorbed as energy

Food for this beastly crew

Who are animals of a higher breed

In a violence feral and crude

To traffic with devils a devil one becomes

And within the sphere of existence

Forsaking the higher mission for the lower

One loses his soul in hellish perdition

Bound to these 'angels' of 'the Lord'

He is vampirized and rendered enfeebled

His fate to become food for the horde

Discovering ‘angels’ are *de facto* devils

Nelson Munz

The cabal’s sinister hierarchy

Can only effect the necessary changes

On the earth when they deploy

Their brutal's-thoughtless thug minions

These figures are best represented

By the stereotype of Nelson Munz

A schoolyard bully implanted

With A.I technology for his operations

As a schoolboy he is the brute

The wealthy jew hires to abuse

The intelligent Aryan who discovers his ruse

And breaks the bonds of his iron rules

The bully is conscripted to demoralize

To impose his dark intimidation

Upon those who jewry does surmise

May discover the key to his prison

Through harassment of all kinds

The bully and his jewish master

Attempt to break down the wise

And developing Aryan Lucifer

They devise all manner of subterfuge

From rumor-mongering to name-calling

Labeling and influencing the attitudes

Of the rest of the school children

In germ this relational dynamic

Carries itself forward to adulthood

And the bullying continues with the intimidation

To further harass the wise Aryan

The culmination of the bullying

Leads to mob violence and assault

Against the philosopher kings

Who jewry wishes to rub out

Nelson Munz when he matures

Becomes the police and military

The lackey whose irrational anger

Manifests itself in the same witch-hunting

Only the weapons of war have been modified

To a greater degree of passive-aggression

More subtle and with cunning and guile

They continue their violence and suppression

Sabotaging the business of their master's foe

Or denying him entry into their system

Having a near monopoly on control

The theocracy of the judeo-christian

A witch-hunt inspired and circulate

Rumors regarding his character

Slandering and stigmatizing either they hate

They work in the shadows to disparage him

Should he be the slightest bit different

As the wise of necessity are

They will pick out the traits deemed 'aberrant'

And create more false associations

They will observe his discrete manners

And take photos and video footage

Of him going about his business

With children in the foreground

Their own children they will use

To frame him as a pedophile

'Stalking their children', will claim he did abuse

And circulate rumors to his reputation defile

They control the police state

And utilize their agents vice

The Nelson Munz's of freemasonry

And the lower levels of the church of christ

These 'godly beings' dressed in blue

Are conscripted to enforce their system

Any who don't march to their tune

They subject to their covert intimidation

These witless minions of the Dark Lord

Force themselves upon their slaves

And suppress anything undesired

By themselves, to the mass estrange

The 'deviant Other' as evaluated

By the system is that which cannot

Into their superstructure be assimilated

No liberator for the world of robots

Black magic witchcraft is employed

To abuse and to isolate from the mass

Their only hope for a better life

The Aryan genius they sabotage

They would destroy his very life

Negate his entire family line

Would subject him to perpetual strife

Trap him within the wheel of Time

The bullying of the schoolyard

Only increases in sophistication

As the demon seed and his bully charge

Undergo Time's process of degeneration

They fall under the influence of evil

The seraphim impelling their behavior

Yet with full awareness they belittle

Bully and abuse, his blood they savor

From the dungeons of the middle ages

To the executioners' cold stone block

To the stake and its crackling flames

Lucifer's children have been persecuted

Driven out of society by the cabal

Through rumor-mongering slander

The jews have the witless beguiled

To carry out their will to murder

The system takes manpower to enforce

To impose upon the world its curse

That of vile Jehovah the Demiurge

Who drives with entropy Time's black hearse

Nelson Munz, the useful fool

Needed to obstruct the Aryan will

To coerce compliance with the capricious fools

Who impose upon the goyim the Noahide laws

Springfield

Microcosm of the macrocosm

Fictional representation of a simulacrum

'The word' in miniature envisioned

Archetypes of worldly figures

Within the town of Springfield

The family dwells in its midst

An architect of the nuclear

Locus of the domos of the nation

The basis of the nations

The family unit of integrity

With its disintegration

The destruction of the breed

Predictive programming by the cabal

A herald of the ruination

By the demonic archengels

Who would cause us devastation

The dysfunctionality of the family

Thin ends of wedges of iron

Inserted into the interstices

To pry apart the organism

The sadistic cabal of evil

Synarchy of devious malevolence

Seeks to undermine the people

And to from the world remove them

They seek to supplant the pioneers

Of noble Springfield's ancestry

The creators and the inventors

Of a wonderland of beauty

To replace them with Apu the Indian

Who hocks drugs out of his store

While selling candy to all appearances

To destroy the youth forevermore

Crusty the clown is put before

The naïve and gullible children

To corrupt their Aryan morals

To implant engrams in their heads

The evil clown of Judah

His blue hair connoting his affiliation

With Jehovah's tribe of chosen

The jewish saboteurs of the nations

The initial introduction of the poison

Into the nuclear family

Is the figure of Esther from the Torah

With the gentile male ingratiating

The blue hair connotation of jewry

Implying a spiritual 'superiority'

Is presented as a revelation

Of the method of corrupting the family

The jewish female Marge Simpson

Works her way into Homer's graces

And within her womb incubated

Demian children of their Lord Satan

The family line of Homer was pure

A gentile derived from the founding stock

But through his kosher approved marriage

The short end of the stick he got

And then was placed into harness

As a mule to pull the cart

Pursuing the kosher serpents' kiss

Serving the agenda of the hierarchs

He is placed into harness

In the nuclear plant of destruction

A tongue in cheek ironical gesture

On the part of the creators of the franchise

He lives to destroy his kind

As a 'good' lamb of god

Serving in the church the tribe

And the Deity infernal

Through nuclear waste he destroys the world

Of pristine Springfield of the founders

The Aryans who established the good,

The true and beautiful, his inheritance she squanders

Through conceiving his demon seed offspring

He has destroyed his family line

To his Lord Satan an offering

His ancestry on a funeral pyre

Bart and Lisa his creation

Hybrids of anglo and jewish stock

Who cause him no end of misery

Impelled by their ruling archons

Bart the skolnick, inheritor of his blood

As a dysfunctional criminaloid

And is to wreck havoc predestined

Owing to conflictual natures combined

'Lisa', connotation of Lucifer

The jewish female of maternal line

Is the inheritor of the lions' share

Of the intellect of her tribe

She is the reason for Homer's praxis

In destroying the world of Springfield

A photograph, graven image

Placed over his work console

He works for the jewish billionaire

Whose pedigree traces its roots

To the levite priests of judah

Who lords over the town and its fools

The jewish oligarchy of the town

Is comprised of the network of qabbalists

Who are complicit in Satan's crimes

Through secrecy enforcing their tyranny on the earth

Mr. Burns' sidekick Smithers

A homosexual jewish black magician

Practices his tantra to demons conjure

And to with Burns' plunges to the infernal depths

Diamond Joe Quimby the mayor

A jewish mob boss who with his police

Rules over the citizens as a slaver

Puppet master of the gentile created city

The police's goon squads reflect

The globalist agenda of the mongrel

To the goyim mix and match

A multi-ethnic mob of thugs

These dope smoking dupes know only one thing

To bully and abuse the population

To collect their paycheck and wait for retirement

While more crimes they commit than solving

The Negro doctor is presented

Dr. Hibbert, an inverted archetype

Who with his negro 'loving-kindness'

Helps the children of the whites

The criminals of Springfield are depicted

As only whites of lowest stamp

A disgrace to the 'goodly citizens'

In their suburban McMansions

Hibbert's existence outside the hyper-real

Is a virtual absence and antithetical

To the real nature of the negro

Whose malpractice record knows no equal

The upstanding citizens of Springfield

Are eager to support the popular causes

Of mass immigration invasion

Orchestrated by the jewish bosses

Rev. Lovejoy leads the flock

Of white sheep to the shearing

Tearring their fleece from the stock

To his slave labor start weaving

He opens the floodgates with Quimby and Burns

To enable the replacement population

To enter by stealth and to transform

The pristine beauty of the pioneer's nation

His moral majority affiliates

Ned Flanders, the goody two shoes

And his legions of corny parishioners

Accommodate the flood of the sewage

Flanders and his ilk have fallen under

The spell of the mind control of the cabal

The reptilian creature mind programs

The judeo-christian 'spiritual Israel'

They lived their lives as robot drones

Zombies who have sold their soul

To the Dark Forces who do control

Their every thought is that of the cabal

The moral majority have contempt

For the average quotidian

European, especially Nordics and Teutons

They perceive as their only threat

They seek to crowd into the town

As many yellows; blacks and browns

To displace the whites who they have found

Are the rebels that they can't keep down

History has revealed to the cabal

That the white man alone stands tall

Refusing to his ruddy neck to bow

To the yoke of the synarchy of darkest evil

They have devised a formula

To capture his superlative mind

Through the arcane witchcraft of qabbalah

His soul to their system did bind

Hence Ned Flanders and his fellow robots

Happily serve the G.A.O.T.U

Jehovah whose true name is Satanas

And before him they grovel for their boons

The likes of Moe Szislak the barman

And his blue-collar coterie of customers

Are the source of trouble for the synarchy

Which is why they encourage the consumption of beers

To inebriate the minds of their slaves

When not in harness in their pits of labor

They give them the option of a drink of choice

Holy water from the church or firewater in the tavern

In either case they are inebriated

Either a robot drone singing in the choir

A castrated cuckold who worships his masters

Else a degenerating drunk in the bar

The patriarchy of Aryan man

Is thus given a blow in both cases

By the synarchy of diabolical Satan

Who the heroes of the world would erase

Their only recourse is to get in shape

To develop themselves in body and mind

To purify their leaden state

And into philosophic gold refine

The pseudo-spirituality of the jew

Crucified on the cross of his iniquity

Must be discarded and not returned to

This pitfall of false dichotomy

The liquor bottle must be cast away

And a new sobriety taken up

Drinking only the liquid gold of the warrior

The ‘saintly’ dog into a leaden casket put

The god-man must re-turn to origins

To the transcendent state of Hyperborea

To overcome the density of the material

From the Dark Forces liberate Gaia

Each resident of Springfield properly so-called

Must discipline themselves against the foe

Must harden themselves to fight the horde

Of Jehovah the Dark Lord of evil hosts

The foreign invaders and the jews

Who are their animal trainers

Must be exposed to the view

Of all the residents of Springfield

The culprit who has created

The endless problems of the world

Must in their power be castrated

And banished from the land of Springfield

They who have caused greatest damage

Will receive the reward for their harm

Through the actions of their descendants

Will have it paid back unto them their karma

The youth of Springfield must stand up

and take back their heritage

and the perpetrators spring up

the lampposts those who merit it

The foreign invaders who refuse

To leave the town will be made

To suffer the loss of their lucre

And all of the property of white youth

Should they refuse to then leave

Having been stripped of their citizenship

They will be evicted forcibly

And given to hell a one-way trip

The whites must re-establish the land

With themselves as the ruling caste

To make of Springfield white again

To clear away the kosher trash

The christards who attempt to obstruct

The rectification of their kind

Will be in the stakes trussed up

And burnt in effigy to Yahweh their sire

Their churches will be transplanted

Into shelters for the homeless

After they are cleared of the demons

Who lurk within their darkened corners

The putrescent plant of poison

Will be permanently decommissioned

In its place a flower garden

Run by free energy devices

The wealth of Burns' manor

Will be redistributed to the poor

And the cracking concrete of the streets

Will be uprooted and paved with gold

A Golden age will again dawn

With a world of Light and Life

Banishing the care of the darkness

Which had plagued us with its strife

Impurity Spiral

Degeneration of the soul

The *modus operandi* of the vampire parasite

To disintegrate the spiritual mold

Which in the world a vehicle provides

Their goal to sever the bonds which hold

The morsels of the Fenrir wolf

Who seeks to absorb them all

At the Time of the Kali Yug

To harass and abuse the being

Who is incarnated within the world

To his souls' envelope stealing

Food for the vampires amidst the sheepfold

The myriad tactics continue on unabated

As their process of carrying their enemies

They would wish to their charges comport

As an indefatigable adversary

Throughout the life-cycle of their captives

Who they on the earth plane feed upon

The cabal of malevolent terrorists

Deploys their insidious arsenal

The violence of the aggressors

Worms its way insidious

Into their targets' consciousness

To from their Spirit divorce them

Through noise pollution and disruption

A sonic assault pervasive

Round-the-clock 365, 24/7

They receive no peace or rest

Their myriad agents ring them round

Besetting them on all sides ubiquitous

Everywhere they go the endless sound

To disrupt their train of thought

Their concentrated ability is dispersed

As a centrifugal force

A bombardment with vibration of their aura

Designed to their defenses buffet

Beyond their 'voice of the Lord'

They broadcast with sadistic glee

The sonic boom of the Demiurge

Satan's response to those who seek liberty

They deploy the rumor mill

To create hardship and strife

To cause their targets to pay the bill

The mort-gage placed on their life

Slandering their enemies with vile rumors

They circulate around through their networks

Through masonic lodges and churches

The parishioners for blood are eager

The innocent are vilified and cursed

With the distortion of their characters

A perversion in others eyes of their person

Of the innocent a demonization

These black magician trash circulate

Their simulacra and simulations

To others' character denigrate

And bring about their ruination

Poisons and other vile nostrums

Synthetic compounds of witchcraft

Are widely disseminated

To erode the health of their targets

The food; air and water supply

Are polluted and poisoned

In addition to the aether high

With 'Dor' electromagnetic

The minds of the targets from birth or infected

With the installation of harmful ideas

To encourage the awakening of the beast within

To run rampant, capturing the souls of men

These programs are installed into the mind

As systems of thought forms of malevolence

Which transform those of healthier kind

Into a slavish slave under the influence

The administrators of the programs

Superimpose on the goyim their prescriptions

Mandates and commands from 'Heaven'

That all must adopt in rigid conformism

Those who would break away

From the programming of the mass

Are by the controlling synarchy

Subject to their disintegration procedure

Those whose souls' they cannot assimilate

Into the hive mind of their vampire deity

They seek to perpetually agitate

To destroy the integrity of their being

Constant abuse and harassment

Shutting out of society through their slander

The procedure of this displacement

Of the adversary of their program

Simply to question the grandiose claims

Is to receive their vengeful backlash

As any who would go against

Their invented creed and dogma

These they would destroy

Defile and tear down

To in their sadism enjoy

The disintegration of their soul

'To rule or ruin' is their motto

These grandiose power mad creatures

Who willfully serve the Dark Evil

To absorb souls' into themselves as leeches

Their system of vampirism consists

In subjecting Others' to their will

To *in vivo*, feed off their victims

And postmortem absorb their souls

Telling them lies about how they will

'Go to Heaven' through fervent prayer

And should they violate the rules

They will in hellfire roast forever

The terrorism of their creeds

Reduces the consciousness of their slaves

To the level of the savage beast

Whipped up by their masters into a rage

To cause the soul of their slaves

To be absorbed into the Demiurge's maw

To speed them along to their graves

Before Saturn's icy crown does thaw

Their finite time to reinforce

The cracking seems of their system

Is the spur which propels them forth

To create a discordant rhythm

A jarring cacophony

Is their *modus operandi*

The procedural methodology

Is that of chaos generating

To disturb the harmony of existence

To generate “strife, endless strife”

As the cynic Heraclitus said

Is to perpetuate the vampire's life

That the need of the vampires

Is to siphon off Other's vitality

Necessitates they play the scourge

Of the world system that is orderly

Their order is that of slavery

A violation of the Spirit

Of those who captive they have made

Who the lash must grin and bear it

Their autonomy forsaken

Now they are utter serfs

Of Zion's parasite plantation

Driving all souls into an early hearse

Generating wars and revolutions

Perpetually around the globe

To absorb the gentiles' profits

Their resources and their souls

Their demonic masters the reptilians

Feed off the pain and suffering

Of the sacrificial victims

Decimated in war and revolution

If you don't wish to starve to death

The powerless population

The vile poisons inject

Into their virgin skin

Agitation perpetual

A world of constant strife

Of imprisonment in the fleshly vehicle

Of the black lead of darkest night

To empower oneself beyond this chaos

A difficult endeavor indeed

But the only path the Kali Yuga

Offers to the nobler breed

The noble metal of the hero

Of shining purest gold

Still buried in the mire

In the vile sewage of the bog

Like Munchausen he must resurrect

From the tomb of filthy muck

Into which he has incarnated

And in which they wish him stuck

To understand the enemy

To oppose his cruel barbarity

Is in the Wolf age necessity

To achieve any semblance of victory

Knowing the enemy goes so far

And goes so far alone

And once he has comprehended

He must then strike at the foe

To act with prudence and effectively

This his necessary obligation

To with stealth and secrecy

Combat the Dark Forces' devastation

Else he will have failed

In his duty to oppose

The forces which rain leaden hail

Upon his race and the world

Cowards flee from the fight

But the hero seeks it out

To step up to the plate

And with the foe start the bout

He didn't draw first blood

He simply responded in kind

To those who violated

The higher planes above the Prince of Lies

He will seek the Spiritualization

Of the material Earth

Else his own immolation

In a noble *mors triumphalis*

Sudra

Within the traditional world of yore

The servants of the nation pure

Did happily play their essential role

To receive the benefits the higher castes bestowed

This caste of humble workers did

Their duty to their race and nation

Took pride in their 'vulgar' action

To serve their race's elevation

Though basic and undeveloped

These 'vulgar' pasu's of basest lead

Nonetheless are essential

For the bedrock of the nation

They played their role and were content

Until the disturbance of the force

In the form of jewry did upset

The stability of their mores

Into their minds and bodies

Jewry's vile nostrums were introduced

From religious demonic ecstasies

The crude vulgarity of drugs and hooch

They became degraded through this means

And fell from the grace of former times

While jewry incited revolution

To kill the gentiles of higher kind

Discontentment spread like wildfire

And destabilized the nation

Undermined by the lower stratum

The bedrock's seismic agitation

Jewry planted dynamite

Within the cracks they had caused

And detonated the nobility

With their witless frenzied mob

The sudras of yesterday

Have become today's nobility

A coarse and vulgar dynasty

Of chandala with iron fist ruling

Soon the Mlecchas will themselves

Be cast down into the abyss

And the displaced, truly noble

The aristocrats of the Spirit

These will take their place

And will rule with the memory of the blood

The minnesanger's grace

In the great noontide's flood

Hidalgo

Within the jungles of Yucatán

The conquistador makes his stand

Facing the hordes of Satan

He the warrior his empire defends

Emperor Maximilian

The conquistador of the Aryans

Establishes in the sacred land

Of Avalon where Quetzacoatl lived

The savages from the Siberian steps

Had migrated over the land bridge

Making their encroaching in

To the empire of the god-men

From vast Lemuria they too came

To overrun the heroes of fame

Blonde haired; blue-eyed the Aryans

Were hard-pressed to the beast-men tame

Eventually they managed to attune

The tempestuous hordes of this crew

to their Queen Uncreated in the Azure

To create a millennial empire glorious

With the leadership of the god-men

The litrgodi flowing in their veins

The blue-blood of the Hyperborean

The Spiritual world of the Aryan

A hierarchy was established

An autonomous segregation

With the beast-men in their enclaves

The Aryan ruling benevolently

Through the fallible nature of the Virya

A mixing gradually occurred

The influence of the tepid climate

Miscegenation did encourage

The withering of the virility

Of the nobility of Aryan man

The consequence of necessity

That followed from the blood's pollution

The noblest sort managed to maintain

The hierarchy of a lofty empire

And to a harmonious world attain

A world of Heaven upon earth

From the middle east entered in

The savage reptilian beast-men

The tribes of Jehovah-Satan

To destroy the empire of the Aryans

These hordes crept in silent stealth

To invade the Aryan's territory

To cut their throats, poison their wells

And to usurp their crown of glory

The battles raged over millennia

Between these reptilian hybrid brutes

Whose cunning gave them advantages

Outmatched only by the wise who ruled

In their enclaves of encampments

The demon seed installed themselves

To assail the noble Aryan empire

And to erase its godly heritage

The savage demon seed failed

To make sufficient incursions

To overwhelm their opponents

And to Jehovah sacrifice them

Nonetheless they remained

And to this day they are still there

The tenacious parasite who came

From their eastern demon lairs

Subsequent incursions into the land

Led by Cristobal Columb

The diseased dove Jehovah

Emissary of Darkest Evil

The conquistadors of renaissance Spain

Their minds infected by the dogma catholico

Were led by their noses for fortune and fame

To serve the Dark Lord Jehovah

They came to Huitramanaland

The land of Aryan god-men

That of the Incas and Mayans

And were welcomed by the naïve population

Who fell upon them was savage violence

The Aryan rulership they decimated

At the behest of their jewish masters

The holy cities desecrated

By the host of the Prince of Darkness

Conflation

The creed of the sickly semite

Has been foisted upon the noble man

The Aryan warriors became captivated

By this creed which replaced Odin's

A vulgar creed of the vulgar

Street urchins and slave labor

Which through subterranean networks

Was installed into the ancient world

A spiritual syphilitic creed

Which donned the garb of 'peace'

And which spread its noxious poison

From the sewers of the Near East

Entwining itself in the mind of the host

It wormed its way into Europe

The cradle of the Aryans of old

Stronghold of the sons of Odin

Through treachery and devious stealth

The creeping semites wormed their way

Into the territory in pursuit of wealth

And the disintegration of their enemies

To destroy the healthier stock

The aristocracy of blood and soil

The creeping seed of Jehovah

Their usual strategies employed

Worming in by stealth and cunning

Pretending to be what they're not

The greasy kikes and filthy caftans

Crept into the enemy to assault

Over the centuries the sickly creed of christ

Their vile creature of pusillanimity

Has in the consciousness been intertwined

To castrate the Aryan Spirituality

Though not fully impotent as yet

Though the Aryan stock has its power

It has been by the jew harnessed

And has been for a lengthy hour

Around the world christians have roamed

Carrying out their jewish masters' instructions

To murder and kill their own folk

Everywhere they discovered them

They had been nearly completely

Assimilated into the hive mind

Of Jehovah the violent Beast

The Dark Lord, Prince of lies

They had come to self identify

As 'spiritual israel' and a younger brother

To the pestilential jewish tribe

Who they viewed as their principal and betters

They look toward this arrogant host

Of parasitical mental defectives

Who they venerated as the most

Spiritually lofty and elevated

Hence they became bound to

The hive mind of Jehovah

Though not all were subdued

These were the Luciferians

The latter rebelled and did put forth

Strenuous opposition to the despotism

Of semitized Rome and its brutal force

Often ending in martyrdom

10 million whites at the very least

Were mass murdered by the creeping christians

Who tortured women and burnt at the stake

Delighting in their malevolent sadism

The rebels against the true Satan

Jehovah-Yahweh and his creeping host

Established enclaves to oppose them

The pestilential infection of the folk

The curse of christ spread throughout

The world of thoughtless savages

Through the influence of the christian folk

Whose superior force overpowered them

To curtail the spread of this sickly creed

That rots the host from within it infects

Viking raiders mounted their steeds

And rode the waves to pillage

To sack the enclaves of the priests

And to burn their Trojan horses

Installations of the Jehovah Beast

The structures they called 'churches'

The Vikings carried out the blitzkrieg

A lightning war against the foe

Skewering the priests on the crucifix

And preserving the Tradition and their Folk

The tactics of the Aryan

Against the violence of the semite

In secrecy and operated

Undermining the enemy, preserving Aryan lives

The curse of christ continued on

As the foolish whites the nobility supplanted

The naïve and ignorant adherents

Bewitched by the bible's qabbalah

To this very day christianity lingers on

Like the stench of putrefying feces

Which has embedded itself in the Aryan

And into the soul of the gentile beast

To this day the malevolence

The violence of these sadistic creatures

In torture and murder manifests

As in Genesis unto their own Apocalypse

The only solution is to the pests

Of jewry and their christian cattle

To from the world of woe be swept

Into the abyss sounding their death rattle

To eliminate the hostile parasites

The slavish creatures of the reptilian horde

The only way to achieve Paradise

To escape the world of the Dark Lord

Else in Valhalla they won't dwell

But will their soul be devastated

Absorbed into the vampire cabal

Their very essence disintegrated

Fed upon within the wheel of Time

By the demons who possess them

And the Dark Lord, serving His design

Of omni-phagocitization

Destroy the system then or else

Tomorrow will be far worse than today

And what today is a matter of course

Will then be leisure and luxury

The jewish devils who devastate the world

As ravenous locusts feeding on our souls

Draining the blood of their innocent slaves

All this a mere nightmare and not real

Now reality is this very spectre

This looming presence of Darkest Evil

Which has reached its conclusion, it's nadir

As Jormundgand completes His circle

The end times of the Kali Yug

Descend upon all with tenebrous shadow

As the ravenous Fenrir wolf

Enveloping all consumes His tail

The sieg rune of victory

The only path one can tread

To attain immortality

And avoid the fate of the living dead

Attack and show no mercy!

To any hypocrites with false smiles

Dressed in the garb of the priest

Who kills with pretense and guile

Ride the Sleipnir horse along

The path of the Morning Star

While singing the mighty Lucifer

Welcomes the Golden Dawn

Aetheria vs. Eternia

Amidst the holograms of illusion

The world of diaphanous forms of aether

Which shrouds the vision of the beast-man

By the Dark Lord is generated

The illusory world of Maya

In which the slaves are trapped

Deceives the naïve population

Who failed to pull aside the shimmering curtains

Within this realm are slaves and masters

The ethereal dimension of samsara

Conceals their malevolent presence

From the site of mundane pasus

In the shadows the creatures creep

The extraterrestrial host of vampires

Who upon the souls of their slaves feed

And who absorb into themselves their inner fire

This realm of aetheria of tenebrous shadows

By other names it has been called

Mordor the domain of Dark Lord Sauron

The sphere of the lower astral realm

This dimension existing above third density

Is that of the demon seed of Jehovah

The trans-dimensional entities

Intergalactic reptilian slavers

This creatures feed upon our souls

Through orchestration of perpetual strife

Through intrigue and through sabotage

They make a misery of our lives

Other species of creature partake

Of their portion of the blood of the innocent

From cattle mutilation to ritual sacrifice

Absorbing the souls of their pasu opfers

This malevolent host imposes itself

Upon the mortals of this realm

Feeds upon its vitality and wealth

Reduces the mass to animals on its farm

It harvests the loosh of its slaves

The bioenergy of the captives

And feeds upon their misery

Torment causes through its violence

Its agents on the earth plane

A coterie of demon seed

Genetically engineered in a laboratory

To serve the Dark Evil's needs

The chosen people of their Lord

The Lord of Evil Jehovah

And His vile, demonic servitors

Who control their earthly instruments

The jewish tribe of pestilential blight

Upon the earth accelerate

The downward spiral of Time

Through their destructive tendencies

The entropic nature of the system

A spiral towards destruction

Consuming itself enveloping

The sum total of its captives

Jehovah's Will of vampirism

Generates the planes of illusion

Of lowest density-basest lead

To trap within His vampiric prison

To absorb the souls of His slaves

To prevent their elevation

To any higher state of being

Jehovah's phagocitization

Within the aetheric planes

The host of extraterrestrials

The foolish masses are enslaved

To perpetuate the vampire's lifecycle

As animals on the animal Farm

They live with blinders on their eyes

A veil of illusion superimposed

By the aliens to their souls' vampirize

To put a stop to this torment and abuse

The higher planes serve as portals

A way station for the Vanir to use

The host of Lucifer's Nobles

From another dimension onto this earth

Come the Lucifer Spirits

Who from the Greenl and Eternia

Descended to this fallen world

The heroes of divine godliness

Beings of Light and Life

Have upon the world accursed

Arrived to liberate us from the strife

They intermingled with the pasu

The beast-man who Jehovah created

And severed the bonds which attached to

The formerly undifferentiated

To give a face to the creature

To make of them less of a slave

To liberate them from the prison

And arrest them digging their graves

To destroy the serpent seed of evil

Who enslave this world of darkness

And who manipulate and abuse the sheeple

On the animal farm of Zion's curse

The gods and heroes together fight

Against the enemies of the Light

Who would maintain an endless night

Of illusions of the aether bright

Jehovah's world of false appearance

Fabric of the prison matrix

Cut through with swords of oricalchum

By the gods and heroes, Eternal Champions

The heroic viryas of the Aryan

Through mixing blood with the god-men

Lead on the earth the host of heaven

To route the plague of Yahweh-Satan